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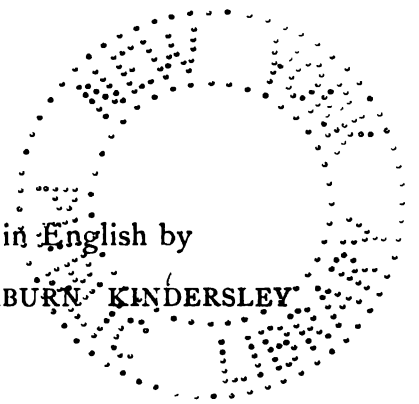
Bayard defends the Bridge of Garillan.

The Very Joyous, Pleasant and Refreshing HISTORY OF the Feats, Exploits, Triumphs and Achievements of THE GOOD KNIGHT Without Fear and Without Reproach the Gentle LORD DE BAYARD



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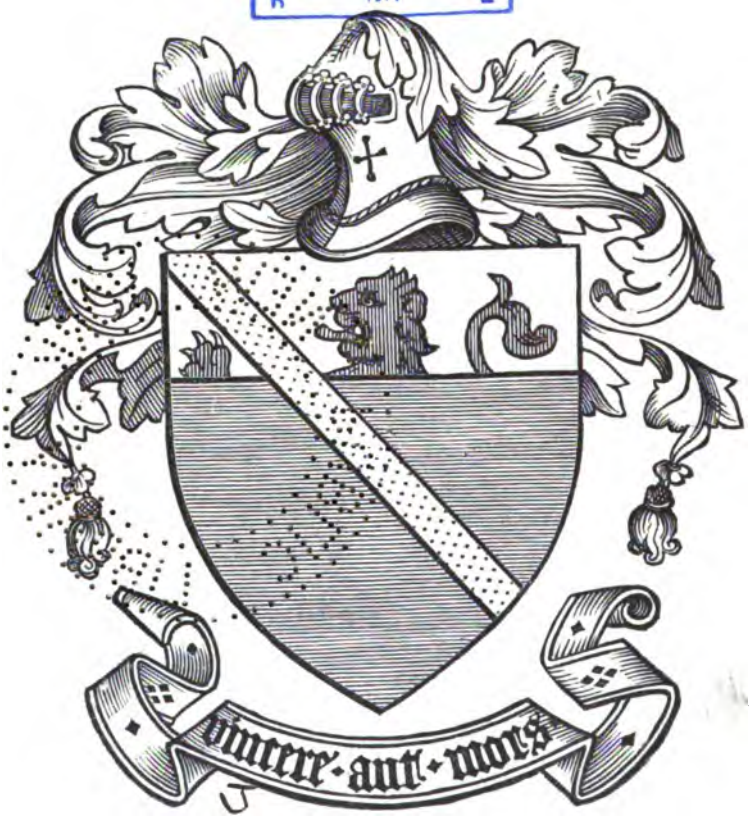

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CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

Page

How the Seigneur de Bayard, father of the good Knight without fear and without reproach, would know of his children of what profession they wished to be; and how he sent for his brother-in-law the Bishop of Grenoble to consult him 9

CHAPTER II.

How the Bishop of Grenoble presented his nephew the good Knight to the Duke Charles of Savoy, who received him gladly and made him his page; and how the Duke afterwards presented him to the King of France 20

CHAPTER III.

How a gentleman of Burgundy named Master Claude de Vaudray came to Lyons by permission of the King of France, to proclaim a passage of arms on horseback and on foot, and hung up his shields, that those who touched them might be received to combat; and how the good Knight, three days after he ceased to be page, touched all the shields 26

CHAPTER IV.

How the good Knight bore himself fairly against Master Claude de Vaudray; and how the Lord de Ligny sent him into garrison in Picardy, to his company, where he was quartered in a pretty little town called Ayre . . . 34

CHAPTER V.

How the good Knight had proclaimed in Ayre a tourney for love of the ladies at which there were prizes for the best doers, a bracelet of gold and a handsome diamond to present to the ladies 40

CHAPTER VI.

How the King of France, Charles the Eighth, conquered the kingdom of Naples; and how Louis, Duke of Orleans, came to the crown of France,

Page

as his nearest heir, by the title of Louis the Twelfth; and how the good Knight held a tourney at Carignan in Piedmont, at which he gained the prize 48

CHAPTER VII.

How the Lord Ludovic Sforza retook the town of Milan from the French; and how he desired to see the good Knight his prisoner, and after having conversed with him, sent him back and restored him his horse and arms; and of a gentle trait of the good Knight at Vaugarra 56

CHAPTER VIII.

How the good Knight without fear and without reproach made a sortie from the garrison of Monervyne, and how he encountered the Spaniards, and what befell thereupon 65

CHAPTER IX.

How Don Alonzo complained wrongfully of the treatment he had received; and how the good Knight fought and conquered him 71

CHAPTER X.

Of a combat of thirteen Spaniards against thirteen French, in which the good Knight performed surpassing feats of arms; and how he took a treasurer and his man, who were carrying fifteen thousand ducats to the great Captain Gonzalvo; and what he did with it 77

CHAPTER XI.

How the good Knight kept a bridge over the river Garillan for the space of half an hour, single handed, against two hundred Spaniards; and of many things which happened in five years in France, Italy, and Spain . . 86

CHAPTER XII.

How the Genoese revolted and were brought to reason; and how the Venetians were defeated by the King of France's army, and how they afterwards recaptured the town of Padua from the Emperor 94

CHAPTER XIII.

How the King of France sent assistance to the Emperor Maximilian; and how the Emperor laid siege to Padua; and of the gallant approaches made by the good Knight and the French gentlemen 100

CHAPTER XIV.

How the good Knight during the siege of Padua rode two courses with his companions, in which he acquired great honor 108

Page

CHAPTER XV.

How the Emperor Maximilian raised the siege of Padua; and how the good Knight narrowly escaped being betrayed by a spy into the hands of Captain John Paul Monfrone 117

CHAPTER XVI.

How Pope Julius declared war against the Duke of Ferrara and besieged Mirandola in person; and how he narrowly escaped being taken prisoner by the good Knight 128

CHAPTER XVII.

How the Pope sent a strong force against La Bastide; and how it was defeated by the advice of the good Knight; and of the intrigues of the Pope and the Duke of Ferrara against each other 138

CHAPTER XVIII.

Of many things which happened in Italy in the course of two years; and how two Spaniards fought a duel á l'outrance in the town of Ferrara 148

CHAPTER XIX.

How Master Andrea Gritti, providador general of the Signory of Venice, got possession of the town of Brescia; and how it was again recaptured by the Duke de Nemours; and how the good Knight was wounded almost to death 156

CHAPTER XX.

How the good Knight left Brescia to follow the Duke de Nemours and the French army; and of the great courtesy he showed his hostess at parting; and how the French were repulsed in repeated assaults on Ravenna on Good Friday 171

CHAPTER XXI.

Of the cruel and furious battle of Ravenna, and the death of the gentle Duke de Nemours 183

CHAPTER XXII.

How the French were driven out of Lombardy; and how the good Knight was wounded in the retreat from Pavia, and of his dangerous illness, and great courtesy. And of the unfortunate expedition against Pampeluna 198

Page

CHAPTER XXIII.

How the King Henry of England made a descent on France and besieged Terouenne; and of the battle called the Battle of the Spurs, in which the good Knight performed great feats of arms 208

CHAPTER XXIV.

Of the death of the magnanimous and virtuous Princess Anne, Queen of France and Duchess of Brittany. Of the marriage of King Louis the Twelfth with Mary of England, and of his death. Of the battle of Francis King of France with the Swiss; and how he would be knighted at the hands of the good Knight without fear and without reproach . . . 218

CHAPTER XXV.

Of many events which came to pass in France, Italy and Spain during two or three years; and how the good Knight defended the town of Maizieres against the Emperor's force, whereby he acquired great honor . . . 226

CHAPTER XXVI.

How the good Knight, in a retreat which took place in Italy, was killed by an artillery shot; and of the great mourning which was made for his death 236

NOTES 249

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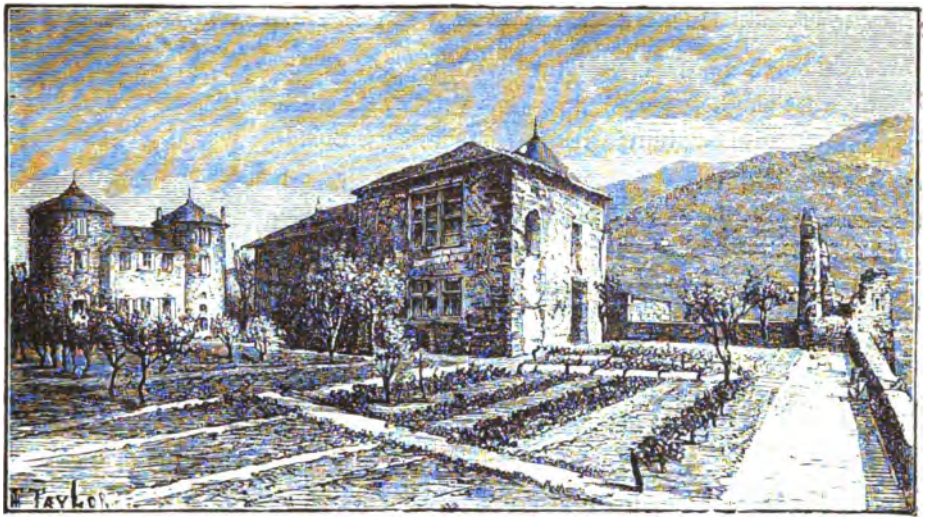
PROLOGUE.

THE Memoirs of Bayard, written, it is supposed, by his secretary, under the modest designation of "le loyal serviteur," first appeared in 1527, three years after the hero's death. The author was evidently an eye-witness of most of the scenes which he describes, and his narrative possesses all the charm of an artist's sketches from nature. Not only do we find the most interesting pictures of the manners and customs, domestic, civil and military of the age, its fierce passions and gentle courtesies, its prevalent tone of moral and religious feeling; but we seem to be living among the very individuals introduced to our acquaintance. The graceful royal bearing and distinctive characteristics of the French kings, Charles VIII., Louis XII., and Francis I.; the loyal gallantry of their men-at-arms; the suspicious jealousy of the Emperor Maximilian, and the dogged pride of his German nobles; the Spaniard's boastful vaporing; the haughty spirit of Venice, and her just and politic rule of her own subjects; the steady discipline of the Swiss; the reckless, profligate, pillaging adventurer; the half-savage Albanian; the mutinous lansquenet; and the lofty character of the "good Knight," receiving the homage and admiration of all,—these are all touched off in more or less finished sketches with such vividness and truth,

> "That aged ears play truant at his tales,
> And younger hearings are quite ravished,
> So sweet and voluble is his discourse."

I have endeavored to preserve in this condensed translation, but so as to avoid affectation, something of the quaint simplicity of the old French chronicle; and I am not altogether without hope that my younger readers at least may derive from the perusal some portion of the pleasure and the profit it has afforded me. I commend to their imitation the character of my hero in the words quoted by the French Editor from a writer of the seventeenth century, who thus addresses his son destined for the career of arms: "*Fe veux que ce soit la premiere histoire que tu lises et que tu me racontes. Tache de l'imiter en ce que tu pourras. Il ne se peut faire de copie qui ne soit bonne sur un si merveilleux original. Si tu ne peux arriver a sa valeur, qui est hors d'exemple, sois fidele a ton prince et debonnaire comme lui.*"



View of the Chateau Bayard and the Ruins of the Grande-Chartreuse.

THE HISTORY OF THE GOOD KNIGHT WITHOUT FEAR AND WITHOUT REPROACH.

CHAPTER I.

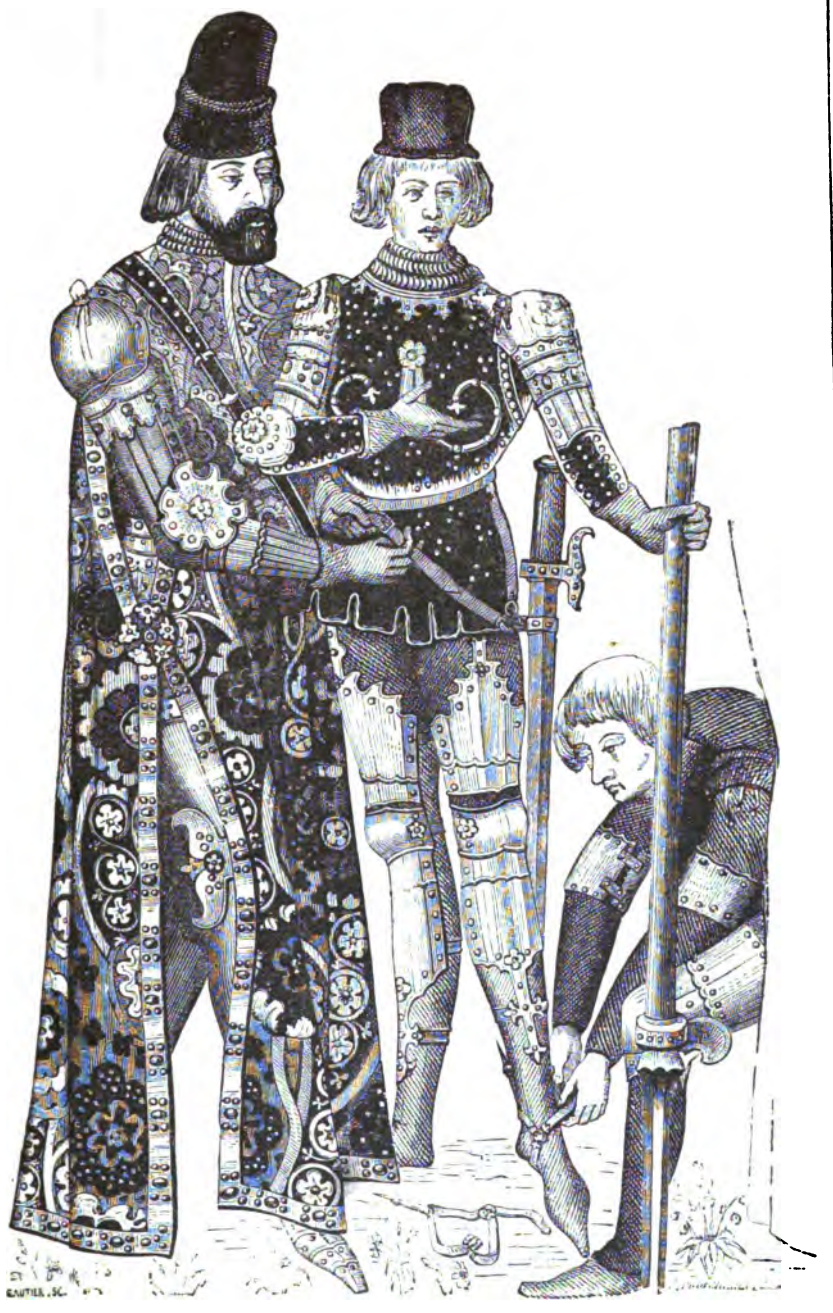
How the Seigneur de Bayard, father of the good Knight without fear and without reproach, would know of his children of what profession they wished to be; and how he sent for his brother-in-law the Bishop of Grenoble to consult him.

THE country of Dauphiny, which now forms part of the fair realm of France,[1] abounds with good and gentle families; which have sent forth so many virtuous and noble knights, that their renown is bruited throughout Christendom. And as scarlet surpasses all other dyes, the Dauphinese are called by all who know them (without disparagement of other regions), the scarlet of the French nobility.

One of these families, of ancient and noble extraction, is that of Bayard. And well have those who have sprung from it main-

tained the honor of their house. For at the battle of Poictiers the great-great-grandfather of Pierre de Bayard, the good Knight without fear and without reproach, fell by the side of the French King John; at the battle of Agincourt was slain his great-grandfather; his grandfather was left on the field of Montlhery with six mortal wounds, not to speak of lesser ones; and at the battle of Guignegaste his father[2] was so severely wounded, that he was never afterwards able to leave his house, where he died at the age of eighty.

Shortly before his death, believing that the period of his sojourning on earth was drawing to a close, he called for his four children in presence of his wife, a lady devoted to God, the sister of the Bishop of Grenoble. His children being assembled before him, he asked the eldest, who was of the age of eighteen, what he wished to be; who replied, that he would wish never to leave the family house, but to wait on him to the end of his days. "Well, George," said the father, "since thou lovest the old house, thou shalt remain here to combat the bears." The second, who was the good Knight without fear and without reproach, was asked of what profession he would be, who, at the age of little more than thirteen, as awake as a young hawk, with a beaming countenance, answered as though he were fifty: "My lord and father, much as filial love constrains me to forget every thing in order to wait on you to the end of your life; yet having enrooted in my heart the fine traits which you daily recite of the noble men of days past, particularly of those of our own house, I will be, if it pleases you, of the same profession as yourself and your predecessors, that of arms; for it is the thing of all others I most desire; and I hope, with the aid of God's grace, not to dishonor you." The good old man answered with tears, "My child, may God's grace be with thee; already thou dost resemble in face and figure



Ceremony of Putting on the Armor of a Knight.

From an ancient tapestry.

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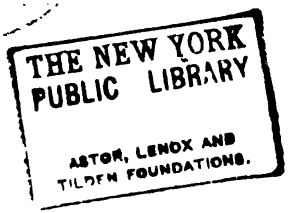
thy grandfather, who was in his time one of the most accomplished knights in Christendom. I will do my best to further thy wishes." He asked the third what estate he would follow. He answered, his wish was to follow that of his uncle, my Lord d'Esnay, an abbot near Lyons. His father granted it, and sent him to his said uncle, who made him a monk; and he was afterwards, through the means of the good Knight his brother, abbot of Josaphat in the suburbs of Chartres. The youngest answered in like manner, that he wished to be as his uncle, my Lord of Grenoble, to whom he was accordingly given, and soon after by him made canon of the church of Notre Dame; and subsequently by the same means as his brother the monk became abbot, he was made bishop of Glandesves in Provence. Now leave we the other three brothers, and return to the history of the good Knight without fear and without reproach.

The day after this conversation of the father of the good Knight with his four sons, and because he could no longer get on horseback, he dispatched a servant to Grenoble to the Bishop his brother-in-law, praying him to come to his chateau of Bayard, distant five or six leagues from Grenoble, as he had something to say to him.

The good bishop, who was never in all his life weary of obliging any one, set out immediately on receipt of the letter for the Chateau Bayard, where he found his brother-in-law seated in an armchair by the fire, as old men are wont. After a cheerful evening spent together in company with several other gentlemen of Dauphiny, they retired to rest till morning, when they arose and heard mass, which was chanted by the Bishop; for he daily said mass unless prevented by illness: and would to God that the prelates of the present day were as good servants of God and as charitable to the poor as he was.

After mass they washed their hands and sat down to a hearty breakfast, at which the good Knight waited on them so discreetly and gracefully as gained the approbation of all. The meal over and grace said, the good old Lord de Bayard addressed the company in these words. "My Lord Bishop and gentlemen, it is now time that I should state the reason of my having requested your attendance; for you are all my relatives and friends, and you see that age has so stricken me that it is next to impossible I should survive two years more. God has given me four sons, from each of whom I was desirous of knowing what profession he wished to follow. My son Pierre tells me he would be a soldier, which gives me especial pleasure, for he resembles altogether in appearance my lord my late father; and if he will resemble him as well in conduct and character, he cannot but be a great man; at which I believe that each of you as my good relatives and friends would heartily rejoice. I must, as a first step, place him in the family of some prince or lord that he may learn to conduct himself honorably, and when he is a little taller acquire the science of arms. I pray you therefore to advise me where I may best place him." Then one recommended his being sent to the King of France; another to the family of Bourbon; and so every one gave his advice. But the Bishop at length spoke and counseled his being sent to the Duke Charles of Savoy; "who," he said, "is our fast friend, and will, I think, gladly take him as one of his pages. He is at Chambery, hard by, and if it seem good to you and the company, I will take him to the Duke to-morrow morning, after having put him in complete trim and supplied him with a good little charger which I got a few days since of the Lord de Riage." The Bishop's advice was approved by all the company as well as by the Lord de Bayard, who delivered to him his son, saying, "Take him, my lord, and I pray our Lord that he may do you honor."

He brought the horse to his bearings.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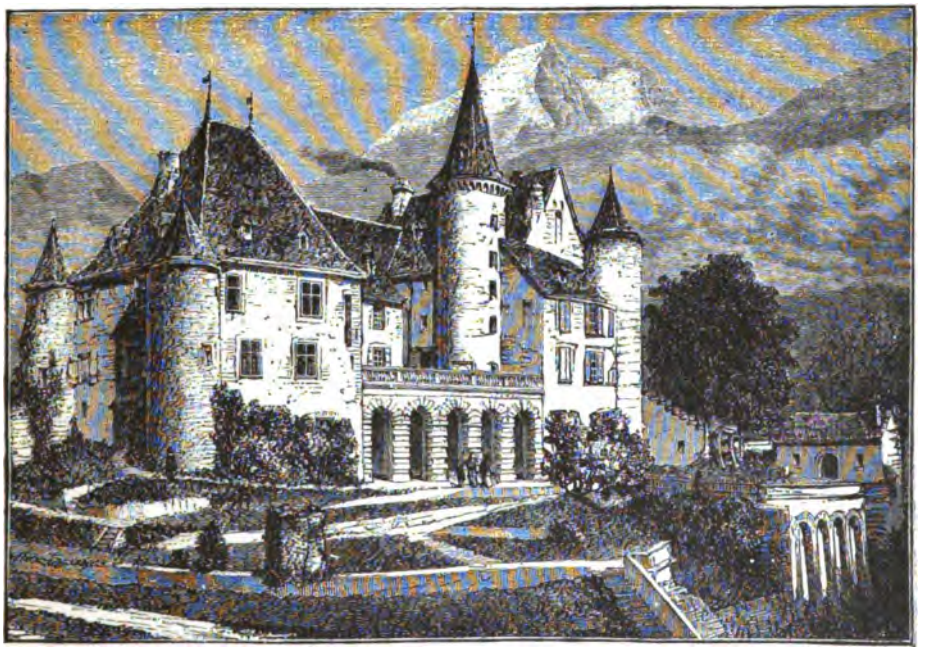
The Bishop forthwith sent to the town for his tailor to come with velvet, satin, and other things requisite for clothes for the good Knight.—He came and worked all night, so that next morning all was ready. After breakfast the boy mounted his charger, and presented himself to the company who were in the court yard, in the same guise as though he were just going to be presented to the Duke of Savoy. When the horse felt such a little sprite upon



View of Chateau de Riage.

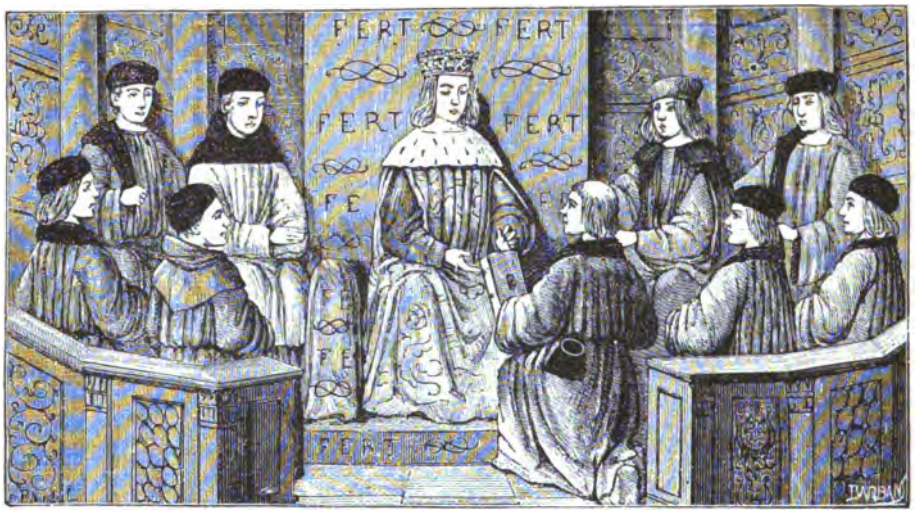
him and the boy touched him with his spurs, he made three or four such plunges, that the company thought he would throw the lad. But instead of his calling for help as they expected, he gave him boldly three or four pricks of the spur and a gallop round the court-yard, so that he brought the horse to his bearings as if he had been a man of thirty. We need not inquire if the good old man was pleased. Smiling with joy, he

asked his son if he were not afraid, for he had only left school a fortnight. He answered with a fearless countenance, "My lord, I hope, by God's help, before six years are over to spur him or another in more dangerous places; for I am here amongst friends, and I may then be amid the enemies of him whom I shall serve." "Come, come," said the good Bishop who was ready to set out, "my friend nephew, do not dismount, but take leave of all the company." Then the boy, with a joyous countenance, addressed his father: "My lord and father, I pray our Lord to grant you a happy and long life, and me grace, that before he takes you from this world you may hear a good report of me." "God grant it, my boy," said his father, and gave him his blessing. After which he took leave of all the gentlemen there, one by one.

The poor lady mother was in a tower of the castle, shedding tears of tenderness; for glad as she was at her son's prospects, her motherly love constrained her to weep. However, when they came to tell her that if she wished to see her son he was on horseback ready to depart, the good lady went out at the back of the tower, and made them call her son to her, to whom she addressed these words: "Pierre, my friend, you are going to serve a gentle prince. I charge you to observe three things, which if you do, be assured you will prosper. The first is, that before all things you love, fear, and serve God, never offending Him if possible; for it is He who created us, in whom we live, and who will save us; and without Him and His grace we can do no good thing in this world. Every morning and every evening commit yourself to him and he will aid you. The second is, that you be gentle and courteous to all, putting away all pride. Eschew evil speaking and falsehood. Be sober and temperate. Flee envy, for it is an odious vice. Be neither a flatterer, nor an informer; for such people seldom come to good. Be true and loyal in word and deed. Keep

your promise. Succor poor widows and orphans, and God will recompense it to you. The third thing is, that of the goods which God shall give you, you be charitable to the poor and needy; for to give for his sake, makes no man poor; and take this from me, my child, that the alms you give will profit you in body and soul. This is all I have to charge you; I am persuaded that your father and I shall not long survive; God grant that while we live we may always have a good report of you." Then the good Knight, young as he was, answered her, "My lady mother, I thank you most humbly for your good counsel, and hope so well to follow it that by His grace to whose keeping you commend me, you shall be content; and so, humbly commending myself to your good favor, I take my leave."

Then the good lady drew out of her sleeve a little purse, in which were only six crowns in gold and one in silver, which she gave to her son. She then called one of the servants of the Bishop her brother, and gave into his charge a small valise in which was some linen for her son. Meanwhile the Bishop of Grenoble took leave of the company and called his nephew, who bestriding his handsome charger thought himself in paradise; and so they went straight to Chambery where was the Duke Charles of Savoy.



The Duke of Savoy and His Council.

CHAPTER II.

How the Bishop of Grenoble presented his nephew the good Knight to the Duke Charles of Savoy who received him gladly and made him his page; and how the Duke afterwards presented him to the King of France.

LEAVING the Chateau Bayard on a Saturday after breakfast, the Bishop of Grenoble made such good speed that he arrived at the town of Chambery the same evening. The next day being Sunday he rose early, and went to pay his respects to the Duke of Savoy, who received him in a manner which showed how delighted he was at his coming. They went together to the church to hear mass, where, as became the Duke's princely rank, the Bishop administered the host to him and gave him the Gospel to kiss. After mass said, the Duke took the Bishop to dine with him; during which ceremony the good Knight his nephew served him as his cup-bearer so gracefully that the Duke observed it, and asked the Bishop who he was. "My Lord," replied he, "it is a man-at-arms whom I am come to present to you for your service if you please.

But he is not in the guise in which I should wish to give him to you ; after dinner if it is your pleasure you shall see him." "Truly," said the Duke, "he would be a strange fellow who would refuse such a present." The good Knight, who had already had his uncle's wishes intimated to him, did not stay to amuse himself with the delicacies after dinner, but went to his lodging and had his charger saddled, upon which, when he had fully caparisoned him, he mounted, and rode featly into the court yard of the Duke's house. The Duke having already quitted the table, saw from a gallery the young boy enter making his horse curvet so that he seemed a man of thirty who had seen war all his life. "My Lord of Grenoble," said he, "I think that is your little *protege* that manages his horse so well." "My lord," replied the Bishop, "he is my nephew ; of a good race, which has sent forth gentle knights. His father, whose health is so prematurely undermined by wounds received in battle that he cannot come to pay his respects to you, very humbly commends himself to your good grace, and makes you a present of him." "And in good faith," replied the Duke, "I accept it gladly. 'Tis a good and fair present. God make him a true man." He then commanded one of his most trusty squires to look to young Bayard, expressing his opinion that he would be one day a man of renown.

The good Knight continued his page for the space of half a year, and made himself beloved by great and small. There was neither page nor lord who could in all things compare with him ; for he leaped, wrestled, threw the bar, (considering his size,) and put his horse through all his paces, so as none could excel him. So that his good master loved him as a son.

One day the Duke of Savoy determined to go and visit the King of France at Lyons, where he then was with his princes and nobles leading a joyous life, holding jousts and tournaments daily,

and in the evening dancing with the fair and gracious ladies of the neighborhood. And to say truth, the young King Charles the Eighth was one of the best, most courteous, liberal and charitable princes that were ever seen or read of. He loved and feared God, and never swore but *by the faith of his body*, or some such little oath. And great pity was it that death so soon carried him off, as it did before the age of eight and twenty; for had he lived long, he would have achieved great things.

The King Charles, learning that the Duke of Savoy was coming to see him, sent the Lord de Ligny, a gentle prince of the house of Luxembourg, with several other gentlemen and archers of his guard to meet him, who found him about ten leagues from Lyons. As they journeyed together, the Lord de Ligny remarked young Bayard and his charger, and was so charmed with them that he recommended the Duke to make a present of both to the King, which the Duke resolved to do.

As they entered Lyons, the streets were filled with people and the windows with ladies to see them pass. For, without exaggeration, this Duke of Savoy was a fine handsome prince, of good parts, and princely bearing. They dismounted at his lodgings where he retained the Lord de Ligny and several other lords and gentlemen to supper, during which came minstrels and singers of the King to entertain the company. In the evening they played at various games and pastimes; and when wine and spices had been brought, each retired to his own lodgings.

The next morning being Thursday, the Duke of Savoy went, conducted by the Lords de Ligny and Avesnes, to pay his respects to the King, who embraced him saying: "My cousin and friend, you are right welcome; I am delighted to see you, and upon my life you have done well to come; for had you not, I was minded to go and see you in your own country, where I should have occa-

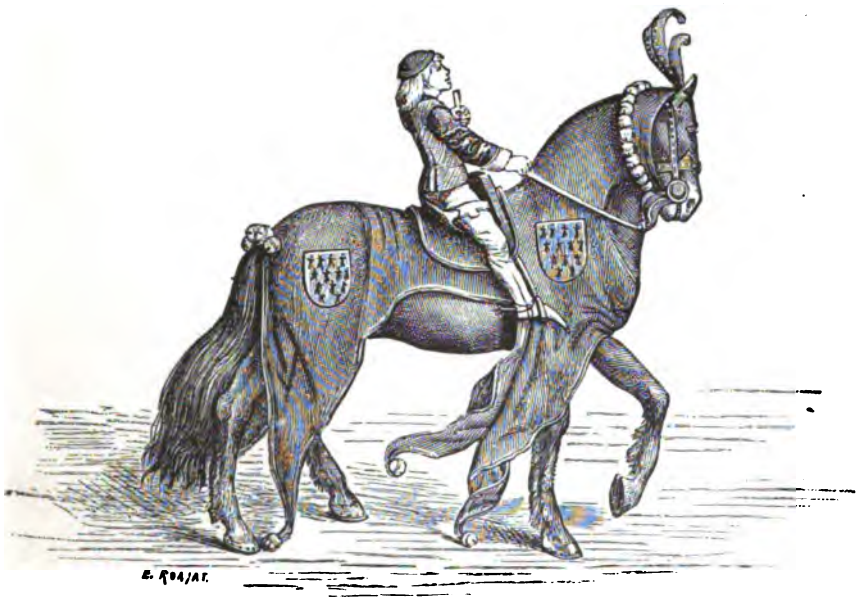
sioned you much trouble and annoyance." To which the good Duke replied, "My lord, that were difficult; all the regret I should have had at your arrival in my country, which being mine is yours, would have been only that you could not have been received as becomes so high and mighty a prince; but I assure you that my heart, body, goods and talents, such as God has given me, are at your disposal, as entirely as those of the least of your subjects." For which the King, coloring a little, thanked him. They mounted their mules and went together to the convent of Gray Friars, which the King and his loyal spouse, Anne Duchess of Brittany, had largely endowed, where they devoutly heard mass. After which the King kept the Duke of Savoy and the Lords de Ligny and Avesnes to dine with him. During dinner they had much discourse of dogs, hawks, arms and armors; and amongst other things the Lord de Ligny mentioned to the King the page and his gallant charger, which the Duke of Savoy desired to present to him. "By the faith of my body," said the King, "I should like to see him."

When this was told to Bayard, who was not then in the presence, he could not have been more pleased had he won the town of Lyons. He went forthwith to the Duke's head groom, named Pizou de Chenas, and told him the King wished to see his charger and himself upon him; and begged him to have him well groomed, and he would willingly give him his short dagger. The head groom replied, "Bayard, my friend, keep your poniard, I'll none of it, I thank you; only go you, dress your hair, and make yourself smart, for your horse shall be in right good order; and God grant the King of France may take you this hour into his favor, for it may lead to much good fortune to you, and by God's help you may become as great a lord as I anticipate." "By my faith," said the good Knight, "I shall never forget the courtesies you

have done me since I came into my lord's family; and if God ever gives me means, you shall have proof of it." He then went up to his room, where he cleaned his accouterments, combed his hair, and dressed himself as gracefully as he could, waiting for news, which were not long in arriving; for in two or three hours came the Duke of Savoy's squire of the stables, who was Bayard's governor, to seek him, and found him all ready. He said to him quite sorrowfully, "Bayard, my friend, I see I shall not keep you, for I hear that my lord has already made a present of you to the King, who desires to see you and your charger in the meadow of Esnay. I am not grieved at your advancement, but by my faith I am very sorry to part with you." To which young Bayard replied, "My lord squire, God give me grace to continue in those virtuous practices you have taught me from the hour that my lord gave you charge of me; for then by his aid, you will never have cause to be ashamed of me. And if I am ever in a situation to do you service, you shall have substantial proof how much I feel my obligations to you." They then mounted their horses and went to wait for the King and his company in the meadow of Esnay, for the prince proceeded thither by water on the Soane. As soon as he got out of the boat, and saw young Bayard on his charger, he cried out, "Friend page, give your horse the spur," which he did forthwith. You would have thought, to see him start, he had been at the practice all his life. At the end of the course he made his horse give two or three bounds, and then returned full gallop towards the King, and stopped short before him, making his horse passage; so that not only the King but all the company were delighted. The King called to him, "*Picque, picque encore un coup;*" upon which the pages cried out, "*Picquez, picquez*;" so that for some time after he was surnamed Picquet. The King said to the Duke, "Truly, cousin, it is impossible to manage a

horse better; I shall not wait till you give me your page and his horse, but beg them of you." He then committed both page and horse into the charge of the Lord de Ligny, who humbly thanked the King, for he deemed well he would make such a man of him as would do him honor; an expectation which was well fulfilled in divers places.

Three years only was the good Knight page in the family of the Lord de Ligny, who, when he reached the age of seventeen, discharged him from pagehood and appointed him of his company; but still retained him as a gentleman of his household.



Page on Horseback.

CHAPTER III.

How a gentleman of Burgundy named Master Claude de Vaudray came to Lyons by permission of the King of France, to proclaim a passage of arms on horseback and on foot, and hung up his shields, that those who touched them might be received to combat; and how the good Knight, three days after he ceased to be page, touched all the shields.

THE Duke of Savoy remained some time at Lyons, making good cheer as well with the King as with the princes and lords of France. Thinking it time to return to his own country, he asked permission to take his leave, which was granted him very reluctantly: but there is no such good company, but the hour of separation will arrive. The King made him handsome and honorable presents, for he was full of liberality; and so the good Duke Charles of Savoy returned to his own dominions.

The King of France made a progress through his kingdom, and two or three years after revisited Lyons, where there arrived a gentleman of Burgundy named Master Claude de Vaudray, a man skilled in the science of arms, and devoted to it. He prayed the

King that to keep all the young gentlemen from idleness, he would permit him to proclaim a passage of arms, as well on horseback as on foot, with lance and battle ax; which was granted him; for the good King, next to the service of God, of which he was very observant, desired nothing better than such joyous pastime. This Master Claude de Vaudray arranged matters to the best of his ability, and suspended his shields, which all gentlemen who desired to display their skill came to touch, and had their names inscribed by the king-at-arms who presided.

One day the good Knight was passing by the shields, when he thought to himself, "Alas! if I knew how to equip myself, I would gladly touch these shields, to have a lesson in the use of arms." And he stopped short in deep thought. A companion of his, Bellabre, who had also been educated by the Lord de Ligny, asked him what he was thinking of. "By my faith, my friend," replied he, "it has pleased my lord to dismiss me from my pagehood, and by his favor to appoint me in all things appertaining to a gentleman; but a desire has seized me to touch Master Claude's shields, and I know not, when I shall have done so, who will furnish me with armor and horses." Bellabre, who was older than he, and a right bold gentleman (for I would have all readers of this history to know that of fifty gentlemen brought up by the Lord de Ligny thirty were valiant and virtuous commanders), replied, "My friend and companion, are these your thoughts? have you not your uncle the fat Abbot of Esnay? I vow we will go to him, and if he will not supply the money, we'll take his cross and miter; but I think when he knows your wish he will give it willingly." Upon these words the good Knight went and touched the shields.

Mountjoy, king-at-arms, who was there to inscribe the names, began to say to him, "How! my friend Bayard, your beard is but three years old, and do you undertake to fight with Master Claude,

who is one of the roughest knights known?" "Mountjoy, my friend," replied he, "what I do is not from pride or overboldness, but only from a desire to learn the science of arms by degrees from those who can teach me; and if it please God, he will give me grace to do something which may gratify the ladies." At which Mountjoy laughed and was right well pleased. The report that Bayard had touched Master Claude's shields, ran through Lyons, and reached the ears of the Lord de Ligny, who would not have taken ten thousand crowns for the news. He went directly to tell the King, who was delighted, and said to him: "By the faith of my body, Cousin de Ligny, your pupil will do you honor some day, to judge by his courage." "We shall see what will come of it," said the Lord de Ligny; "he is young yet to stand the blows of Master Claude."

However, it was much easier for the good Knight to touch the shields, than to find the money to procure horses and accouterments. The next morning early he and Bellabre got into one of the little Lyons boats and were rowed to Esnay. When they disembarked, the first person they found in the meadow was the Abbot, who was reciting his breviary with one of his monks. The two gentlemen went to salute him, but he, who had heard the story and suspected he would have to come down with the money, received them but coolly, and addressing his nephew, said, "Well, Master Scapegrace, what has made you so bold as to touch Master Claude de Vaudray's shields? It is but three days since you were a page, and you are but seventeen or eighteen, and should be whipped for your presumption." To which the good Knight answered, "My lord, I pledge you my word that pride has not urged me to this boldness, but the desire to attain by deeds of virtue to the honor which your and my ancestors have acquired. I pray you, my lord, seeing that I have no relative or friend but

" What has made you so bold ? "

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you to whom I can at this moment have recourse, that you would be pleased to aid me with some money to get what is necessary for me." "By my faith," replied the Abbot, "you may go seek elsewhere some one to lend you money; the alms given by the founders of this abbey were for the service of God, and not to be spent in jousts and tournaments." These words of the Abbot were taken up by Bellabre, who said, "My lord, had it not been for the virtues and achievements of your ancestors, you would not have been Abbot of Esnay. We must evince gratitude for the favors we have received, and so we may hope to experience it

The Abbot consented to assist him.

for those we confer. Your nephew, my companion, is of good family, well beloved by the King and by my lord our master; he wishes to distinguish himself; at which you should rejoice. You must needs assist him, for it can but cost you two hundred crowns to equip him well, and he may do you honor that may be worth ten thousand." After much discussion the Abbot consented to assist him, and gave him a purse of one hundred crowns to buy

two horses, and a letter to his agent Laurencin to supply him with clothes and accouterments; of which they lost no time in availing themselves.

The Abbot was right glad to be rid of his nephew, and ordered dinner; at which he told the company what had passed that morning. "By my faith, my lord," said his secretary, "you have done well. He will follow the example of that gallant man your grandfather, and all his kindred. I see but one fault in the matter. He is young and headstrong. You have written to Laurencin to give him what he asks for. I am sure he will, though it were two thousand crowns; and I fear he may take more than you intend." "By Saint James, secretary," said the Abbot, after a moment's reflection, "you are right, for I forgot to mention any limit; call my steward." He came immediately. "Nicholas," said the Abbot, "go to town to Laurencin, and tell him, I wrote to him this morning to give my nephew Bayard some equipments for Master Claude's tournay. Desire him not to exceed eighty or a hundred francs; and make haste." The steward set out directly, but he was too late. On his return to Esnay he found there the company he had left. "Well, Nicholas," said the Abbot, have you told Laurencin?" "Yes, my lord, but I was too late; your nephew had already made his fairing to the amount of only eight hundred francs." "Eight hundred francs! Saint Mary," said the Abbot, "he is a naughty varlet. Quick! you know his quarters; go and find him, and tell him if he does not immediately return Laurencin what he has taken, he shall never have another sous from me." The steward came to Lyons as he was desired, thinking to find his man, who, doubting the turn the matter might take, had desired his servants, if any of my Lord d'Esnay's people came to ask for him to make every excuse to prevent their getting speech of him. When the steward came to inquire for him, they

said he was at my Lord de Ligny's. Thither he went, but did not find him. When he returned they told him he was gone to try some horses the other side of the Rhone. In short, he came more than ten times without finding him, and then perceiving they were making a fool of him, he returned to Esnay and told the Abbot it was lost time to seek his nephew, for he chose to hide himself. "Ah!" said the Abbot, "upon my word he is a bad youth, but he shall repent it." However he had nothing for it but to digest his wrath as best he could.

Knights prepared for the Joust.

CHAPTER IV.

How the good Knight bore himself fairly against Master Claude de Vaudray; and how the Lord de Ligny sent him into garrison in Picardy, to his company, where he was quartered in a pretty little town called Ayre.

As soon as the good Knight and his companion had got what they wanted from Laurencin, they hastened away, and ordered three suits of accouterments for each to wear over his armor; for the good Knight would have his companion wear his colors. They then went to a gentleman of Piedmont who, having broken his leg, was desirous of selling a charger and roadster he had. The horses were tried, and purchased for one hundred and ten crowns; and taken to their stables where they were well groomed.

Three days after, Master Claude de Vaudray opened his passage of arms, at which he was encountered by many gallant gentlemen of the household of King Charles, such as the Seneschal Galyot, the young Bonneval, Saudricourt, Chatillon, Bourdillon and many others, who, as you may suppose, did their best; for by the laws of the tourney each, as he finished his bout, was obliged to be led along

the lists, his visor up, that it might be known who he was who had done well or ill.

The good Knight, being scarce eighteen, which was very young, (for he was still growing, and was naturally spare and pale,) entered the lists like the others, and there made his first essay. And a pretty rough commencement it was, for he had to do with one of the most skillful and doughty warriors in the world. Yet I know not how it was, whether it were the will of God to give him favor, or whether Master Claude de Vaudray took pleasure in him, but there was no man during the whole contest who surpassed him either on horseback or on foot. And he won the praises of the ladies of Lyons; for as he passed along the lists after having done his devoir, with his visor up, and blushing, the ladies honored him by saying, "Look at this bashful stripling, he has done better than all the others." And he acquired so much favor with all the company that at supper the good King Charles said to the Lord de Ligny, "By the faith of my body, cousin, Bayard has made a good beginning. I never in all my life made you so good a present as when I gave him to you." To which the said lord replied, "Sire, if he turns out well, it will be more to your honor than mine; for your praise of him has made him undertake all this. God grant he may continue as he has begun. But his uncle the Abbot is not very well pleased, for he has had his crowns and accouterments at his cost." At which the King, who had already heard the story, laughed heartily, as did all the company.

One morning after this tourney the Lord de Ligny sent for the good Knight, to whom he said: "Picquet, my friend, your commencement has been successful enough; but arms require continual practice; and while I yet retain you of my household at three hundred francs a year and three horses found you, I have put you into my company. I wish you to go to the garrison, and

see your comrades. You will find there as valiant soldiers as any in Christendom, and who are always practicing in jousts and tourneys for the love of honor and the ladies. I think that till there be some sound of war, you cannot do better." The good Knight, who wished nothing better, replied, "My lord, for all the favors and honors that you have conferred on me I can only return you my most humble thanks, and pray our Lord to recompense them to you. But now the wish of my heart is to join the company you speak of; for from all I hear of it, I cannot be there so short a time, but that I shall be the better for it all my life; and if it be your good pleasure I will set out to-morrow." "By all means," said the Lord de Ligny, "but you must first take leave of the King; and I will conduct you to him after dinner."

They found the King just rising from the table, to whom the Lord de Ligny said, "Sire, here is your Picquet, who is going to see his companions in Picardy, and would take leave of you." The good Knight with a serene countenance kneeled down. The King regarded him with satisfaction, and said smiling, "Picquet, my friend, may God continue in you what I have seen begun, and you will be a man of note. You are going to a country where there are lovely dames; quit yourself so as to gain their good graces; and God be with you." I humbly thank you, sire," answered the good Knight. He was then embraced by all the princes and lords and many gentlemen to whom his leaving the court occasioned great regret; but not so to himself, for he was impatient to be gone. The King sent for one of his grooms of the chamber, and desired him to pay over to the good Knight three hundred crowns, and to deliver to him one of the handsomest horses in his stable. The good Knight gave the groom of the chamber thirty crowns, and ten to him who brought him the horse; a liberality which all who knew it praised marvelously. The Lord de

Ligny took him back to his lodging, and spent the evening in giving him good counsel as though he had been his son; recommending him above all things to have honor ever before his eyes. This charge he observed faithfully to his death. At length when it was time to retire to rest, the Lord de Ligny embraced him with tears in his eyes, and the good Knight on bended knee took leave of him, and returned to his lodging, where all his companions were assembled to bid him adieu; which they did not without much

The good Knight on bended knee took leave of him.

embracing. Ascending to his room, he found there the Lord de Ligny's tailor with two complete suits which his master had sent him. He begged him to thank his lord for this handsome present, and drawing out his purse gave him twenty crowns.

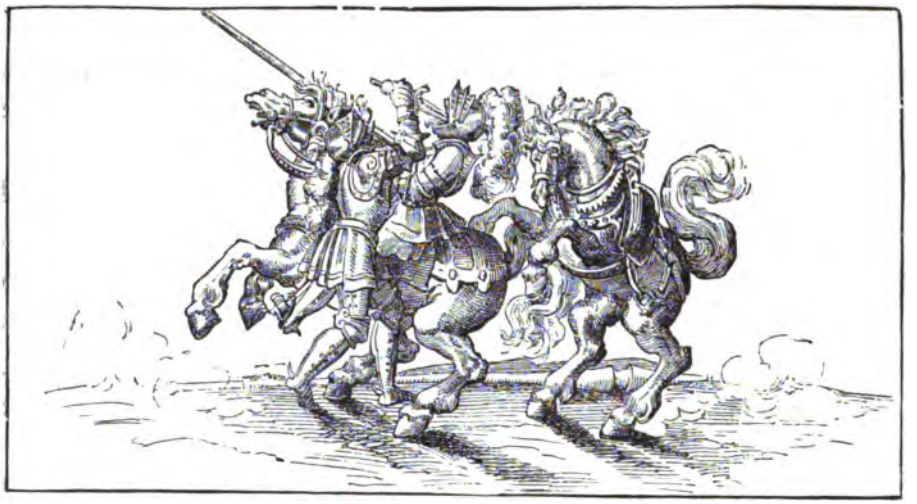
One of his servants then informed him that William the groom had brought to his stable a fine charger which the same lord had sent him; but that his services being required at home he could not wait, but would come and speak with him in the morning. "Then he will not find me," said he, "for I must be on horseback

at the first dawn of day." So he gave ten crowns to the tailor, desiring him to give them to William the groom, and to salute for him all the noble household of his lord; which the tailor promised to do.

As soon as he was gone the good Knight had his valises packed and all prepared for an early departure, and betook himself to bed, where he had little rest, for it was then near midnight. On rising, the first thing he did was to send on his chargers, of which he had six, and his baggage; and he himself, when he had taken leave of his host and hostess, followed with five or six handsome coursers. His companion Bellabre was ready as soon as he, and accompanied him to Bresle, when they dined, and then took leave of one another; but it was no great leave taking, for Bellabre proposed to follow him in two or three days, waiting only for a couple of chargers he expected from Spain.

The good Knight proceeded by easy stages on account of his chargers; and when he arrived within three leagues of the town of Ayre, sent on one of his people to secure lodgings. When the gentlemen of the troop knew that he was near, the greater part of them got on horseback to go and meet him; such a desire had they to see him. There were above a hundred and twenty, all young gentlemen, who met him about half a league from the town. They brought him thither merrily, all the ladies being at the windows; for they had heard of the noble-heartedness of the good Knight, and each one longed to see him; which they did, but not so much at their ease as afterward. The good Knight was conducted to his lodging where supper was already prepared. Some of his companions remained, and entertained him joyously, congratulating him on his success with Master Claude de Vaudray, and applauding him marvelously. He however showed no signs of being elated, but replied courteously, "My lords and comrades,

you give unmerited praise, to which I have as yet but little claim. But, if it please our Lord, by your help I may one day be numbered amongst men of repute." Then they changed the conversation, and one of the company, Tardieu, besought the good Knight to give a tourney; which he readily promised to do if Tardieu would send him a trumpet the next morning, and they had permission from their captain. "Trouble not yourself about permission," said Tardieu; "Captain Louis d'Ars has given it to us once for all, for it is for no bad purpose. He is not here at present, but will be within four days. If there be any thing wrong, I take it upon myself." The company remained in conversation till they heard midnight sound; and then took leave of one another till next morning, when Tardieu did not fail to repair to the quarters of the good Knight, with a trumpet of the troop; and the first good morrow he gave him was, "Comrade, no more excuses, here is your man."



Knights Tilting.

CHAPTER V.

How the good Knight had proclaimed in Ayre a tourney for love of the ladies, at which there were prizes for the best doers, a bracelet of gold and a handsome diamond to present to their ladies.

ALTHOUGH the good Knight had much need of repose after his long journey, he slept not much that night for thinking how his tourney should be ordered; and when Tardieu came in the morning with the trumpet he found the terms already written out. They were as follows: "Pierre de Bayard, a young gentleman and pupil at arms, native of Dauphiny, of the ordonnance companies[1] of the King of France, under the charge and command of the high and mighty lord, my Lord de Ligny, hereby proclaims a tourney under the walls of the town of Ayre for all comers, on the twentieth day of July, of three tilts with sharpened lance in open lists and in full armor, and twelve blows of the sword; the whole on horseback. And to the best doer he gives a gold bracelet enameled of his colors, of thirty crowns' weight. The next day there will be a combat on foot with lance thrusts at a barrier of

the height of the navel; and when the lances are broken, to be continued with battle-ax at the discretion of the judges and those who keep the ground. And to the best doer he gives a diamond of the value of forty crowns."

When Tardieu had read the conditions of the tourney, he exclaimed, "By heaven, comrade, not Launcelot, Tristan or Gawen ever did better. Trumpet, go and proclaim this in the town here, and then from garrison to garrison, for three days, to give notice to all our friends."

You must know that there were at that time in Picardy seven or eight hundred men-at-arms; to wit, the company of the Mareschal des Cordes, the Scotch guards, the company of the Lord de la Palisse, a virtuous and successful commander; and many others. Those who were minded to appear at the tourney had but eight or ten days to prepare themselves; but nevertheless there were forty or fifty men-at-arms in the lists. Meanwhile there arrived that gentle knight the Captain Louis d'Ars, right glad to have come in time for the sport; and Bellabre also, to the great joy of the company. They amused themselves daily in making trials of their horses, and giving banquets to the ladies, in which the good Knight acquitted himself so well that the ladies of the town and neighborhood praised him above all others; but this never stirred his pride.

At length came the wished for day of the tourney, and each ranged himself at the lists. One of the judges was the good Captain Louis d'Ars, and the Scotch Lord Saint Quentin the other. The gentlemen who appeared at the lists were forty-six in number, and were divided by fair lots into two parties of twenty-three on each side. When they were ready to commence, the trumpet sounded and proclaimed the rules of the tourney.

The good Knight was first called on to present himself in the lists,

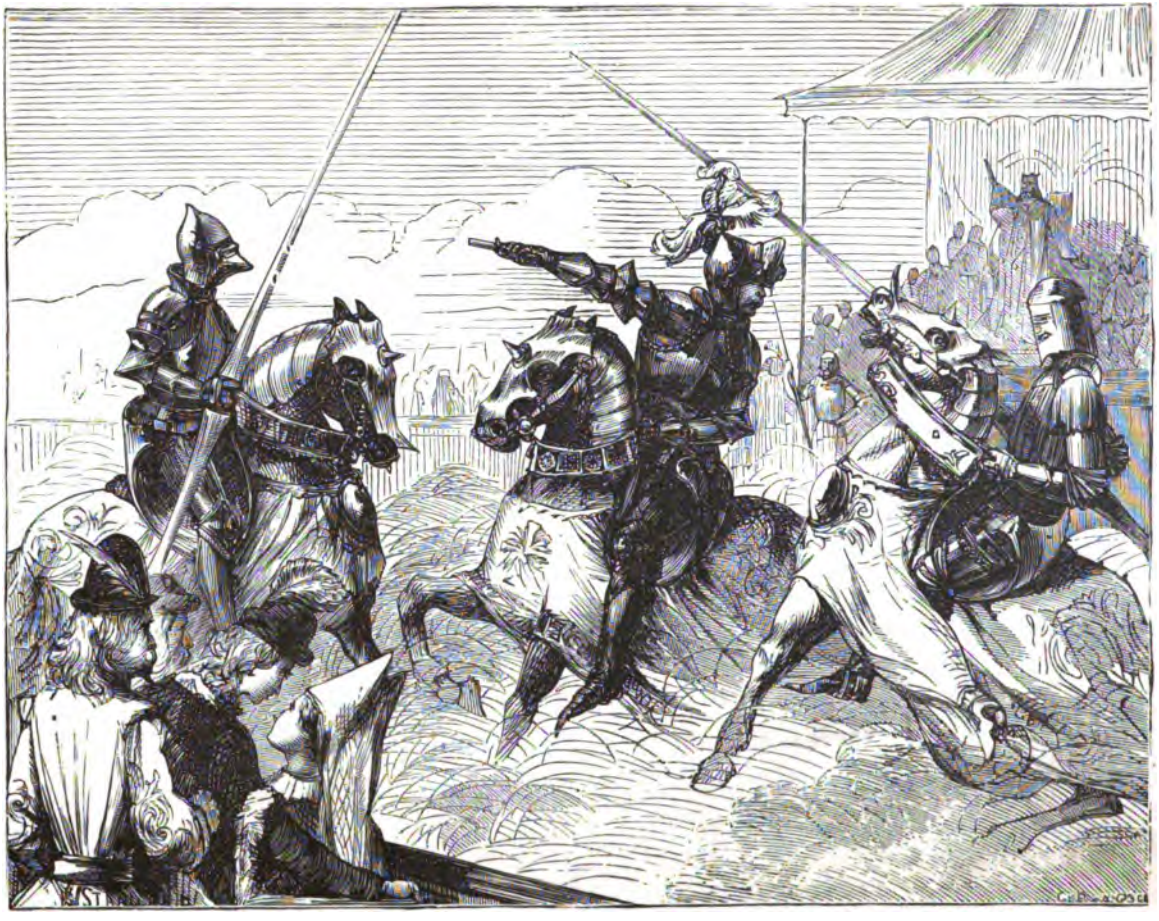
and against him came a neighbor of his from Dauphiny, named Tartarin, a very stout man-at-arms. They ran their course at one another so that Tartarin broke his lance half a foot from the iron head; and the good Knight struck him on the top of the great gardebras,[1] and shivered his lance into five or six pieces; at which the trumpets sounded impetuously, for it was a wondrous beautiful joust.

When they had supplied themselves with fresh lances they returned for the second course: and it was Tartarin's fortune to break the gardebras of the good Knight at the elbow, and all the company thought his arm was pierced. The good Knight struck him over the visor, and carried away a little crest full of plumes. The third lance was as well or better broken than the others.

When these had finished their courses Bellabre presented himself, and was opposed by a Scotch gentleman, the Captain David de Fougar. These likewise broke their three lances in the best possible style. And so they jousted two and two till all had run their courses.

Then came the sword fight; and as before the good Knight commenced. With the third blow he broke his sword in two pieces, and altogether did his devoir so as could not be surpassed. Then came the others in their order; and it was agreed by all the spectators as well as by the two judges that there was never seen a day of better tilting with the lance, or fighting with the sword. And though each did right well, the best were the good Knight, Bellabre, Tartarin, the Captain David, one of the company of my Lord des Lordes named the Bastard de Chimay, and Tardieu.

In the evening all retired to the quarters of the good Knight, who had prepared a magnificent supper, at which were throngs of ladies; for all the ladies of Picardy for ten leagues round came to



The Tournament at Ayre.

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see this splendid tourney, and made great and sumptuous cheer. After supper there were dances and divers other entertainments, so that it struck one hour after midnight before any one flagged. Then they retired to their quarters one after another conducting the ladies to their several places of repose. It was late enough next morning before the fair dames were well awake; and they ceased not to extol marvelously the good Knight as well for his prowess as for his courtesy, for a more courteous gentleman could not be found in the world.

The next day all the warriors met at the quarters of the Captain Louis d'Ars, where they found the good Knight, who had come to invite him and the Lord de Saint Quentin to dine with him in company with the ladies who had been his guests the preceding day. The invitation was readily accepted. They then went to mass; and this over, you might have seen the young gentlemen give their arms to the ladies and conduct them, discoursing of love and other joyous matters, to the quarters of the good Knight; when if they made good cheer the evening before, they made better now at dinner. Neither lords nor ladies tarried after dinner, for about two o'clock all who were of the tourney ranged themselves for the second day's performance, in which he who despaired of having obtained the first day's prize, hoped to win that of the second.

When the judges, lords and ladies had arrived, the good Knight began as before; and against him came a gentleman of Hainault of much repute, called Henotin de Sucker. They thrust with all their strength at one another over the barrier, till their lances were broken in pieces; after which they seized their battle-axes, and dealt each other such stout and furious blows that the combat seemed mortal. At length the good Knight struck his adversary such a blow over the ear as made him reel, and what was worse

fall on both knees, and then following up his attack over the barrier he made him kiss the ground, would he or not; which the judges seeing, cried out, "Hold! hold! enough! retire!"

After these two came Bellabre and Arnalton of Pierreforade, a gentleman of Gascony, who did wonders with their lances, which were soon broken. Then they came to heavy blows of their battle-axes, but Bellabre broke his, and therefore the judges parted them. Next came Tardieu and David of Scotland, who did their devoir right well; as did each in his turn, so that it was seven o'clock before all had finished. And for a little tourney, those who were there saw as good performance as they ever beheld in their lives.

When all was over they retired to their several quarters to disarm, and then betook themselves to those of the good Knight where the banquet awaited them, and the two judges and the ladies were already arrived. After supper came the awarding and declaring by the judges, who had won the prizes. The gentlemen experienced in arms were appealed to upon their faith, and then the ladies upon their conscience, and without favor shown to one more than another, to declare their opinions. The result was, that gentlemen and ladies agreed that though each had done his devoir as well as it was possible, yet in their judgment the good Knight was the best in both days; wherefore they referred it to him, as having gained the prizes, to bestow his presents where he thought fit.

There was great contest of ceremony between the two judges, as to who should pronounce the sentence; but the good Captain Louis d'Ars at length prevailed on the Lord de Saint Quentin to undertake it. The herald's trumpet sounded for silence, and the Lord de Saint Quentin spoke thus: "My lords, all who are here assembled, and who have taken part in the tourney, my Lord d'Ars

and I, as the judges appointed by all of you to give fair sentence in the awarding of the prizes, announce to you that after having well and duly inquired of all the virtuous and honorable gentlemen who witnessed your deeds of arms, and likewise of the noble ladies whom you see here present; we have decided that each has done his devoir as well as it was possible to do; but the common voice is, that above all the Lord de Bayard (not to disparage the others) has acquitted himself best on both days; wherefore lords and ladies remit to him the honor of bestowing the prizes where he thinks good." Then addressing the good Knight, he said, "My Lord de Bayard, decide to whom you will give them." He was quite overwhelmed, and after remaining thoughtful a little space, said: "My lord, I know not by what favor this honor is done me. Methinks there are those who have better deserved it than I have. But since it is the pleasure of these lords and ladies that I should be the judge, praying all my lords companions who have surpassed me not to be displeased, I give the prize of the first day to my Lord de Bellabre; and of the second, to the Captain David of Scotland."

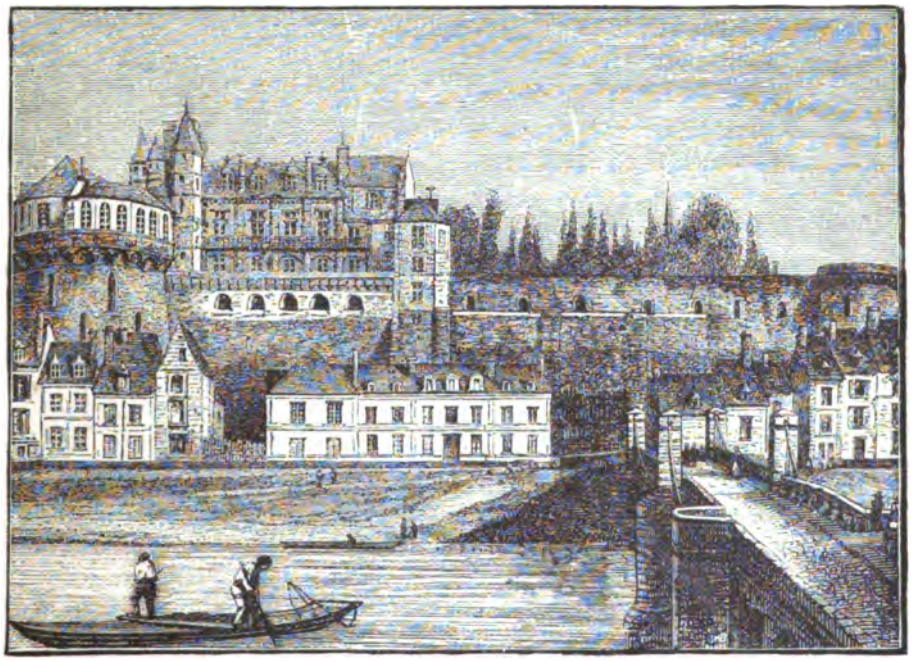
The prizes were forthwith delivered to them, nor did man or woman murmur; and then the dancing and pastimes commenced. The ladies never ceased praising the good Knight, who was beloved in Picardy as never man was. He was there two years, during which there were many tourneys and sports; in which, for the most part, he carried off the prize. And the greatest cause of his being universally beloved was, that there was not on earth a more liberal and gracious person. For, if any of his companions lost his horse, he remounted him; if he had a crown in his purse, every one shared it. Young as he was, the first thing he did when he rose was to say his prayers. He was very charitable; and no man could say he had been refused by him any request it was in his power to grant.

CHAPTER VI.

How the King of France, Charles the Eighth, conquered the kingdom of Naples; and how Louis Duke of Orleans came to the crown of France, as his nearest heir, by the title of Louis the Twelfth; and how the good Knight held a tourney at Carignan in Piedmont, at which he gained the prize.

AFTER two years the young King of France, Charles, set out for the conquest of Naples accompanied by the Lord de Ligny; who, knowing the high qualities of the good Knight and his honorable repute, would not leave him behind. After a successful campaign, in which he brought the Pope to reason, conquered the kingdom of Naples, and left there as his lieutenant-general and viceroy the Lord de Montpensier, the good King Charles set out on his return to France. He met with no obstacle till his arrival at Fournou, where he was opposed by sixty thousand fighting men belonging to different Italian potentates; as the Pope, the Venetians, the Duke of Milan, and many other lords, who thought to intercept the good King and make him prisoner, as they knew he had with him but ten thousand men.

Nevertheless the good and gentle Prince who had the heart of a lion,[1] confident of being well supported by the men he had, determined to await and fight them; which by the help of our Lord he did, and gained a glorious victory with the loss of no more than seven hundred men. The enemy sustained a heavy and shameful defeat, and lost eight or ten thousand of their best soldiers. They left on the field the greatest captains of the lordship of Venice; and many of the house of Gonzaga, whose chief is the Marquis of Mantua; and he too would have fallen, but for his spurs and the



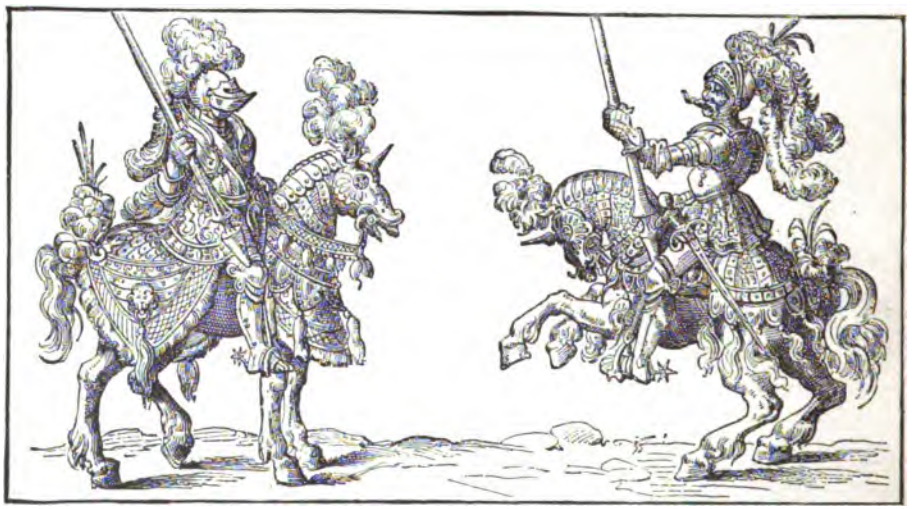
The Castle of Amboise.

good horse he rode; and had not a little river swelled in a wondrous way, the check would have been still more severe.

At the first charge, the good Knight bore himself triumphantly in the company of the gentle Lord de Ligny, his good master, and had two horses killed under him. The King was told of it and

sent him five hundred crowns; but in return the good Knight presented him with a standard of horse he had taken in the pursuit.

Peace being soon after concluded, the good King returned to France and visited St. Denis, where his ancestors are entombed; and about three years after, hearing of the revolt of the Neapolitans and the death of his lieutenant-general, the Count de Montpensier, he proposed to return to Italy. But being at Amboise the 7th of April, 1498, looking on at a game of tennis, he was seized with a faintness and died a few days after; an irreparable loss to France; for there was never a more gentle, gracious and benevolent king. Methinks God took him to the company of the blessed; for the good prince was not stained with a single



Scene at a Tournament. (*From engraving of 16th Century.*)

odious vice. As he left no male descendants, he was succeeded by his nearest relative, Louis of Orleans, who was anointed at Rheims, and afterwards crowned at St. Denis by the title of Louis the Twelfth. He had married the lady Joan of France, sister of his predecessor; but, expecting no issue by her, and having been

compelled to marry her by his father, Louis the Eleventh, he prevailed on the Pope to annul the marriage, and espoused the Queen Duchess of Brittany, widow of the late King Charles. Whether it were well or ill done, God only knows.

Soon after his accession he determined to attempt the recovery of his duchy of Milan, which Ludovic Sforza then detained from him; and having gained possession of the castle of Milan by the treachery of its commandant, the whole duchy soon submitted to him; and Ludovic Sforza fled for refuge into Germany, to Maximilian, King of the Romans.

The King Louis returned to France, and the French garrisons remained in Lombardy, amusing themselves with jousts, tourneys, and all other pastimes. The good Knight went to visit a noble lady named Blanche, who had espoused his former master, Duke Charles of Savoy. She dwelt at Carignan in Piedmont, one of her dower towns; and being full of courtesy, received him hospitably and treated him as one of her family, in which was a very honorable lady, Madame de Fluxas, who had been governess of the house since her younger days; with her husband, an honorable gentleman who superintended the Duchess's household. You must know that when the good Knight was page to the Duke of Savoy, this Madame de Fluxas was a young lady in waiting on the Duchess; and as young people seek each other's company, there sprang up such a love between them, in all honor, that had they followed their inclinations without regarding consequences, they had married. After the good Knight left the service of the Duke and became the page of King Charles, the young lady wedded this Lord de Fluxas, who was very rich and took her for her good qualities; for of fortune she had little.

This Lady de Fluxas, who was celebrated for her great beauty and powers of conversation, received the good Knight most gra-

ciously and courteously. They discoursed much of the days of their youth; and she reminded him of the credit he had acquired with Master Claude de Vaudray; of the tourney he gained at Ayre, and his honors at the battle of Fournou; and so lauded him that he was put to the blush. At last she requested him to give a tourney in Carignan in honor of the Duchess, in whose house he had been brought up.

"Truly," said the good Knight, "since you wish it, it shall be done. You are the lady of all the world who first made a conquest of my heart to her service by your graciousness; I am well assured that I shall never have of you but mouth and hands, for I should lose my labor to ask aught else of you; and moreover, on my soul I would rather die than press you to dishonor. I pray you give me one of your sleeves, for I have need of it." The lady, not knowing what he wanted with it, gave it him; and he put it without more ado into the sleeve of his doublet.

The next morning he sent a trumpet to all the towns in the neighborhood where there were garrisons, to notify to the gentlemen that if they would appear in the town of Carignan four days after, in arms, he would give to the best doer in three courses with the lance in open lists, and in twelve blows with the sword, a prize of his lady's sleeve with a ruby attached, valued at one hundred ducats. The trumpet did his bidding, and returned with the names of fifteen gentlemen who had promised to come.

When it came to the knowledge of the Lady Blanche, she was much pleased, and had her platform erected on the field of combat.

On the appointed day, about an hour after noon, the good Knight appeared on the ground, armed at all points, with three or four of his companions, as the Lord de Bonvent, the Lord de Mondragon, and others; and they had scarcely arrived when all

the rest who were to run a course presented themselves. The good Knight commenced the sport, opposed by the Lord de Rovatre, a gallant gentleman who carried the standard of Duke Philibert. He was a bold and skillful Knight, and made so good a hit with his lance that he broke it into three or four pieces. But the good Knight dealt him such a blow on the upper part of his grandebuffe,[2] that he disarmed him of it, made daylight through

A Tournament. (*From print of* 16*th Century.*)

it, and caused his own lance to fly into five or six pieces. The Lord de Rovatre recovered his grandebuffe and ran his second lance, which he broke in as good style as the first. But the good Knight struck him on the visor, and with the blow carried away his plume and made him reel in his saddle; but still he kept his seat. At the third course the Lord de Rovatre crossed his lance and the good Knight shivered his with a crash. After them came

Mondragon and the Lord de Chevron, who ran their courses so well that all applauded them. Two others followed; and finally, all bore themselves so well that the company was much gratified.

When the lances were broken, they took to their swords; but the good Knight struck but two blows ere he made his adversary's sword fly out of his hand, and broke his own. Then one after another came on the field, and all did as well as was possible; and very late it was when all was over. The Duchess, by the Lord de Fluxas, invited all the gentlemen to sup at the castle; where you may suppose they were handsomely entertained; for they knew well there how to do it. After supper the hautboys and minstrels began to sound; and before dancing commenced the prize was to be awarded. All were of opinion that the good Knight had by right of arms gained the prize; upon which the judges, the Lords de Grammont and de Fluxas, presented it to him. But he modestly refused it, saying, he had not deserved it; but that if he had done any thing well, Madam de Fluxas had the merit of it, who had lent him her sleeve, and he referred it to her to give the prize where she thought fit. The Lord de Fluxas, who knew the high honor of the good Knight, felt no jealousy, but came straight to his wife with the Lord de Grammont, who said to her: "Madam, in presence of your husband here, my Lord de Bayard, to whom the prize of the tourney has been awarded, has declared that you have gained it by means of the sleeve you gave him; wherefore, he sends it to you to do your pleasure with it." She, who was wondrously acquainted with the forms of honor and courtesy, was no way abashed; but thanked the good Knight for the honor he had done her, and said: "Since my Lord de Bayard pays me the compliment of saying that my sleeve has gained him the prize, I shall keep it all my life for love of him. But for the ruby; since the best doer will not accept it, I think it should be given to my

Lord de Mondragon, for he is considered to be second to him." It was done as she desired, and not a murmur was heard. The dancing then began and lasted till midnight.

After five or six days spent in feasting at Carignan the French gentlemen returned to their garrisons. The good Knight also took leave of his good mistress the Lady Blanche, who was very proud that he had been educated in her family. He told her there was neither prince nor princess in the world after his sovereign lord, who might more readily command his services; for which she heartily thanked him. He then went to bid adieu to his first love, the Lady de Fluxas. Their parting was not without tears on her part, and a sad heart on his. Their mutual honorable love lasted till death, and no year passed without their sending presents to each other.

In the town and castle of Carignan their was nothing talked of for a month but the prowess, honor, gentleness and courtesy of the good Knight. He found there Pizou de Chenas, who had been head groom to Duke Charles of Savoy, and having taken him to his quarters and entertained him well, he presented him with a horse worth fifty crowns. He inquired of him what had become of the squire of the stables who had been with my Lord of Savoy in his time; and hearing that he had married and retired to Montcallier, and had become very gouty, he sent him by Pizou a handsome mule. And thus he showed that he was not unmindful of the favors he had received in his younger days.

CHAPTER VII.

How the Lord Ludovic Sforza retook the town of Milan from the French; and how he desired to see the good Knight his prisoner, and after having conversed with him, sent him back and restored him his horse and arms; and of a gentle trait of the good Knight at Vaugarra.

LUDOVIC SFORZA soon after his flight into Germany, by dint of money with which he was well provided, collected a number of lansquenets,[1] together with some Swiss and Burgundians and a large body of German horse, and by some intelligence with the citizens of Milan succeeded in retaking that city from the French. I must tell you what happened to the good Knight whilst the Lord Ludovic was in Milan.

He was in garrison about twenty miles from Milan with other young gentlemen, enjoying daily wondrous beautiful jousts with one another. One day having heard that there were at Binaz three hundred horse under the command of a very gentle and experienced knight, John Bernardin Cazache, he prevailed on forty or fifty of his companions to accompany him to beat up their quar-

ters. The Lombard captain, who by his spies heard of their approach, would not be caught in his nest, but drew out his men to receive them about two or three bow-shots from the barriers. When the French came up the two parties charged each other stoutly, crying, *France! France! Death! Death!* and at the first shock many were unhorsed. Had you seen the good Knight's feats of arms, breaking heads, hacking arms and legs, you would rather have taken him for a furious lion than an amorous youth. After an hour's fighting, neither party had the advantage; which chafed the good Knight much. He addressed his companions thus: "How! my lords, are we kept at bay all day by a handful of men? If those in Milan knew it, not one of us would escape. Courage, I pray you, and bear these fellows to the ground." His companions, animated by his words, and crying with one voice, *France! France!* charged the Lombards so furiously that they began to give ground, and retreated fighting for four or five miles in the direction of Milan. When they saw themselves near it, they turned their bridles and fled full gallop towards the town.

The French pursued them till they came close to the city, and then one of the oldest cavaliers who was experienced in war, cried out, "*Turn, men-at-arms, turn!*" which all attended to but the good Knight, who in hot pursuit of the enemy entered into Milan pell mell with them, as far as the palace. As he wore the white cross there arose a shout of *seize him! seize him!* upon which he was surrounded and taken prisoner, surrendering to the Lord John Bernardin Cazache, who took him to his quarters and had him disarmed. Having witnessed his prowess, he was astonished to find him so young a gentleman as about two or three and twenty.

The Lord Ludovic who had heard the noise inquired what it

was, and being told what had happened, desired that the good Knight should be brought before him.

The Lord John Bernardin, who was a courteous and gracious gentleman, fearing lest in his anger the Lord Ludovic might do him some ill turn, would take him thither himself after having dressed him in gentlemanly fashion in some of his own clothes. The Prince was surprised at his youth after the praises he had heard of him, and said: "Come, hither, sir;—what brought you into this town?" "By my faith, my lord," replied he nothing abashed, "I did not think to have entered alone, but reckoned on my companions following me; but they understood war better than I, for had they done so they would all have been prisoners like me. However, saving my mishap, I thank fortune that I have fallen into the hands of so brave and worthy a gentleman as this whose prisoner I am."

The Lord Ludovic asked him on his honor what were the numbers of the army which the King of France was marching against him;—he replied, "By my faith, my lord, as far as I can learn, there are fourteen or fifteen hundred men-at-arms, and sixteen or eighteen thousand infantry; but they are all picked men, who are resolved this time to assure the State of Milan to the King, our master; and it seems to me, my lord, that you would be quite as safe in Germany as here, for your troops are not fit to contend with ours." So boldly spake the good Knight that the Lord Ludovic was greatly pleased with him, though what he stated was enough to startle him. That he might appear to make light of the King of France's return, he said, "By my faith, sir, I would that the King of France's army and mine might meet, that the battle might determine whose is the right; for I see no other way." "On my word, my lord," said the good Knight, "I would it were to-morrow, provided I were out of prison." "Truly," answered

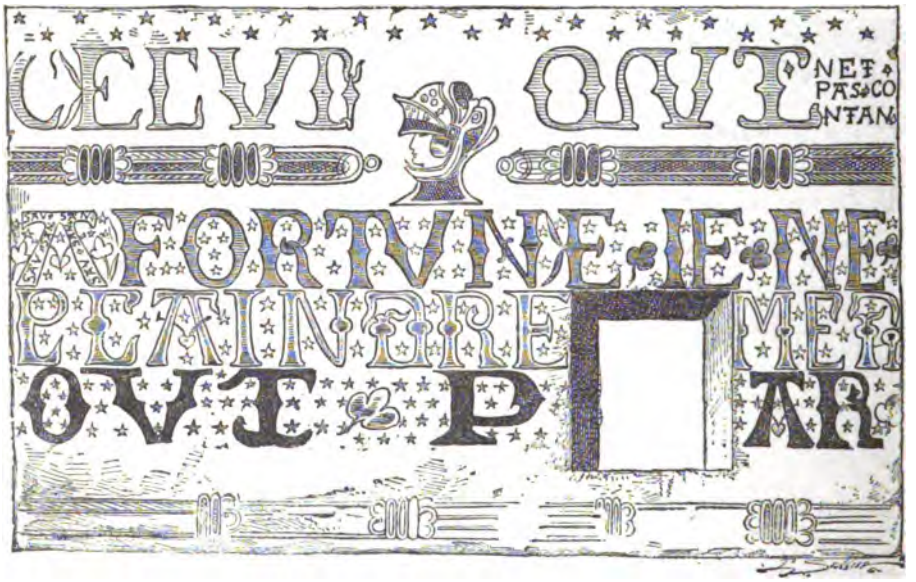
the Prince, "that shall not stand in the way; for I set you free from this moment. And now ask me what more you would have of me, and I will grant it."

The good Knight thanked him on bended knee, as well he might, and said, "My lord, if you will extend your courtesy to returning me my horse and arms, and sending me towards my garrison which is some twenty miles from this, you will confer on me an obligation for life; and saving my honor and the service of the King my master, I will acknowledge it in whatever you may please to command me." His horse and arms were forthwith brought, and he was armed in the Lord Ludovic's presence. When he was accoutered he vaulted into the saddle without putting foot in stirrup, and asked for a lance; then raising his visor, he addressed the Prince thus; "My lord, I thank you for your courtesy; may God requite it you."

They were in a handsome spacious court. He gave his horse the spur, and caused him to make four or five gallant bounds, and then ran a short course in which he broke his lance against the ground into five or six pieces; at which the Lord Ludovic was not too well pleased, for he said aloud, "If all the men-at-arms of France are as good as this one, I shall cut but a sorry figure." However, he assigned him a herald to conduct him to his garrison; with whom he had not proceeded a dozen miles from Milan, when they fell in with the French army, which had been much dispirited at the capture of the good Knight through his daring; though there was something of headstrong youth in it too. All his companions flocked to see him and congratulate him; and going straight into the presence of the Lord de Ligny, he related to them point by point how it had gone with his capture and deliverance.

Upon the approach of the French army the Lord Ludovic re-

tired to Novarra, which by treason was surrendered to the King of France's lieutenants, and a report being spread that he was not in the town, but had fled a second time to Germany, all the infantry were made to pass under the pike; and the poor Lord Ludovic being recognized amongst them was taken prisoner, and ended his days in the castle of Loches. He had plenty of troops but they were of different nations, as Burgundians, lansquenets and Swiss; and for that reason so much the more difficult to keep in order.



Drawings by Ludovic on the walls of his prison.

It was said that the Swiss who were with him mutinied for want of pay; but I have since heard the contrary; and that the baily of Dijon, who had great influence with them, gained them over; besides that in the King's army there were a greater number of them than in Novarra, and they excused themselves from fighting one against the other. I have seen this happen many times and occasion great mischief in France.

Lord Ludovic is Recognized.

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When those of the duchy of Milan who had revolted heard of the capture of their lord, they lost no time in returning to their French allegiance, in great fear of being pillaged and sacked; but they met with all gentleness and friendship, for they had to do with a good prince and virtuous captains.

It was notwithstanding reported that the King intended to sack the rebel towns of Tortona and Vaugarra; though he had no such intention, for he was of too merciful a disposition. The inhabitants of these places sent to the Lord de Ligny a deputation of twenty of their most notable citizens, who threw themselves on their knees before him bareheaded, and besought him to have mercy on them, and in token of his forgiveness to accept a present of three hundred marks of silver plate which they had brought him. Two tables of vases, cups, goblets and all kind of silver vessels were brought in, which the Lord de Ligny did not deign to look at but desired them to begone and think themselves fortunate he did not order them to be hanged at the casements of their windows as disloyal traitors. At length at the intercession of the good Captain Louis d'Ars he pardoned them, saying: "Go! I pardon you for love of Captain Louis d'Ars, who has rendered me such service that I would not refuse him a greater request; and see you offend no more. But as to your present, you are not worthy that I should deign to accept it." He looked around him, and seeing the good Knight, "Bayard," said he, "take this plate; I give it you for your kitchen." To which he instantly replied, "My lord, I thank you humbly for the favor you do me; but God forbid that the property of such rascals as these should enter my house; it would bring me misfortune." He took piece by piece and gave every one there a present, without keeping a denier for himself; which astonished all the company, for at that time he could not command ten crowns.

When he had given it all he left the room, as did also the pardoned citizens. The Lord de Ligny turned to those who remained and said, "What say you, my lords? do you see what a liberal heart Bayard has? is it not pity that God did not make him king of some powerful realm? he would have won the entire world by his graciousness. Believe me, he will be some day one of the most perfect men on earth." The next morning at his rising the Lord de Ligny sent him a beautiful dress of crimson velvet, lined with embroidered satin, an excellent steed, and a purse of three hundred crowns; but these last did not last long, for he shared them with his companions.

Not long after King Louis the Twelfth undertook to reconquer the kingdom of Naples; but after two or three years of fighting with various success, the French were driven out at all points; whether by fault of the commanders or of the troops I know not; but such was the will of God. And now I must tell you what happened to the good Knight during this war.

CHAPTER VIII.

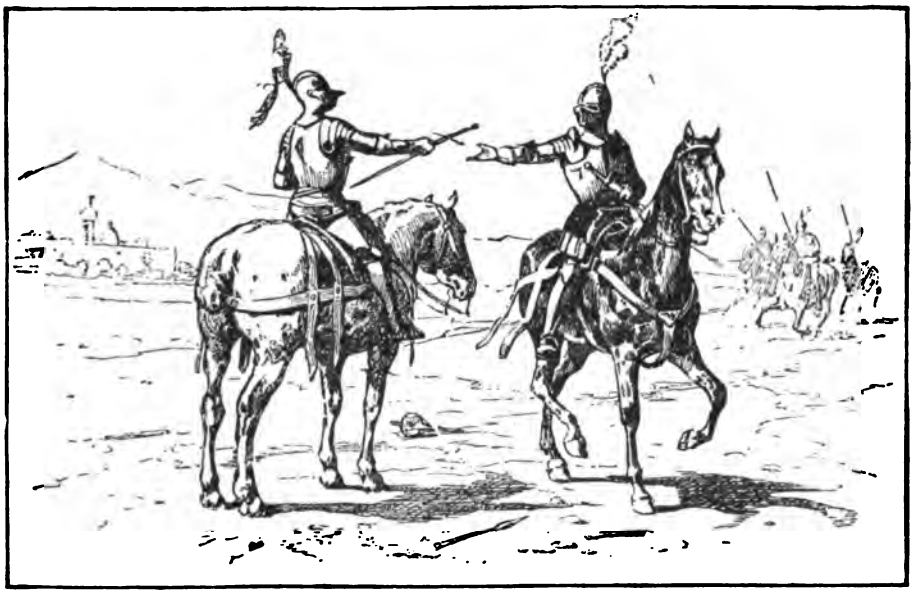
How the good Knight without fear and without reproach made a sortie from the garrison of Monervyne, and how he encountered the Spaniards, and what befell thereupon.

THE good Knight was in garrison at Monervyne, where he had been placed by the valiant Captain Louis d'Ars with some of his companions. Tired of being couped up so long, he said to them one evening, "Gentlemen, we stagnate here, seeing nothing of our enemies. Either we shall grow effeminate for want of exercising our weapons, or our enemies will grow bold, thinking we dare not for fear quit our fortress. Wherefore I propose to-morrow to ride between this and Andrea or Barleta. Perchance we may meet with some foragers of theirs, which I should like marvelously; for we may have a skirmish, and then let them have the honor to whom God shall give it."

All approved his proposal, and in the evening looked to their horses, and prepared themselves for accomplishing their enterprise. They rose early, and took the field, about thirty horse, all young and resolute men; and rode towards the garrisons of the enemy.

It chanced that same day that a Spanish gentleman, a near relative of the great Captain Gonzalvo, named Don Alonzo de Sotomajor, a very gentle knight and skilled in arms, having with him some forty or fifty Spanish gentlemen, all picked cavaliers, made a sortie from the town of Andrea for a like inroad on the French. Such was the fortune of the two captains, that on descending a little hill they came in sight of each other at the distance of a cannon shot. I cannot tell you which was most rejoiced, particularly when they perceived that their force was about equal. As soon as the good Knight recognized the red crosses, he addressed his men thus: "My friends, we shall presently have an encounter. I pray each of you to remember his honor; and if you see me fail in my devoir to-day, deem me a coward and a scoundrel all my life." They all answered, "Forward, Captain, let us charge them; let them not have the honor of beginning." Then they lowered their visors, and shouting, *France! France!* charged the enemy at full gallop; who, with a steady and haughty bearing, spurred to meet them, crying, *Spain! St. Jago!* and received them gallantly on the points of their lances. At the first shock some were borne to the earth on both sides, and with difficulty remounted by their companions. The fight lasted half an hour without its being possible to say which had the best of it. But, as we all know, in these cases one or other must be conqueror; and it was the good Knight's fortune, by his exertion and courage, in the last charge to break the Spaniards. There remained on the field seven of them dead, and as many prisoners. The rest took to flight, among whom was the said Captain Don Alonzo. But he, closely pursued by the good Knight who called out to him, "Turn, man-at-arms, it were great shame to be slain fleeing;" and preferring an honorable death to shameful flight, turned upon the good Knight like a lion at bay; and they ex-

changed fifty sword blows without breathing. The other Spaniards abandoned their captain, who continued fighting gallantly; and if all his men had behaved like him, I know not who would have had the best of it. At last his horse turned recreant, and would not advance; which the good Knight seeing, cried out: "Yield thee, knight, or thou diest." "To whom must I yield," said he. "To Captain Bayard," replied the good Knight. Where-



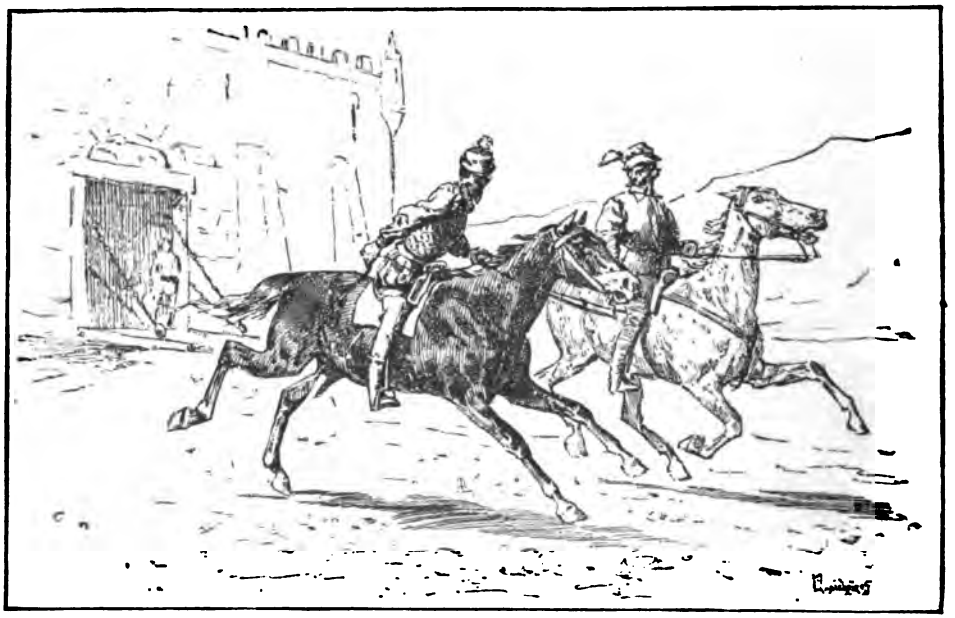
Sotomajor Yields His Sword.

upon he gave him up his sword. The companions then returned to their garrison, rejoicing in the good fortune God had given them, for they lost not a single man, though there were five or six wounded, and two horses killed. However they had prisoners to recompense them.

When they arrived at the garrison, the good Knight, who was the adopted son of the lady Courtesy, having heard by the way who Don Alonzo was, assigned him one of the best rooms in the

castle, and supplied him with a dress; and told him if he would give him his word not to leave the castle without his permission, he would assign him no straiter prison till he had paid his ransom; in which he would find him most considerate. "Captain," answered Don Alonzo, "I thank you for your courtesy, and pledge you my faith not to depart hence without your leave." But he kept not his promise, for which he suffered in the end as you shall hear. However, his ransom was fixed at a thousand crowns.

Don Alonzo remained two or three weeks with the good Knight,



Sotomajor makes his Escape.

making great cheer and having the run of the castle, no one interfering with him as he was upon his parole, which it was never thought he would break. But it fell out otherwise; for weary of his confinement, and none of his people coming to ransom him, he bribed an Albanian[1] of the garrison to provide him a horse, and flee with him to Andrea. He was scarcely gone when the good

Knight, who was vigilant, came into the outer court of the castle and asked for his prisoner; but no one knew where he was. He was aghast, and learning from the porter that he had seen the prisoner at break of day near the gate, he had the alarm sounded to know where he was; but neither he nor the Albanian were to be found.

The good Knight was very angry, and ordered one of his soldiers named Le Basco to get to horse instantly with nine others and spur towards Andrea; and if he found the prisoner to bring him dead or alive; and if that rascally Albanian had a hand in it, to bring him too, for he would hang him from the battlements as an example to all who were disposed to play such a villainous trick.

Le Basco tarried not, but forthwith mounted and spurred towards Andrea without looking to see who came after him, though he was well followed; and about two miles on he came up with Don Alonzo, who had dismounted and was adjusting his horse's girths which had broken. The Albanian was not such a fool as to suffer himself to be taken, for he knew that his life would be forfeit; but Don Alonzo, unable to remount, was secured and carried back to Monervyne. When the good Knight saw him, he exclaimed, "How! Signor Don Alonzo, you pledged me your faith not to leave this without my permission. I will trust you no longer; for it is not honorable in a gentleman to escape when he has given his parole." Don Alonzo replied, "It was by no means my intention to wrong you: you put my ransom at a thousand crowns, and within two days I should have sent them to you."

The good Knight, who was still greatly incensed, did not take his excuses in payment; but confined him in a tower for fifteen days, though without putting him in irons, or any further ill usage: and as to eating and drinking he might well be content with his

good treatment. At the end of this time came a trumpet with his ransom, and he was released. He took leave of the good Knight and all the company courteously enough, and returned to Andrea; but, before his departure, witnessed how the good Knight gave the whole of his ransom money amongst his soldiers, without keeping a denier for himself.

CHAPTER IX.

How Don Alonzo complained wrongfully of the treatment he had received; and how the good Knight fought and conquered him.

DON ALONZO was warmly received at Andrea by his companions, who asked him of the good Knight's habits of life, what sort of person he was, and how he had been treated by him. "I promise you, my lords," answered he, "that there is not a bolder nor more active man in the world than the Lord de Bayard; for if he is not engaged in war, he is incessantly exercising himself with his men in wrestling, leaping, throwing the bar, and all other honorable pastimes. In generosity he has not his equal; for of that I have seen many instances, and particularly that when he received the thousand ducats for my ransom, he parted them in my presence amongst his soldiers without retaining a single ducat. But as for his treatment of me, I cannot altogether praise it; for, whether it were by his orders I know not, but his people treated me more roughly than was due to a gentleman, and I am far from satisfied with it."

These words soon reached the ears of the good Knight, and

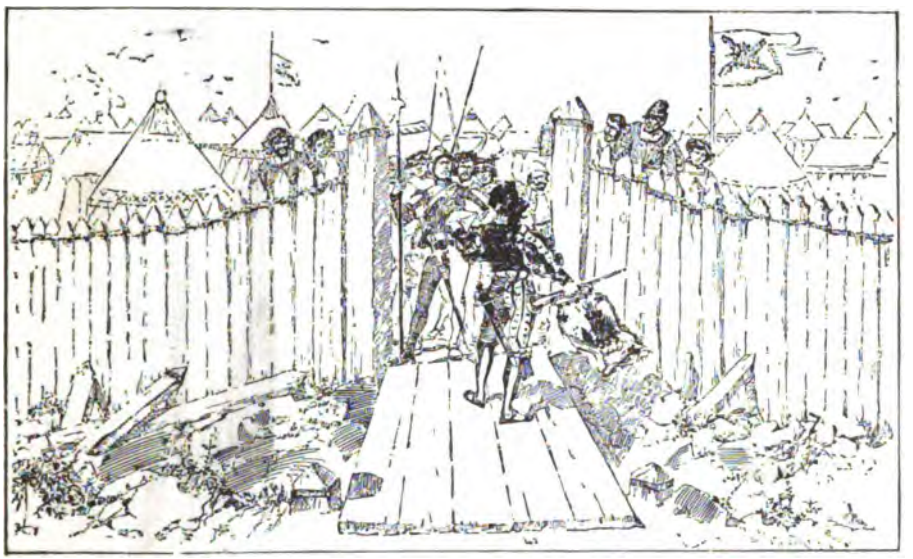
surprised him greatly. He immediately assembled his people, and after telling them that Don Alonzo was complaining to the Spaniards of the treatment he had received, he asked them whether they had seen any thing of which he was unaware. They all assured him that had he been the greatest prince of Spain, he could not have been treated better. "By my faith then," said the good Knight, "though I am suffering from a quartan fever, I will write and tell him, that if he says I have ill treated him, I will prove the contrary in personal combat with him, on foot or on horseback, as he pleases."

He called for a clerk, and dictated a letter in these terms: "Signor Alonzo, I hear that after your return from being my prisoner, you have spread complaints amongst your people that I did not treat you like a gentleman. You know the contrary. But since, if it were true, it were great dishonor to me, I have written you this letter, by which I pray you to recall your words in presence of those who have heard them; confessing, as truth is, the good and honorable treatment I showed you: and so doing you will consult your own honor, and redress mine which you have unjustly aspersed. But if you refuse, I am determined to make you unsay your words by mortal combat, your person against mine, whether on foot or horseback, and leaving you the choice of weapons; and so adieu. From Monervyne, this tenth of July."

This letter was sent by a herald of the noble Lord de la Palisse, called La Lune. When Don Alonzo had read it he wrote by the same herald, without consulting any one, this answer: "Lord de Bayard, I would have you know that I never unsay what I have said; nor are you the man to compel me. Wherefore I accept the combat you propose within fifteen days from this, at two miles from the town of Andrea or wherever else you please." La Lune

brought this answer to the good Knight, who would not have taken ten thousand crowns for it, ill as he was.

When the day of combat arrived, the Lord de la Palisse with two hundred men-at-arms (for this had been agreed between the combatants), brought his champion to the field mounted on a very good and handsome charger. Don Alonzo had not yet arrived, and La Lune went to hasten him. Having ascertained that the good Knight was armed for fighting on horseback, as had been



The Herald delivers Bayard's Letter.

previously settled: "How," said he, "it is for me to choose the arms, and him the field. Go, herald, and tell him I choose to fight on foot." This he did for two reasons; first, because there was not a more expert man in the world on horseback than the good Knight; and secondly, that being enfeebled by his sickness, Don Alonzo had good hope to conquer him on foot.

When the herald announced these news to the good Knight, he remained thoughtful a moment; for that very day he had ex-

perienced an attack of his fever. Notwithstanding, being lion-hearted, he replied, "La Lune, my friend, go and hasten him, and tell him this shall not prevent my repairing my honor by God's help this very day. And if the combat on foot does not please him, let it be any way he will."

Meanwhile he chose his ground, which was marked out by large stones placed at small intervals, and took his station at one end accompanied by many good, brave and valiant captains; as the Lords de la Palisse, d'Oroze, d'Hymbercourt, de Fontrailles, the Baron de Bearn, and many others, who all prayed our Lord that he would aid their champion.

When Don Alonzo found there was no remedy but he must fight, he came to the field very well accompanied by the Marquis of Licita, Don Diego de Guynons (lieutenant of the great Captain Gonzalvo), Don Pedro de Haldes, Don Francisco d'Altemeze and many others. He then sent the weapons, which were a rapier and dagger, to the good Knight that he might take his choice. When they were armed in gorget and secrette,[1] the good Knight was placed on the field by his companion Bellabre, whom he took for his sponsor, the Lord de la Palisse keeping the ground for him. Don Alonzo entered at the other end and was placed by his sponsor, Don Diego de Guynons, the ground being kept for him by Don Francisco d'Altemeze. When both were placed, the good Knight knelt and made his orison to God, and then lying at full length kissed the ground. On rising he made the sign of the cross, and walked straight towards his enemy as confidently as if he were going to dance with a lady. Nor did Don Alonzo betray any signs of fear, but going straight towards the good Knight, said, "Signor de Bayard, what is your quarrel with me?" the good Knight replied, "I would defend my honor." And without more words they closed, and dealt each other a furious blow; and the

rapier of the good Knight wounded Don Alonzo slightly in the face and drew blood. Never was seen two more doughty champions ; each was sure of foot and eye, and would not strike at random. The good Knight soon perceived the trick of his enemy, who, as soon as he had delivered his blow, guarded his face so that he could not be hurt. So when Don Alonzo raised his arm to strike, he did the same, but held his rapier steadily raised till his enemy's blow had passed, and then taking him exposed, launched

Bayard launches a full Tremendous Blow.

him such a tremendous blow on the throat that, despite his good gorget, the rapier entered his throat four good finger-breadths, and was so fixed in the gorget that he could not pull it out. Don Alonzo finding himself mortally wounded threw away his rapier and seized the good Knight round the body, who grappled with him ; and they wrestled till both fell to the ground. The good Knight, quick and wary, seized his dagger, and thrusting it into his enemy's nostrils, cried, " Yield thee, Signor Alonzo, or thou diest." But he was already past answering. His sponsor, Don

Diego, exclaimed, "Signor Bayard, he is already dead; you have conquered." And so it was, for he stirred neither hand nor foot.

The good Knight was much troubled; for he would have given a hundred thousand crowns, had he had them, to have spared his life. But in gratitude for the favor God had shown him he knelt down, and humbly returning thanks, kissed the earth three times. Afterward, dragging his enemy out of the field, he said to the sponsor, "Don Diego, have I done enough?" He replied sadly, "Too much, Signor Bayard, for the honor of Spain." "You know," said the good Knight, "that it is for me to do as I will with the body. I restore it to you. And truly I would, my honor safe, that it were otherwise."

The Spaniards then bore off their champion's body with piteous lamentations, and the French escorted theirs with trumpets and clarions to the garrison, where the first thing the good Knight did was to repair to the church and return thanks to God. They then had great rejoicings; and he was accounted, both by the French and Spaniards, to be one of the most accomplished knights that could be found.

CHAPTER X.

Of a combat of thirteen Spaniards against thirteen French, in which the good Knight performed surpassing feats of arms; and how he took a treasurer and his man, who were carrying fifteen thousand ducats to the great Captain Gonzalvo: and what he did with it.

It is well known, that of all nations the Spaniards are the most given to boasting and having the word honor ever in their mouths. They were much vexed at the defeat of Don Alonzo de Sotomajor, and sought only an opportunity of avenging his death. Shortly after that event, there was a truce of two months between them and the French, during which they often met one another in their excursions near each other's garrisons, and had many conversations together. One day a band of thirteen Spanish gentlemen, men-at-arms and all well mounted, were riding near the garrison of the good Knight when they met him and the Lord d'Oroze, who had come to visit him, taking the air some half league from the place. After mutual salutations they entered into discourse on many subjects, till at length a bold and brave Spaniard, named Diego de Bisaigne, who had been of Don Alonzo's troop, and who had not

forgotten his death, said: "My lords of France, I know not whether you are as weary of this truce as we are, though we have as yet had but eight days of it. But if whilst it lasts, a band of you will encounter an equal number of us, say ten against ten, twenty against twenty, or less or more, upon the quarrel of our masters, I will undertake to find the number on our side; and those who are conquered shall remain prisoners." The two French gentlemen exchanged looks; and at the request of the Lord d'Oroze the good Knight returned answer: "My lord, you seem to be very desirous of an encounter with us of equal numbers. You are here thirteen men-at-arms. If you will appear two miles hence, mounted and armed, on the eighth day from this, we will bring thirteen to meet you; and then let him that has courage, show it." All the Spaniards replied in their language, "Agreed."

On the appointed day the two parties met; and many others of both nations came to witness the combat. They marked out their field with these conditions, that whoever should pass out of it or be dismounted should remain prisoner and fight no more that day; and in case before nightfall neither party had conquered the other, although but one remained on horseback, the affair should be at an end, and he might carry off the field all his companions free and quit, with the same honors as the others.

The French then ranged themselves on one side and the Spaniards on the other, all with their lances in rest, and set spurs to their horses. The Spaniards, however, aiming not at the men but at the horses,[1] succeeded in killing eleven at the first onset, so that there remained on horseback of the French only the Lord d'Oroze and the good Knight. But this trick did not serve the Spaniards, for their horses would never pass over the others again in spite of all their spurring. The Lord d'Oroze and the good Knight charged them frequently and fiercely; and when the

Combat of the Thirteen.

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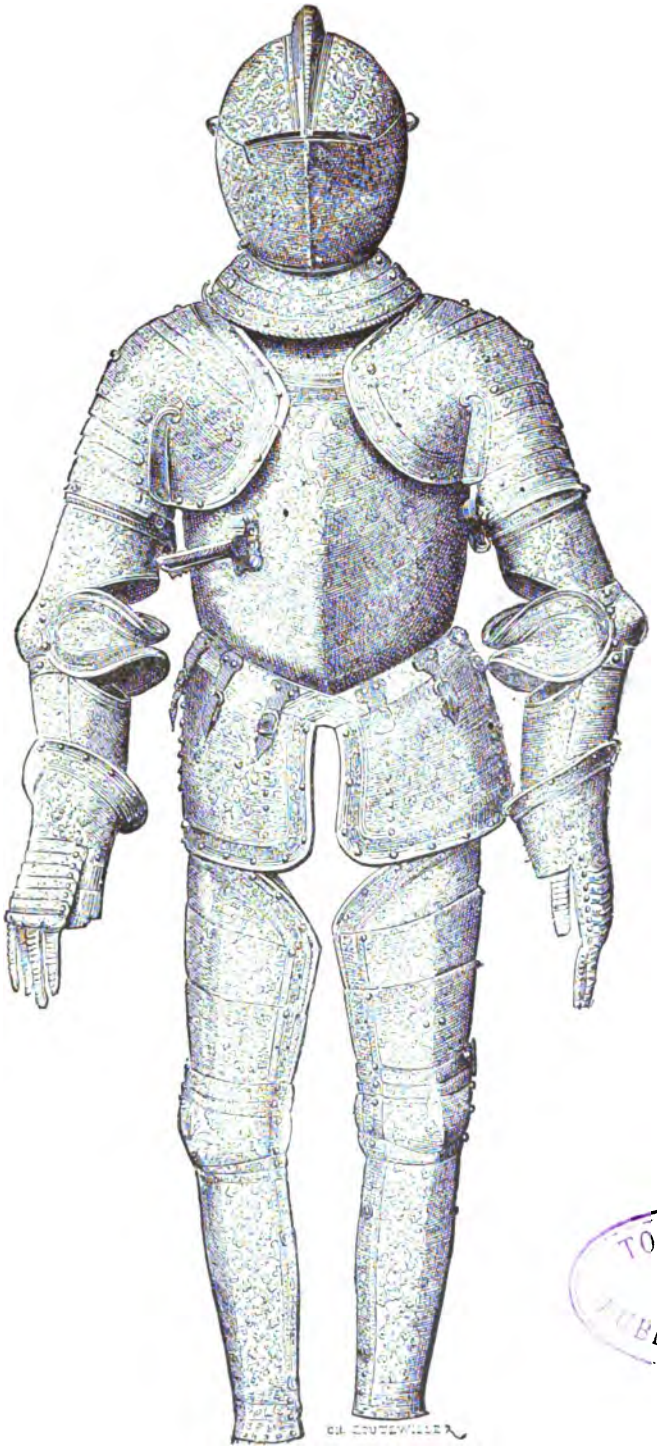
whole body would make a charge on them, retired behind the dead horses of their companions as a rampart. In short the Spaniards were well worried; and though they were thirteen against two, could not gain the field before nightfall, when it behooved each party to retire as had been agreed; and the honor of the combat rested with the French, for it was well fought by them two against thirteen for four hours without being conquered.

A few days after the expiration of the truce the good Knight received intelligence from his spies that a treasurer, who was on his road from Naples with a quantity of gold for the great Captain Gonzalvo, was to pass next morning within three or four miles of Monervyne under escort of some lancers.[2] He rose two hours before daybreak, and placed himself in ambush between two little hills with no more than twenty horse; and sent his companion Tardieu with five and twenty Albanians another way, that if the treasurer escaped one party he might fall in with the other. About seven in the morning his scouts came to tell him they heard the noise of horses approaching. He was so concealed between two rocks that the Spaniards passed without perceiving him, having in the midst of them the treasurer and his man with their cash boxes behind them on their horses. They were no sooner passed than the good Knight and his men dashed into the midst of them crying, *France! France! Death! Death!* When the Spaniards saw themselves thus attacked at disadvantage, thinking their enemies were more numerous than they really were, they took to flight towards Barleta. They were not pursued far, for the poor treasurer was the object, who with his man was taken and carried to Monervyne.

When they had arrived, the boxes full of shining ducats were opened. "Spare yourself the trouble of counting them, signor," said the treasurer, "there are fifteen thousand ducats." Mean-

while Tardieu arrived, and when he saw all this fine quantity of money was much chagrined at not having been at the capture. At the same time he said to the good Knight, "Companion, I am entitled to my share, for I was one in the undertaking." "True," replied the good Knight smiling, "but not in the taking;" and to vex him still more, added, "even had you been there, you are under my command, and I shall give you what I please." Tardieu was furious, and, swearing he would be righted, appealed to the king of France's lieutenant general; who, having heard both parties and consulted all the captains, decided that Tardieu had no right to any, at which he was much annoyed. However, being a joyous, merry fellow, he exclaimed: "By the blood of Saint George I am most unlucky; but no matter, Bayard, it is all one, you shall keep me while we remain in this country." The other laughed, and they returned together to Monervyne. The good Knight had the ducats brought in and spread on a table before Tardieu, and asked him if he did not think it a very pretty sugar plum. "Yes, by all the fiends," replied he, "but I have no part in it. I would I might be hanged, if the half of that would not make a man of me for life." "How!" said the good Knight, "is that all that is wanting to assure you a living? What you could not get from me by force, I give you freely with all my heart; you shall have the full half:" and he immediately had them counted out and given to him.

When Tardieu saw it was no jest, he thanked him with tears in his eyes; and by means of this money, on his return to France, he married an heiress, the daughter of the Lord de Saint Martin, who had an income of three thousand livres. But we must know what became of the other seven thousand five hundred ducats. The good Knight, his heart pure as a pearl, assembled the garrison, and divided the ducats amongst them according to their rank, not



Armor of Gonzalvo.

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reserving a single denier. He then dismissed the treasurer without ransom and allowed nothing to be taken from his person, though he had about him in rings and money upwards of five hundred ducats; and sent a trumpet for safe conduct to Barleta with him and his man, right glad, considering their misfortune, to have fallen into such good hands.

CHAPTER XI.

How the good Knight kept a bridge over the river Garillan for the space of half an hour, single-handed against two hundred Spaniards; and of many things which happened in five years in France, Italy and Spain.

TOWARD the close of the war between the French and Spaniards in the kingdom of Naples, the two parties were for some time encamped on the opposite banks of the river Garillan. You must know that if there were brave and gallant commanders on the side of the French, so were there also on that of the Spaniards, and among others the great Captain Gonzalvo Ferrande, a wise and wary man; and another caled Pedro de Pas. He was but two cubits in height, but a bolder creature could not be found; and he was so hump-backed and so short, that when he was on horseback, one could only see his head above the saddle.

One day this Pedro de Pas resolved to give the French an alarm, and crossed the river at a ford he was acquainted with, with about a hundred and twenty horse, having placed behind each horseman a foot soldier armed with a hacquebute. His object was to draw the French upon him, and induce them to

abandon the bridge; while the Spaniards should attack it in force and gain it. He executed his enterprise admirably, and gave the French so sharp and warm an alarm that they all thronged to that quarter, thinking it was the whole effort of the Spaniards.

The good Knight, who always desired to be where blows were exchanged, was quartered near the bridge with a brave gentleman called the Squire Le Basco, squire of the stables to the King of France, Louis the Twelfth. These lost no time, when they heard the noise, in arming and getting to horse, proposing to go to the quarter where the affair was going on. But the good Knight looking over the river, perceived about two hundred Spanish horse making straight for the bridge, which they would have gained with little resistance; and that would have been the total destruction of the French army. He desired his companion to go and collect some men as quickly as possible to defend the bridge, or they would all be lost, and promised to do his best to keep them in play till his return. He then went lance in hand to the bridge, on the other side of which were the Spaniards already prepared to pass; but like a furious lion he put his lance in rest and charged the troop who were already on the bridge, so that three or four of them were overthrown, of whom two fell into the water and never rose again, for the river was wide and deep. This done, they cut him out plenty of work, for he was so fiercely assailed, that but for his excellent chivalry he could not have kept them at bay; but he backed his horse against the barrier of the bridge that they might not get in his rear, and like a chafed tiger defended himself so well with his sword that the Spaniards knew not what to say, and thought he was no man, but a fiend. In short, he maintained his post long and well till Le Basco arrived with about a hundred men-at-arms, who made the Spaniards abandon the bridge, and were pursuing them a good mile beyond, when they perceived a

large body of seven or eight hundred horse coming to the enemy's support. The good Knight said to his companions, "Gentlemen, we have done enough to-day in having saved the bridge, let us retreat in as compact a body as possible." This they did at a good rapid pace, the good Knight bringing up their rear and receiving every charge of the enemy.

At length he began to be sore pressed from his poor horse failing him through weariness, for he had fought on him the whole day. At this juncture a large body of the enemy made a fresh charge on the French, some of whom were borne to the ground. The good Knight's horse was driven backward against a ditch, where he was surrounded by twenty or thirty, who cried, "Yield, signor, yield." He was still fighting and could only say, "Gentlemen, I must needs yield, for alone I cannot resist your numbers."

His comrades were already at some distance retiring straight for their bridge, when one of them named Guyfray, a gentleman of Dauphiny, exclaimed, "Oh! gentlemen, we have lost all! The good Captain Bayard is dead or prisoner, for he is not with us. And to-day he has led us so well and gotten us so much honor! I vow to God, that if I must go alone, I will return and be slain or taken but I will have some news of him." I know not which of the troop was most grieved when they found that Guyfray spoke the truth. They all dismounted, looked to their girths, and remounting galloped with invincible courage after the Spaniards, who were leading away the flower and jewel of all knighthood, solely by the failure of his horse.

You must know that the Spaniards, confident in their numbers, did not condescend to disarm the good Knight whom they were carrying off, nor to take from him his sword, though they deprived him of a battle-ax he carried in his hand; and as they marched, kept asking him who he was? He who knew well that if he told

Bayard keeps the Bridge.

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them his name he would never escape alive (for the Spaniards feared him more than any Frenchman), replied merely that he was a gentleman. Meanwhile his comrades came up crying "*France! France!* turn, Spaniards, turn; you bear not off thus the flower of chivalry." The Spaniards, in spite of their numbers, were astounded at this cry; nevertheless they received without flinching this heavy charge of the French, though some of the best mounted of them were borne to the ground. Seeing this, the good Knight, who needed but a horse, leaped from his own, and without putting foot in stirrup bounded on a noble steed whose rider Salvator de Borgia, a gallant gentleman, had been borne to the earth by the Squire Le Basco. When he found himself mounted he commenced wondrous feats of arms, crying, "*France! France!* 'Tis Bayard! Bayard! you have let escape." When the Spaniards heard the name, and perceived their error in having left him his arms without requiring him to yield, rescue or no rescue, (for had he once given his word he would never have broken it), their hearts failed them, and wheeling about, they retreated at a gallop to their camp; and the French, overjoyed to have recovered their true guidon [1] of honor, returned merrily to their quarters, where they talked of nothing for a week but their brilliant adventure and the feats of the good Knight.

About a twelvemonth after these events, in the year 1504, the French troops were recalled from Italy by Louis the Twelfth, and there was a cessation of hostilities between France and Spain; which was not very opportune, for the one had what they demanded, and the others not. In the year 1505 died Joan of France, Duchess de Berry, who had married King Louis the Twelfth; and he in the same year was so ill at his town of Blois, that his life was despaired of and he was given over by his physicians, all human remedy seeming vain. But I believe that at the prayers of his peo-

ple, by whom he was much beloved from having never oppressed or ground them with taxes, our Lord prolonged his days.

In the same year died at Plessis les Tours Don Frederic of Arragon formerly King of Naples, the last lineal descendant of Peter of Arragon, who without cause or reason usurped the said kingdom of Naples; nor have those who have since held it, and hold it still, any better title.

In the year 1506, one of the most triumphant and glorious ladies that the world has known these thousand years, departed this life. This was the Queen Isabel of Castille, who assisted in person with armed hand in reconquering the kingdom of Grenada from the Moors, and took prisoners the children of King Chico who possessed that kingdom, whom she caused to be baptized. I can assure the readers of this history that her life was such that she has well deserved a crown of laurel after her death.

There died the same year her son-in-law, who by her decease became her heir, Philip Archduke of Austria and Count of Flanders, and in right of his wife King of Spain. France lost nothing by his death for he had sown a seed there which would have produced but little good.

The Pope Julius,* by the assistance of the King of France and his lieutenant general in the duchy of Milan, Master Charles d' Amboise, Lord de Chaumont, conquered Bologna in this same year from Master John di Bentivoglio, and in recompense and payment granted in France plenty of indulgences and pardons. I know not whose counsel it was, but the French never after had a sure footing in Italy; for the Pope being no good Frenchman, fortified himself on this side the Appennines on the frontiers of the French King's territories in Lombardy; I refer to what happened in the sequel. However, many for the time made great gains; for some captains under the command of the Lord de

Chaumont received presents of money; and some gentlemen of the pen, benefices. In sooth it is a devilry when avarice takes precedence of honor, and that has always been the case in France more than in any other place. It is indeed the most excellent country of Europe; but all good soils do not produce good fruit. I hold with him who wrote the romance of the rose, Master John de Meung, who says that rich gifts bring honor to the givers, but debase the receivers.

The King of Arragon, widower by the death of his wife Isabel, married that same year Germaine de Foix, niece of the King of France, who was conducted in great state into Spain. From the time of her arrival there she made a pretty return to the French for the honors she had received from their country; for never was there known a worse friend to Frenchmen.

CHAPTER XII.

How the Genoese revolted and were brought to reason; and how the Venetians were defeated by the King of France's army, and how they afterwards recaptured the town of Padua from the Emperor.

I WILL not deny that all true Christians are subjects of the Church and ought to obey her; but neither do I assert that all her ministers are men of worth. And of this I can give a sufficient example in Pope Julius, who, in recompense of all the good turns which King Louis had done him in establishing him, I know not by what title, in Bologna, with the view of gradually driving the French from Italy, by subtle and sinister means stirred up the Genoese to revolt, and excited the populace to mutiny against the nobles, whom they expelled from the town, and elected from among themselves one Master Paul de Nouy, by trade a dyer, to be duke.

The good Knight was at that time at Lyons ill of his fever, which had harassed him continually for upwards of seven years. He was moreover suffering from an old pike wound in the arm, which had been so ill treated that an ulcer formed and had not yet

healed. He had been appointed by the King his master one of the squires of his stable until the command of some company of men-at-arms should be vacant for him. He was not deterred by his sickness from following his prince who had crossed the mountains with an army to quell the revolt of the Genoese; which was soon effected, mainly owing to the skill and valor of the good Knight and his companions in arms.

After the chastisement of the Genoese there was an interview at Savona between the Kings of France and Arragon, the latter of whom was returning into Spain. The King of France feted the great Captain Gonzalvo, and the King of Arragon complimented highly the Captain Louis d'Ars and the good Knight, and said to the King of France, "Happy is the prince who boasts of two such knights." The two Kings then parted, the one for Spain and the other for France by way of Milan, where he was entertained at a most magnificent banquet by the Lord Jean Jaques Trivulce.[1] There were covers for five hundred gentlemen and about a hundred and twenty ladies; and they were served with the best of dishes, pageants, plays and all other pastimes.

A year or two afterwards a treaty of alliance offensive and defensive was formed between the Pope, the Emperor, and the Kings of France and Spain, having for its object the destruction of the State of Venice, with whom it seemed that the Lord was wroth for their great pomp and little acknowledgment of God, their luxurious living, and haughty contempt for all the other princes of Christendom.

In compliance with the terms of this treaty, about the month of March, 1509, the King of France put his troops in motion in the duchy of Milan, about fifteen thousand men, under the command of good and able commanders, as the Lords de Molart, de Richemont, La Crote, the Count de Roussillon, the Lord de Vendenesse, the

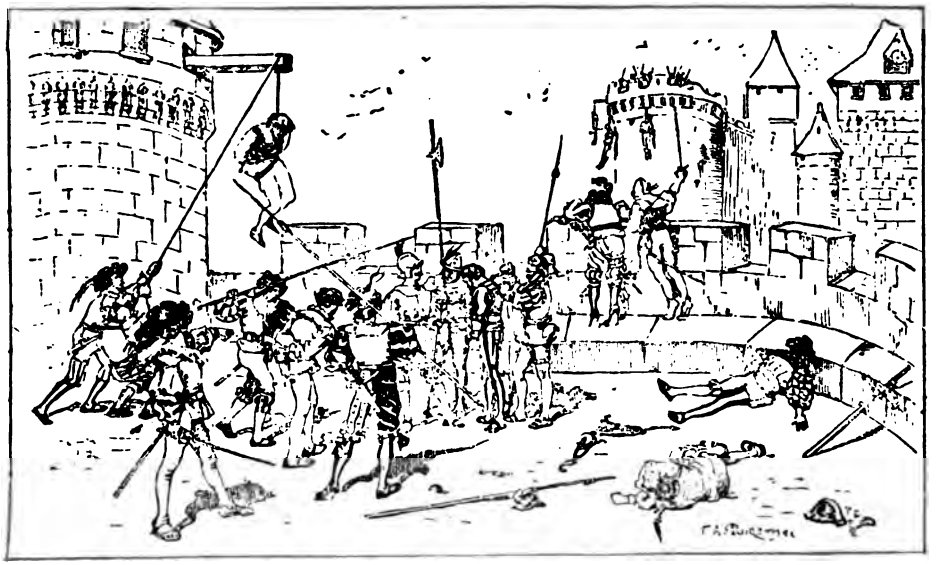
Captain Odet, the younger de Duras, and many others who each took pains to have picked men under their command. The King sent for the good Knight and offered him a command of a thousand men; but he requested to have but five hundred, and promised they should be such as would do good service. And about the beginning of April all the troops were in their quarters in the duchy of Milan.

The Venetians, already defied by the herald Mountjoy, deter-

A Camp of Irregulars.

mined to defend themselves, and knowing the force of the King of France, which amounted to no more than thirty thousand men, of whom about twenty thousand were foot (including six thousand Swiss), and two thousand were men-at-arms; they assembled a gallant army of two thousand men-at-arms and thirty thousand infantry, under the command of the Count Petilana; the captain general of their infantry being the Lord Bartholemew d'Alvyano. Although these commanders were expressly instructed by their gov-

ernment not to risk a battle, but to weary out the enemy, yet the Lord d'Alvyano, more bold than wise, rashly engaged the French, and after a fierce and deadly combat was defeated and made prisoner with the loss of about fifteen thousand men. This victory was followed by the storming of the castle of Cazavas, which was carried in two hours, and some rustics found in it, who were made to try whether their necks were strong enough to carry away a battle-



Hanging of Peasants.

ment.[2] This terrified those who were in other places, so that there was not found afterwards town or fortress which offered resistance except the castle of Peschiera, which brought evil to those within it, for they all met their death; or but few escaped and were made prisoners; among whom were a providador of the State and his son, who were willing to pay good and heavy ransom; but this served them nothing, for they were each hanged to a tree, which seemed to me great cruelty. They had surrendered to a very gallant gentleman called de Lorrain, who had high words about it with

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the grand master, the King's lieutenant general, but he got no amends.

All the towns and places which the King of France claimed were yielded to him; some of which were restored to the Pope, some to the King of Spain; and the keys of Verona, Vicenza, and Padua were delivered to the French King, who placed them in the hands of the Emperor.

Meanwhile the remains of the Venetian army retired to Trevisa and Fryol expecting to be pursued; but the King of France, being disappointed of an interview the Emperor had promised him at Peschiera, returned to Milan; and upon this the town of Padua, in which the Emperor had placed a garrison of only eight hundred lansquenets, was retaken by the Venetian captains Andrea Gritti and Luke Malleveche in the following manner.

The Venetians always carried on a secret correspondence with the citizens; and we must mark one thing; that never were masters more beloved by their subjects than they have always been, and solely from the strict justice they administered.

One morning early in July, being the season of the second hay harvest in Italy, the above mentioned Venetian captains placed themselves in ambush with four hundred men-at-arms and two thousand foot in the woods which surrounded the town. At dawn of day the large hay-carts began to enter the town; and concealed behind the fifth came six Venetian men-at-arms, each having behind him on horseback a foot soldier armed with a loaded hacquebute, and among them was a trumpeter who was desired to sound as soon as they had gained the gate. The few lansquenets who were in the town kept strict guard, and opened but two gates, at each of which were at least thirty men on guard.

As soon as the fifth cart had passed, the six men-at-arms who followed it shouted *Saint Mark! Saint Mark!* and their foot

soldiers, jumping down, discharged their hacquebutes with such effect that each killed his man, for they were at the very muzzles. At the same time, the trumpet sounded, and the main body of the ambuscade rushed to their support with loud cries of *Saint Mark! Saint Mark! Italy! Italy!* and from the houses there issued more than two thousand men armed with roncies[3] and javelins, headed by Master Giraldo Magurino, who was in the Venetian interests. The poor lansquenets had no other chance than to form themselves in close order of battle in the market place, where they were quickly assailed on two or three sides; but never men defended themselves better; for it was two hours before they could break them. At last such numbers came against them that they could no longer hold out. They were broken and cut to pieces without even one being received to quarter, which was great pity; but they sold their lives dearly. For of them no more could die than were there; but they slew of the townspeople and soldiers fifteen hundred men.

Upon the taking of Padua, the Count Petilana hastened thither, and commenced diligently repairing and strengthening the fortifications, knowing its value to the state of Venice. When the news came to the ears of the Emperor, he was in despair, and vowed to take vengeance in person, and wrote to the King of France, who was still at Milan, to pray the aid of five hundred men-at-arms for three months; which was granted him; and what ensued you shall hear.

Maximilian in the midst of his Artillery.

CHAPTER XIII.

How the King of France sent assistance to the Emperor Maximilian; and how the Emperor laid siege to Padua; and of the gallant approaches made by the good Knight and the French gentlemen.

WHEN the King of France heard of the revolt of Padua, he was much vexed, and the more so that it was owing to the Emperor's fault in sending only eight hundred lansquenets to garrison a town of such extent. However, in compliance with the Emperor's request, he sent the Lord de La Palisse with five hundred choice men-at-arms to his assistance. They were accompanied by more than two hundred gentlemen, among whom were the Baron de Bearn, who commanded a part of the contingent of the Duke de Nemours; the Baron de Conty, the Lord Theodore de Trivulce, the Lord Julius de Saint Severin, the Lord d'Hymbercourt, the Lord de La Crote, Lieutenant of the Marquis of Montserrat, and the good Knight.

Immediately after the taking of Padua, the Venetians advanced to Vicenza, which soon capitulated; and they then threatened the

strong city of Verona; but the Lord de La Palisse hastened to show himself before the town, upon which the Venetians retired to Vicenza, and thence to Padua and Trevisa. The French remained at Vicenza and Castel Franco nearly three weeks, waiting with much impatience for the Emperor; and meanwhile were joined by six thousand lansquenets under the command of a bold and enterprising German lord, the Prince of Anhalt.[1]

The Emperor at last crossed the mountains and made his appearance in the plain in the beginning of August with a truly imperial army; and had their courage been as great as their numbers, they might have conquered the world. His force is worthy of being detailed. He had one hundred and six pieces of artillery on wheels, of which the least was a falcon, and six great mortars of cast metal, which could not be drawn on gun carriages but were conveyed each on a strong wagon furnished with engines, and when they wanted to form a battery they dismounted them and, raising the muzzles with their engines, supported them with large blocks of wood, and constructed a marvelous mass of rubbish behind them to prevent their recoil. These pieces carried stone bullets, for they could not have lifted metal shot of the size, and they could only be fired four times in the day at most.

There were with the Emperor full one hundred and twenty dukes, counts, marquisses, and other princes and lords of Germany; about twelve thousand horse, and five or six hundred Burgundian and Hainault men-at-arms. Of infantry there were lansquenets innumerable, estimated at fifty thousand. The Cardinal of Ferrara came on behalf of his brother the Duke to the assistance of the Emperor, and brought twelve pieces of artillery, five hundred horse, and three thousand foot; and the Cardinal of Mantua nearly as many. In short, with the French men-at-arms, it was considered there were altogether one hundred thousand fight-

ing men. One great deficiency was that they had only carriages for half the artillery; so that when they marched, part of the army remained to guard one portion, whilst the other was deposited wherever they formed their camp; and then the wagons returned for the remainder; which was very vexatious.

The first camp that was formed was near the palace of the Queen of Cyprus,[2] about eight miles from Padua, where they were joined by the Lord de Meillaut, a young French gentleman, a bold and enterprising leader, with some twelve hundred adventurers,[3] all light armed skirmishers.

Here it was determined to lay siege to Padua, for which place they marched, after first reducing the castle of Montselles, which was capable of long holding out if the rascals who were in it had been of any worth; but their heart failed them. When the breach, which was difficult enough, was made, the alarm was sounded for the assault, and though they had a bow-shot to traverse, the French adventurers of Captain Meillaut were there in a twinkling, and they seemed not to have eaten for a week, so light were they. Those within made but a feeble resistance, for in less than a quarter of an hour they were all cut to pieces. The adventurers got a pretty good booty, and among other things there were some seven or eight score very handsome horses.

Two days after this, the army broke up their camp and marched straight for Padua. On their arrival they formed three camps; the largest before the Vicenza gate, where the grand attack was to be made; and here were the head-quarters of the Emperor, who had the French with him. The second camp was before another gate a little higher up, where was the Cardinal of Ferrara with the Burgundians and Hainaulters and ten thousand lansquenets; and the third at another gate was that of the Cardinal of Mantua, who had with him the Lord John his brother and the lansquenets of the

Prince of Anhalt. These camps were so disposed that each of the last two might be supported from the main camp if need were.

The good Knight was ordered to make the approaches, having in his company the young Lord de Bucy and the Captains La Clayete and La Crote.

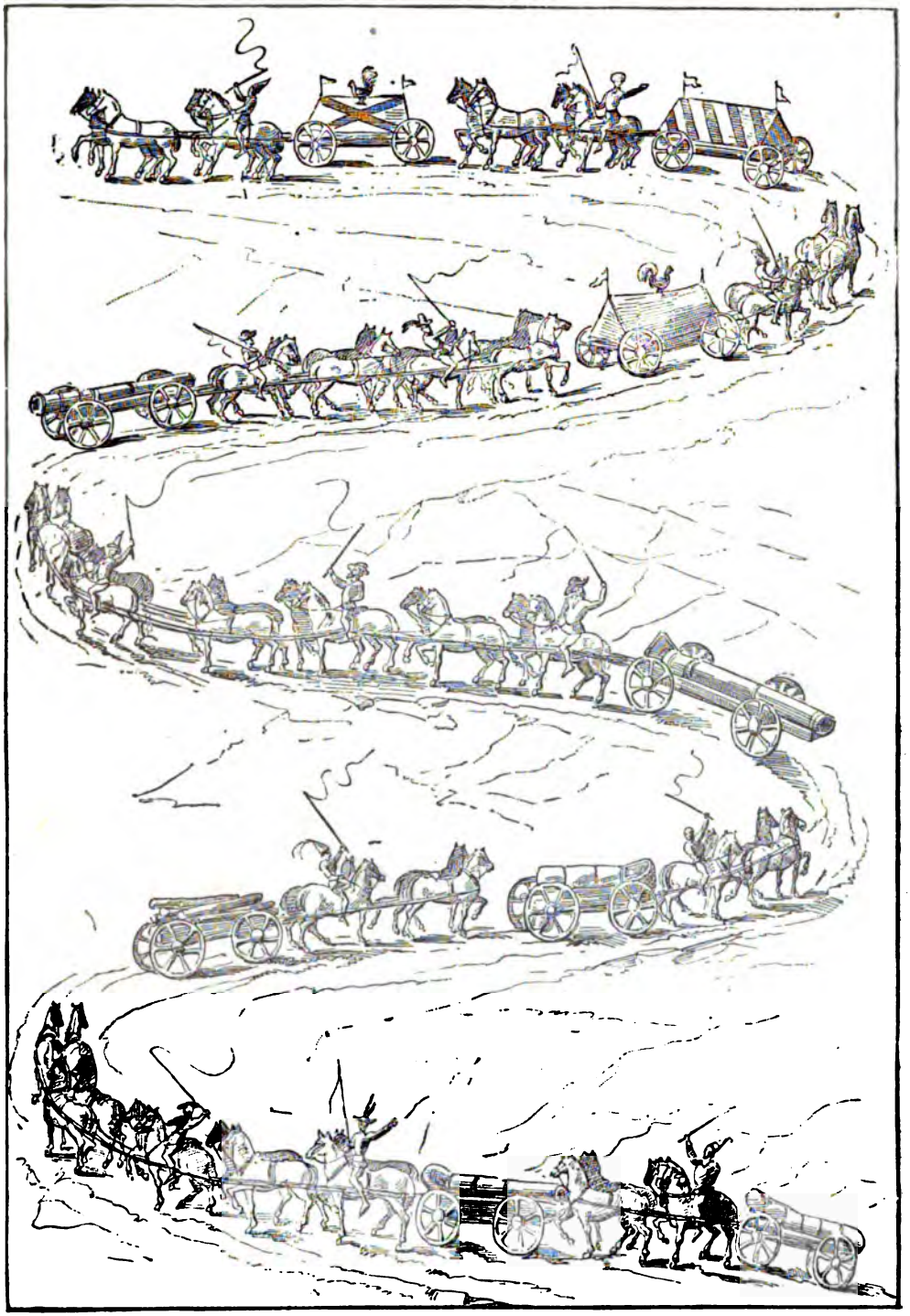
To reach the Vicenza gate, it was necessary to pass along a high road as straight as a line, protected by a moat on each side, and upon which were four large barriers at two hundred paces from each other, each defended by troops. On the walls were numerous guns which, on the approach of the French, swept the high road with a perfect hail-storm of balls over the heads of their own men. In despite of this, the good Knight and his comrades commenced the attack with a brisk assault upon the first barrier, which was at length gained amidst a shower of bullets, and the enemy repulsed to the second. Here the fighting was still more severe, and the young Lord de Bucy was wounded in the arm by a hacquebute-shot, and his horse killed under him; but he would not be prevailed on to retire, and no man surpassed him that day. The assault of the second barrier lasted a good half-hour, but it was at length gained by the assistance of the Lord de Meillaut and his retainers, who fought furiously; and so briskly were the enemy pursued, that they had not time to form at the third barrier, but retreated to the fourth, This was defended by about twelve hundred men and four falconets, which began to fire along the high way; but they did little mischief beyond killing a couple of horses. This barrier was but a stone's-throw from the boulevard of the town, which encouraged greatly the Venetians to fight.

The assault had lasted an hour with pike and harquebute, when the good Knight said to his companions: "Gentlemen, these people keep us in play too long; let us dismount and force this barrier." They instantly dismounted, to the number of thirty or

forty men-at-arms, and charged straight at the barrier with their lances. The gentle Prince of Anhalt was always by the side of the good Knight, with the Lord de Meillaut and two others; one called great John of Picardy, the other the Captain Maulevrier, who fought fiercely; but the Venetians were continually receiving fresh re-enforcements. Seeing this, the good Knight exclaimed aloud: "Gentlemen, they will keep us here these six years in this fashion. Let us charge them sharply, and then every one follow my example." "Sound, trumpet," he added, and like a lioness robbed of her whelps, he made, with his comrades, such a furious rush that he drove the enemy a pike's length from the barrier. Then shouting, "Forward, comrades, we have them!" he vaulted over the barrier, and thirty or forty after him, and were well received by the enemy. However, when the French saw the danger of their comrades, each struggled to pass the barrier, and crying *France! France! The Empire! The Empire!* they made such a charge that the enemy abandoned the place, and retreated in confusion into the town.

Thus were stormed the barriers before Padua in open day, by which the French, both horse and foot, acquired great honor, particularly the good Knight, to whom all accorded the merit. The approaches were made and the artillery brought to the edge of the ditch, where it remained for six weeks till the raising of the siege, which took place as you shall hear.

When the approaches had been made and the artillery planted, all repaired to their three camps, which from the great numbers, extended over four miles of country. And it was a marvelous thing, that during the siege, which lasted nearly two months, the foragers never had to go above six miles from camp for hay, straw, corn, meat, poultry, wines and all things requisite for both men and horses; and such was the abundance that, when the siege was



Regiment of German Artillery. (*From a German MSS.*)

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raised, they burned a hundred thousand ducats' worth of provisions which had been collected in expectation that it would have been much longer protracted.

The battering cannon now began to play, and continued without ceasing for eight days. There had never been seen such a terrible bombardment, for the three camps fired more than twenty thousand rounds. And if the Emperor's artillery was well served, that of the town was no less so; inasmuch as for every shot fired against them, they returned two. One of the Emperor's gunners who had deserted was taken prisoner, and blown from a mortar into the town.

At length the three breaches were battered into one of about four or five hundred paces, a sufficiently good opening for the assault. But the Count Petilana had so well arranged the defenses of the town, that had there been five hundred thousand men before it, they could not have forced an entrance. Behind the breach he had dug a mine twenty feet deep and as many wide, which he filled with fagots and old wood well besmeared with gunpowder; and at every hundred paces was a mound of earth crowned with artillery which fired across this mine. When this should be passed, (which it could not but by the favor of God) the whole Venetian army was to be encountered, drawn up in battle array; for there was a fine esplanade where twenty thousand cavalry and infantry might form; and behind them were platforms where the Count had mounted twenty or thirty guns, which would have fired over the heads of his men, straight upon the breach.

The French were warned of this terrible danger by some ransomed prisoners, at the express desire of the Count Petilana who wished to detach them from the Emperor's party; but, nevertheless, it was resolved to make the assault. I must first, however, tell you of a course which the good Knight rode with his comrades.

CHAPTER XIV.

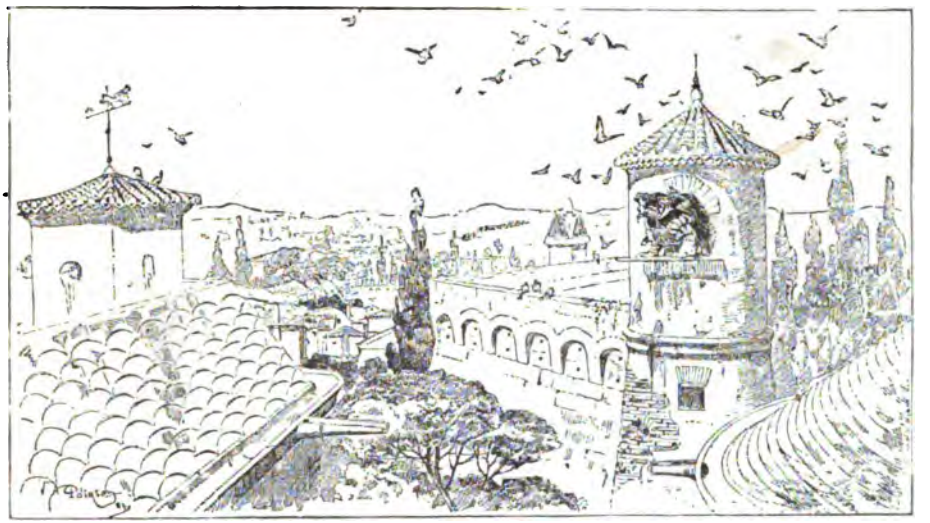
How the good Knight during the siege of Padua rode two courses with his companions, in which he acquired great honor.

DURING the siege of Padua the Emperor's camp experienced many alarms, as well from sallies from the place, as from the garrison of Trevisa, a strong town about five and twenty miles from Padua. Here among other captains was Master Luke Malleveche, an enterprising soldier if ever there was one. Two or three times a week he roused up the Emperor's camp; and if he saw opportunity did not spare himself among the enemy; but if not, he prudently retired, and never lost a man.

This proceeding annoyed the good Knight much, and having by his spies, whom he paid so well they would rather have died than deceive him, got good intelligence of the movements of Malleveche, he determined to go and seek him in the open country. He communicated his project to the Captains La Clayette and La Crote, and some other of his good comrades; and between two and three in the morning, in the month of September, they got to horse with about a hundred men-at-arms without

sound of trumpet or any noise. They had their guide before them well guarded by four archers, and promised him good payment if he were faithful, but threatened him with death if he betrayed them.

About ten miles off, as day was breaking, they perceived a large palace with a long walled inclosure. The spy informed the good Knight that if Malleveche made a sortie from Trevisa to visit their camp that day, he must needs pass in front of it; and if they



The Archer in the Pigeon House.

would conceal themselves there (for the place was deserted by reason of the war), they might see him pass without being discovered. They accordingly entered, and after waiting a couple of hours heard a great trampling of horses.

The good Knight had made an old archer of his company, named Monart, get up into a pigeon house that he might see who passed and their number. He descried Malleveche while yet at a distance with about a hundred men-at-arms all helmeted, and full two hundred Albanians under the command of a Captain Scanderbeg, all well

mounted and apparently effective men. They passed at ball range from the place where the French were in ambush, and Monart descended in high spirits to make his report. All were well pleased, and the good Knight desired them to regirth their horses, saying, "Gentlemen, it is ten years since we had such an adventure. They are double our number, but if we are gentle gallants, that is nothing. Let us after them." "March! march!" responded the others.

The gate was opened and they went at a smart trot after those they sought; and had not proceeded a mile when they perceived them on a fine wide road, on each side of which were broad ditches which a man-at-arms, unless he were very well mounted, would scarcely adventure to leap for fear of sticking there. The good Knight desired his trumpet to sound. The Venetian captains, who never dreamed of having an enemy in their rear, thought it was some of their own people wishing to join the foray, and pulled up; when at length they perceived that they were in truth enemies. They were a little astounded to find themselves inclosed between the Emperor's camp and those whom they now saw; but Malleveche exhorted his men to do their duty, as they must needs conquer or be undone.

Trumpets began to sound on both sides, and when they were about a bow-shot apart, they charged one another, crying on one side, *The Empire! The Empire! France! France!* and on the other, *Saint Mark! Saint Mark!* It was a real pleasure to hear them. At the first charge many were struck to the ground, and Bonnet with his lance pierced a man-at-arms quite through the body. Every one was on his mettle. The Albanians left the high road and abandoned their heavy troops, to attack the French in the rear; which the good Knight immediately perceived and desired La Crote to protect the rear, and the day would be theirs.

He did so, and the Albanians were so roughly handled that a dozen of them fell, and the rest fled across the country. La Crote did not pursue them, but returned to the main fight, where he found the Venetians already routed, and every one securing his prisoner. Malleveche, with twenty or thirty of the best mounted, leaped their horses out of the road, and fled towards Trevisa. It would have been lost labor to follow them, their horses were so fleet, and the riders had such hearty good-will for the race. The

Venetians disguising themselves as French Soldiers.

prisoners were more numerous than their conquerors, for there were at least a hundred and eighty of them, from whom they took their swords and maces, and placing them in the middle set out on their return to camp.

The Emperor was walking in the outskirts of the camp when they arrived, and seeing such a cloud of dust, sent a French gentleman of his household, Louis du Peschin, to ascertain what it was; who presently returned, saying: "Sire, it is the good Knight

Bayard, and the Captains La Clayette and La Crote, who have had the finest skirmish that has taken place these hundred years; for they have more prisoners than they are men, and have taken two standards." As the French approached, the Emperor saluted them, and they returned it with the reverence due to so high a prince. He complimented each captain as he passed, and said to the good Knight, "My Lord de Bayard, my brother, your master, is very fortunate to have such a servant as you; I would give a hundred thousand florins a-year to have a dozen like you." "Sire," replied the good Knight, "I very humbly thank you for the praise you are pleased to bestow on me. One thing I assure you, that so long as my master is your ally, you will have no more zealous servant than myself." They then retired to their quarters, and there was never any thing so noised in the camp as this splendid enterprise, of which the good Knight bore off the greatest share of honor, though he always gave the merit entirely to his two companions, for a more meek and courteous knight there never was.

A few days after this affair, the good Knight was informed by his spies that the Captain Scanderbeg and his Albanians, with some mounted crossbowmen under a Captain Rinaldo Contarino, had retired to the castle of Bassano, about fifteen miles off, whence they made daily attacks upon the lansquenets who were escorting the cattle taken from the enemy; and had killed some two hundred of them, and re-captured four or five hundred head of oxen and cows.

Being assured that they were not more than two hundred light horse, he was confident of defeating them with thirty picked men-at-arms, and eight or ten gentlemen, who were volunteers in the Emperor's camp solely for the love they bore the good Knight, and were not men to be easily routed.

They started an hour before daybreak, and were conducted by

the spy to a pass within a cannon-shot of the castle, where there they had not long concealed themselves when, to their great joy, they heard a trumpet at the castle sounding to horse. Presently they saw the Albanians and crossbowmen descend as merrily as though they were going to a wedding, expecting to get the same booty they had gained the two previous days; but they were mistaken, as you shall hear.

The only access to the castle was over a little wooden bridge which two men might defend against five hundred; and as soon as the enemy had passed, the good Knight despatched the Lord de Bonnet and Mypont with six men-at-arms and a dozen archers, to take possession of the bridge; whilst he and the rest were conducted by the spy over a mountain pass to the plain, where they descried their enemies at the distance of a culverin's range, marching for Vicenza, where they expected to find their prey. The good Knight desired the Bastard du Fay, his guidon, to take twenty archers and skirmish with them and, as soon as they were charged, to turn bridle and pretend to fly; so as to lure them to the foot of the mountain where he was in ambush. He had no occasion to speak twice, for the other understood his business well.

As soon as Captain Scanderbeg perceived the white crosses of the French, he marched against them in high spirits, and began to charge them, crying, *Saint Mark! Saint Mark!* The Bastard du Fay, who knew his lesson by heart, retreated and was briskly pursued to the ambuscade; when the good Knight and his men, helmeted and sword in hand dashed amongst them, shouting *France! France! the Empire! the Empire!* At the first charge more than thirty of the enemy were borne to earth; and after a severe contest the Albanians and crossbowmen fled full gallop, thinking to reach Bassano. If they ran well, the French were not behindhand in pursuing; but the light horse were too fleet for

them and they would have lost their prey, but for the bridge where Bonnet and his companions disputed the passage. There were taken prisoners sixty Albanians and thirty crossbowmen with the two captains; the rest fled across the country to Trevisa.

There was in the troop of the good Knight a young gentleman of Dauphiny who had just been made an archer; named Guigo Guyfray, son of the Lord de Bontieres. He was only between sixteen and seventeen, but of a good race, and eager to distinguish himself. Seeing the ensign of the crossbowmen, who had leaped a ditch and was endeavoring to escape, he pursued him, and with a blow of his demi-lance struck him to the ground; then putting his hand to his sword, he cried, "Yield thee, ensign, or thou diest." The ensign gave him up his sword and standard, and yielded himself his prisoner. He made him remount and carried him straight to the good Knight who was sounding the recall, having more prisoners than he knew what to do with. "How, Bontieres," said he, "have you taken this standard and this prisoner?" "Yes, my lord, since so it pleased God, and he did well to surrender or I should have slain him." At which they all began to laugh, as well as the good Knight, who was delighted beyond measure and said, "Bontieres, my friend, you have begun well; may God give you a good continuance."

The good Knight then said to his companions: "My lords, we must have this castle, for there is great booty in it; our men shall share it."—"It were well done," said the others, "but it is strong and we have no artillery."—"Peace," said he, "I know a way to have it within a quarter of an hour." He sent for the Captains Scanderbeg and Rinaldo Contarino, to whom he said: "Know you what it is, gentlemen? Have this place surrendered to me forthwith, for I know well you have the power; or if not, I vow to God I will have your heads off before the gate this very hour."

They replied they would if it were possible; which it was; for a nephew of Captain Scanderbeg held it, who surrendered it as soon as his uncle had spoken to him.

The good Knight and all his company entered, and found there above five hundred head of cattle, and a great deal of other plunder, which was equally divided among them, the cattle being sent to Vicenza to be sold. They found also plenty of refreshment for themselves and horses.

After dinner, of which the Venetians were invited to partake, came Bontieres with his prisoner, who was twice as tall as himself and thirty years old. The good Knight laughed and said to the Venetians, "Gentlemen, this young lad, who was a page but six days since and will not have a beard these three years, has taken your ensign. It is a gross case; for I know not how it is with you, but we French do not readily surrender our standards but to great odds." The Venetian was ashamed and said, "By my faith, Captain, I did not yield for fear of him, for I could have managed a better man than he; but I could not alone resist your whole troop." The good Knight looked at Bontieres and said, "You hear what your prisoner says, that you are not man enough to take him." "My lord," replied the boy in great anger, "I beseech you grant me one favor." "Yes, truly," said the good Knight, "what is it?"—"That you will let me restore him his horse and arms, and get upon my own; let us go below, and if I conquer him again I vow to God he shall die; but if he escapes, I make him a present of his ransom." The good Knight was never more pleased, and said aloud, "Truly I grant it." However, the Venetian would not accept the offer, which redounded but little to his honor, though much to that of Bontieres.

After dinner they returned to the camp with their prisoners, and were much applauded by the Emperor and all the Germans,

Hainaulters and Burgundians. The Lord de La Palisse was delighted, particularly with the story of Bontieres and his prisoner, which occasioned much laughter throughout the camp.

CHAPTER XV.

How the Emperor Maximilian raised the siege of Padua; and how the good Knight narrowly escaped being betrayed by a spy into the hands of Captain John Paul Monfrone.

THE Emperor at length finding the breach practicable, determined on storming the town of Padua, and sent his secretary with a letter to the Lord de La Palisse requesting him, when he heard the great drum about mid-day, to have the French gentlemen ready to go to the assault on foot with his own infantry. The Lord de La Palisse thought this a strange manner of proceeding, but replied, that he was surprised that the Emperor had not sent for his comrades and himself to deliberate more advisedly upon the business; but that he would send for them and show them the letter; and he believed there would not be one of them who would not obey whatever the Emperor should command. He then summoned to his quarters all the French captains.

It was already noised throughout the camp that the assault was to take place about mid-day; and you might then have seen a curious scene. The priests were retained with large fees of gold

to confess them, as every one wished to be in a good state of preparation; and there were several men-at-arms who intrusted them with their purses to take charge of; and we need not therefore doubt but that our friends the chaplains would have been very willing that those whose money they had, should have remained in the breach. One thing I would impress on those who read this history; that for five hundred years there had been no prince's camp in which was seen so much wealth; and there was scarcely a day in which three or four hundred lansquenets did not leave it with oxen and cows, corn, silk and other things for Germany, so that the damage to Padua amounted to two millions of crowns in movables and in houses and palaces burned and destroyed.

But to return to our narrative. When the French captains arrived at the quarters of the Lord de La Palisse, he said to them: "Gentlemen, we must dine; for I have something to tell you, which if I told you before dinner it might take away your appetites." He spoke thus in jest, for he well knew his companions, that there was not one of them who was not a Hector or a Roland, and above all the good Knight, who was never in his life put out by any thing he saw or heard.

During dinner they kept up an interchange of raillery in all honor and pleasantry: and when it was ended the Lord de La Palisse communicated to them the Emperor's letter. When they had heard it, they looked at one another laughing to see who would speak first. The Lord d'Hymbercourt began, and said: "My lord, we must not be so long thinking of it. Tell the Emperor we are all ready. I am already tired of being in the field, and besides, good wine is beginning to fail us." At which they all laughed. All the captains spoke, except the good Knight, and agreed with the Lord d'Hymbercourt. The Lord de La Palisse seeing him pretending to pick his teeth, as if he had not heard the proposal.

said to him laughing: "Well, Hercules of France, what say you to it; this is no time to pick your teeth; we must answer the Emperor promptly."

The good Knight, who was always in merry mood, replied jestingly: "If we are to believe my Lord d'Hymbercourt, we have only to go straight to the breach; but since it is a disagreeable pastime enough for men-at-arms to go on foot, I would gladly excuse myself. However, since I must give my opinion, I will do so. The Emperor in his letter desires you to dismount all the French gentlemen to go to the assault with his lansquenets. For myself, though I have little of this world's wealth, I am still a gentleman; all the rest of you are great lords, and of great houses; and so are many of our men-at-arms. Does the Emperor deem it a reasonable thing to put so much nobility in peril and hazard with his infantry, of whom one is a shoemaker, another a blacksmith, another a baker, and others mechanics, who do not prize their honor so dearly as gentlemen? Saving his grace, it is not well considered. But my advice is that you, my lord, should answer the Emperor thus: that you have assembled your captains as he wished, who are prepared to do his bidding, according to the charge they have from the King their master; but that he must understand that their said master has no men in his ordonnance companies who are not gentlemen. To mix them with the infantry, who are of low condition, would be to hold them in little esteem; but the Emperor has plenty of German counts, lords and gentlemen. Let him dismount them with the French men-at-arms, and the latter will willingly show them the way, and then the lansquenets will follow if they know that the affair is going well." When the good Knight had given his opinion, no objection was made, but his advice was deemed consistent with honor and reason.

This reply was accordingly sent to the Emperor, to whom it

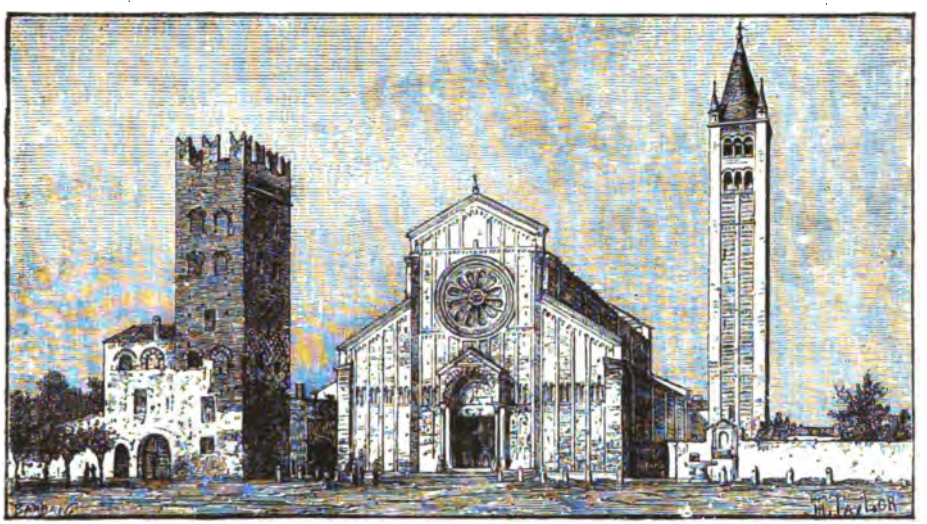
appeared very fair and reasonable. He forthwith by drum and trumpet assembled his court, to which repaired all the princes, lords and captains of Germany, Burgundy and Hainault, and communicated to them his intention to storm the place within an hour, and his desire that they would accompany the French gentlemen to the breach. He had scarcely ceased speaking, when there arose a wondrous strange murmur among his Germans which lasted half an hour before it was appeased. They declared that it was not their business to dismount or to storm a breach; but to fight like gentlemen on horseback; and they all positively refused to go, with the exception of the gentle Prince of Anhalt and the Captain Jacob who was afterwards in the service of the King of France, and killed at the battle of Ravenna. The Emperor was so disgusted at their refusal that he retired that very night forty miles from the camp, and thence sent orders to raise the siege.

This was a dispiriting and troublesome affair, by reason of the hundred and forty pieces of artillery to be removed, and the insufficiency of equipage for the purpose. The French were ordered to escort the artillery; but the Prince of Anhalt, who knew the baseness of his countrymen, never left the artillery with his force of seven or eight thousand men; and was continually fighting and repelling the severe sorties of the garrison. The siege was, however, raised with little loss to the Germans or the French; but one great pity was that in spite of the efforts of the good Knight to prevent it, the German lansquenets fired their quarters wherever they passed.

Upon the retreat of the imperial army, the good Knight was left in garrison at Verona with about four hundred men-at-arms whom the King of France lent to the Emperor; and thence he had many skirmishes with the Venetians, commanded by Captain John Paul Monfrone. In one of these he fell into an ambuscade:

and was twice taken and rescued in the same day; but that very night he surprised and cut to pieces several hundred Venetian infantry.

For this the Captain Monfrone was determined to be revenged some way or other. There was a spy named Vizentino, who went to and fro between Verona and Saint Boniface where the Captain was stationed, and was in the pay both of him and of the good Knight, giving each to understand that he was devoted to his



Church of San Zeno at Verona.

service. Monfrone promised this man a hundred golden ducats if he would give the good Knight false intelligence that he was to set out for Lignago the next morning with only three hundred light horse. He expected that the good Knight would come out to skirmish with him, when he would attack him with two hundred men-at-arms and two thousand infantry whom he meant to place in ambush at Isola della Scala.

Spies, as every one knows, are the creatures of dame Avarice, and serve her at a great risk; for if one out of six who are taken

escapes, he may well thank God for it, for the true medicine for their malady is a rope. This fellow told his story to the good Knight, who had just supped, and who, after ordering him to be well entertained, hastened to communicate it to the Captains Pierrepoint and La Varenne, the Bastard du Fay, and Captain Sucker, a Burgundian who was supping with him. They determined to start at daylight with two hundred men-at-arms, and to impart their enterprise to the Lord de Conty, who readily agreed to join them. It fortunately happened that as they were retiring to their respective quarters to prepare for the morrow, the Captain Sucker perceived the spy coming out of the house of a gentleman of Verona who was thought to be no good imperialist, but to have Saint Mark written on his heart. He immediately suspected treason, and seizing the spy by the collar, asked him whence he came. His changing color and confusion increased the Captain's suspicions, and he forthwith carried him back to the quarters of the good Knight, who was just retiring to bed. However, he slipped on his dressing gown, and they sat over the fire while Sucker related what had happened. The good Knight had no more doubt of the spy's treachery than Sucker had; and having called him in threatened him with death if he spoke false, but promised that he should suffer no injury if he declared the truth. The poor wretch saw there was no escape, and falling on his knees detailed the whole treachery, and moreover that he had been to Master Baptiste to concert how he might find means to betray one of the gates of the town to Master Andrea Gritti during the night. But he declared that Master Baptiste had declined having any thing to do with such villainy, but said he would live and die under the Emperor. The spy was then taken away and locked up in a room till he should be wanted, and the good Knight desired the Captain Sucker to go to the Prince of Anhalt's quarters and

The poor Wretch fell on his Knees.

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relate the whole matter to him, and request him to let them have two thousand lansquenets the next morning. The gentle Prince, who was awaked out of his sleep, said he was sorry not to have known sooner of the enterprise, for he would then have joined them; but that the good Knight might dispose of his men as he would himself.

As soon as the gate was opened in the morning the party set out; and leaving Sucker with the lansquenets in ambush at Servoda, a little village about two miles from Isola della Scala, the good Knight and the Lord de Conty pursued their way towards the latter place, feigning to know nothing of what was going on within it.

They were in a fine plain and saw at a distance the Captain Monfrone with some light horse. The good Knight sent his guidon the Bastard du Fay with some archers to skirmish with them; and himself followed with his men-at-arms. But he had not gone far when he saw the infantry of the state and a troop of men-at-arms sallying from Isola. Pretending surprise, he desired the trumpet to sound the recall; which the Bastard du Fay hearing, retreated according to his instructions with his whole troop in close order; and feigning to retire straight on Verona, approached by degrees the village where their lansquenets were in ambush; an archer having been sent on to desire Sucker to make a sortie in order of battle.

The Venetian men-at-arms, having their body of infantry on their flank, made frequent charges on the French, and raised such an uproar that you could not have heard it thunder; thinking their enemies could not escape. The French did not break their ranks, but skirmished cautiously, till they were about a bowshot from Servoda, when the Venetians were astonished to see the lansquenets issue forth at a brisk pace and in close order. "Now, gentle-

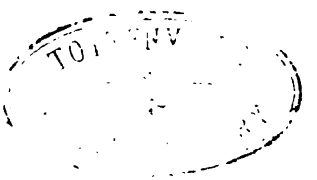
men," exclaimed the good Knight, "is the time to charge." This they instantly did, and the Venetians proved themselves good men, though many were borne to the ground. Their infantry could not fly, for safety was too distant, and they were in like manner charged by the lansquenets. Unable to stand the shock, they were broken, routed and cut to pieces without a single prisoner being taken. Monfrone did his devoir well, but perceiving that if he did not take

Lombard Peasant.

to flight he must be killed or prisoner, he retreated at full gallop towards Saint Boniface, and was hotly pursued. The good Knight, however, sounded the recall, and every one returned; but with a great gang of prisoners and rich booty. The loss of the Venetians was very severe; for their two thousand infantry and at least five and twenty men-at-arms were killed, and about sixty of the latter were taken prisoners and carried to Verona; where the French,

Burgundians and lansquenets were joyfully received by their comrades, who were much vexed not to have been with them.

When the good Knight returned to his quarters he sent for the spy, and said, "Vizentino, according to my promise you shall depart for the Venetian camp; and you may ask Captain John Paul Monfrone, if Captain Bayard is as subtle in war as himself; and tell him whenever he wishes to take me, he shall find me in the field." He then ordered two of his archers to conduct him out of the town. Vizentino went straight to Saint Boniface, where Monfrone had him seized and hanged for a traitor; nor would he listen to any excuse he made.



CHAPTER XVI.

How the Pope Julius declared war against the Duke of Ferrara and besieged Mirandola in person; and how he narrowly escaped being taken prisoner by the good Knight.

I MUST pass over many interesting and important events which took place in Italy; for the time would fail me to tell of all the skirmishes between the French and the Venetians; of the arrival in Italy of the nephew of Louis the Twelfth, the gentle Duke de Nemours, Gaston de Foix, who well deserves a special chronicle; of the siege and capture of Lignago by the French under the Lord de Chaumont; of the second siege and capture by the French of the castle of Montselles; and of the shameful defeat and destruction of a French skirmishing party from Lignago led by Guyon de Cantiers, who fell into an ambush prepared for him by the Venetian Captain Andrea Gritti. I must, however, speak of a wondrous pitiful event which occurred soon after the taking of Lignago.

Great numbers of people had fled their homes on account of the war; and about two thousand persons, men and women, among

Portrait of the Seigneur de Chaumont.

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whom were some of greatest note in the country, had retired to a cave in a mountain near the village of Longaro. This cave was nearly a mile long, and they had conveyed thither great store of provisions, as well as some munitions of war and hacquebutes to defend the entrance; which was nearly impregnable, for only one person could enter at a time. The adventurers, who the more worthless they are in war are ever the more ready to pillage, came to the entrance of the cave, which is called in the Italian language

The Fire at the Cave's Mouth.

the grotto of Longaro. They wished to enter; but were civilly requested to depart as they could gain nothing there, those who were within having left all their effects in their houses. These rascals did not take their prayers in payment but attempted to force an entrance, which the others would not permit, and fired two or three shots at them which killed two on the spot. The rest went to seek their comrades, who ever ready for

mischief soon arrived, and knowing they could not enter by force, bethought themselves of a dastardly and wicked scheme; for they collected at the aperture a quantity of wood, straw and hay, and set fire to it, which soon produced so horrible a smoke in the cave, to which there was no other admittance for the air, that all within were suffocated and died a martyr's death without being ever touched by the fire. There were several gentlemen and ladies who, after the fire was extinguished and the place entered, were found dead, the latter with their infants by their side as though they were asleep. It was a horrible and piteous sight. The adventurers got great booty; but the grand master and all the captains were marvelously displeased, and above all the good Knight, who spent the whole day in discovering the perpetrators. He seized two of them, of whom one had lost both his ears, and the other one; and they were hung in his presence by the provost of the camp before the grotto. While this was doing there emerged from the cave, as if by miracle, a young lad about fifteen, who seemed more dead than alive, and was quite yellow with the smoke. The good Knight inquired of him how he was saved. He replied that when he saw the smoke so thick, he retired to the further end of the cave where there was a very small crevice in the mountain by which he obtained air. He added a piteous thing, which was that several gentlemen and their wives when they perceived them applying fire, wished to make a sortie, knowing their death was otherwise inevitable; but the peasants who were with them, and much the most numerous, would not suffer them, but opposed them with the points of their roncies, saying that they should die as well as themselves. And thus they were assailed at once by the fire and by their own people.

On the march from Longaro to Montselles, the Lord d'Alegre and the good Knight, with the Lord Mercurio and his Albanians,

(he being then in the Emperor's service,) fell in with some light horse of the state of Venice, called Croats, who are more Turks than Christians, and who had come to see if they could carry off any booty from the camp. They were all, however, taken prisoners, and among them the Lord Mercurio recognized the captain, who was his cousin-german and had ousted him by force from his inheritance in Croatia, and was the greatest enemy he had in the world. He upbraided him with the injuries he had done him, and observed, it was now in his power to take vengeance. The other admitted it was true, but said he had been taken in fair war, and ought therefore to go free on payment of such ransom as was in his power to give, and he offered six thousand ducats and six handsome Turkish horses. "We will speak of that more at leisure," said the Lord Mercurio, "but on your faith, if I were your prisoner, as you are mine, what would you do with me?" The other replied, "Since you press me so strongly on my faith, I tell you that if you were at my mercy, as I am at yours, all the gold in the world would not save you from being cut in pieces." "Truly," said the Lord Mercurio, "I will treat you no worse." He commanded his Albanians in his language to handle their knives, who instantly brought their cimeters into play, and there was neither captain nor other who did not receive a dozen more wounds than were enough to insure death. They then cut off their heads, which they stuck on the points of their estradiot lances, and said they were not Christians.[1] They had a strange head-dress, for it was like a young lady's hat; and where the head was inserted was lined with five or six folds of thick paper, so that a sword could have no more effect upon it than on a secrette.

I must now pass on to the war which soon after the capture of Montselles broke out between the Pope and the Duke of Ferrara, in which the good Knight acquired great honor.

The Pope Julius was very desirous of getting possession of the duchy of Ferrara, which he pretended belonged to the states of the Church; and with this view he withdrew from the King of France's alliance, and prepared a large army in Bologna to march into the duchy. The Duke of Ferrara applied for assistance to his ally the King of France, who sent him the Lords Montoison and Fontrailles, and the good Knight, with three or four thousand infantry, and eight hundred Swiss under a captain named Jacob Zemberc; all of whom were well received at Ferrara by the Duke and Duchess and all the inhabitants.

The Duke and all the French who were with him took up their quarters at a place called Ospitalet, between two branches of the Po, over which they made a bridge of boats. This they guarded well, for by it they made frequent incursions upon their enemies.

The Pope arrived by slow marches at a large village called Saint Felix, between Concordia and Mirandola. Thence he sent to the Countess of Mirandola, then a widow, to deliver up her town to him; but she, who was daughter of Jean Jacques of Trevulce, and had the courage of her father, was devoted to the French interests, and would rather have died. She returned for answer, that the town was her own, and that by God's help she would defend it against all who attempted to take it from her. The Pope was very angry, and swore by Saint Peter and Saint Paul that he would have it by fair means or by force, and ordered his nephew, the Duke d'Urbino, his captain-general, to go and lay siege to it.

Count Alexander of Trevulce, who commanded for his cousin the Countess, applied to the Duke of Ferrara for succor, who sent him two gunners and a hundred good companions, with whom went two young gentlemen, one of Dauphiny, named Monchenu, nephew of the Lord de Montoison, and the other named Chantemerle, nephew of the Lord du Lude. The good Knight addressed them

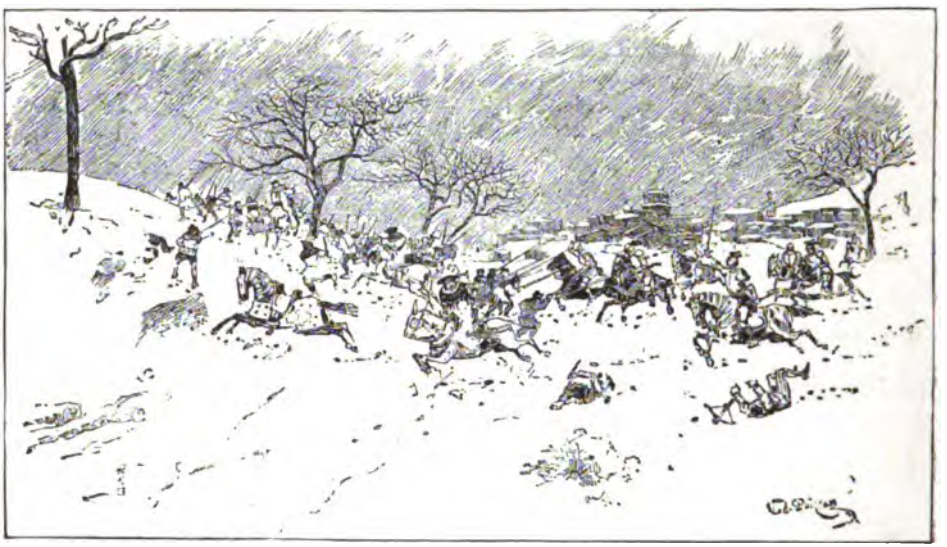
at parting thus: "My sons, you are going to a lady's service; show yourselves gentle warriors to deserve her favor; and quit yourselves so that you may be spoken of. The place you are going to is good and strong; and if it is besieged, you will have an opportunity of distinguishing yourselves in defending it;" and much other joyous discourse did he hold with them to give them heart; and then with his company escorted them to the town, where they had not arrived three days before the siege commenced, and a sharp cannonade was kept up between the besiegers and the town.

The good Knight, who never spared his money to have good intelligence from his spies, was informed by them that the Pope would leave Saint Felix the next day, with his cardinals, bishops, and prothonotaries, escorted by a hundred horse, to join his camp before Mirandola, and he immediately formed a plan for seizing the Pope and all his cardinals, which he communicated to the Duke and the Lord de Montoison.

From Saint Felix to Mirandola the distance was six good miles, and on the road were many fine palaces which had been abandoned on account of the war. During the night the good Knight placed himself in ambush in one of these, with a hundred picked men-at-arms, having requested the Duke and the Lord de Montoison to pass the bridge in the morning with the rest of the cavalry, and wait for him about four or five miles from Ferrara to receive him in case of any mishap or his being pursued.

The Pope, who was an early riser, got into his litter at daybreak to go straight to his camp, and was preceded by his prothonotaries, clerks and officers of all sorts, to prepare his quarters. When the good Knight heard them approach, he quitted his ambush and charged them. They, terrified, turned about and, giving their horses the rein, fled full gallop, crying, Alarm! Alarm! But this would not have

served, and the Pope, his cardinals and bishops would have been taken but for an accident very fortunate for the holy father, but most unlucky for the good Knight. It was this; that the Pope in his litter had not gone a cannon-shot from Saint Felix when there fell such a snow storm as had not been seen for a century, so thick that they could not see one another. The Cardinal of Pavia, who was then the Pope's prime minister, said to him: "Holy father, it



Flight of the Pope's Escort.

is impossible to cross the country while this lasts; it is necessary and your duty to return;" to which the Pope assented; and as ill luck would have it, as the fugitives were returning, and the good Knight spurring in pursuit, just as he arrived at Saint Felix, the Pope was entering the castle, who, hearing the cry, was so frightened, that he leaped from his litter without assistance, and himself helped to raise the drawbridge: which was done like a man who had his senses about him, for had he tarried the saying of a pater noster he had been caught.

The good Knight was much chagrined at his failure, though it was no fault of his, for never was an enterprise better concerted. However, having no artillery, and fearing lest he might be discovered by those at the camp who might cause him some disgrace, he commenced his retreat, having taken as many prisoners as he chose, amongst whom were two bishops, and a number of draught mules which his men carried off. He encountered the Duke and the Lord de Montoison at the appointed place, who comforted him as well as they could, and they returned merrily to Ferrara, having dismissed most of the prisoners and the two bishops on payment of a light ransom.

The Pope was in a fever all day from the fright he had had, and at night sent for his nephew the Duke d'Urbino, who came with four hundred men-at-arms to escort him to Mirandola. He remained before it three weeks, and would never have taken it but for a similar accident. It snowed so fast for six days and nights without ceasing that the snow was five feet deep; and it then froze so hard that the moats of Mirandola were two feet thick of ice, and a cannon with its carriage falling from the edge of the moat on the ice did not break it. Two wide breaches had been made in the walls, and the garrison, seeing no prospect of relief, surrendered upon terms. The Pope did not condescend to enter Mirandola by the gate, but had a bridge made across the moat, over which he passed, and entered by one of the breaches.

Upon the capture of Mirandola, the Duke, fearing he should be besieged in Ferrara, broke up his bridge, and retired to his capital, resolved to defend it to the last day of his life.

CHAPTER XVII.

How the Pope sent a strong force against La Bastide; and how it was defeated by the advice of the good Knight; and of the intrigues of the Pope and the Duke of Ferrara against each other.

FROM Mirandola the Pope despatched two Spanish commanders with two hundred men-at-arms, and a Venetian captain, Giovanni Forte, with five hundred light horse and five or six thousand foot, accompanied by six pieces of heavy artillery, to attack the town of La Bastide, about five and twenty miles from Ferrara. He had been advised that if this place were once taken, Ferrara would be deprived of supplies, and would be reduced by famine in the course of two months. When this great force arrived and commenced cannonading the place, the commandant of La Bastide was not a little dismayed; but he determined to do his duty, and despatched a messenger by stealth to the Duke, telling him that if he were not relieved in twenty-four hours it would go hard with him, for he had but five-and-twenty fighting men.

The messenger used such diligence that he arrived at Ferrara in six hours. The good Knight was taking the air at a gate by

which the messenger entered, who was challenged and taken before him. When he had heard his tale, he took him straight to the Duke, who with the Lord de Montoison, was on his mule in the market place, discussing their affairs. When the Duke had heard the man's story and was reading the letter of the commandant, he was observed to turn pale, and his color came and went. When he had finished the reading, he shrugged his shoulders, and exclaimed, "If I lose La Bastide, I may as well abandon Ferrara, and I do not see how it can be relieved within the time here specified; for he requires succor in the course of to-morrow, and it is impossible." "Why so?" asked the Lord de Montoison. "Because," said the Duke, "it is twenty-five miles from this; and, moreover, one must march by a road where it is necessary to go in single file for the space of half a mile; and if our enemies should be made acquainted with a pass there is on that route, twenty men might stop the passage of ten thousand. However, I think they are ignorant of it."

When the good Knight saw the Duke so disheartened, and not without cause, he said, "My lord, when it is a matter of little consequence, we may leave Fortune to herself; but when it is a question of our destruction, we must provide against it by all the means in our power. You have in this town some five thousand infantry, all gentle companions and well trained in war. Let us send two thousand of them and Captain Jacob's eight hundred Swiss in boats to the pass you mention; for you are still master of the Po as far as Argente. The men-at-arms will march thither all night so as to arrive there at day break. If they are first, they will seize the pass, and there we will rejoin each other. There are scarcely three miles from that place to La Bastide. The enemy will never dream of our enterprise; we will attack them before they can form in order of battle, and my heart tells me we shall be successful."

The Duke was enchanted. "By my faith, my Lord de Bayard," said he, "nothing is impossible to you; and upon my honor, I doubt not we shall give a good account of our enemies, if these gentlemen are of your opinion; and (taking off his hat) I earnestly entreat them to assent." The Lord de Montoison replied, "My lord, it is not for us to require your entreaties; we will do what you command, for such are the King our master's instructions." The Lord de Lude and Captain Fontrailles said the same. The captains of infantry were sent for, and the scheme communicated to them, which was like translating them to paradise. The boats were prepared without any noise, for there were plenty of stout papalists in the town; and the infantry were embarked with good and trusty boatmen.

The cavalry with the Duke in person set out at nightfall with good guides, and though the weather was very tempestuous, they arrived at the pass half an hour before daybreak, and to their great joy found it unoccupied. In another half hour the infantry arrived, and they then proceeded over this pass, which was so narrow a bridge over a deep canal between the Po and La Bastide that only one man-at-arms could cross at a time. They were a full hour in passing, so that it was clear daylight; at which the Duke was uneasy, and hearing no firing thought the place must have been taken. But while he was speaking to the French captains, they heard to their great satisfaction three cannon shots in succession.

The good Knight addressed them thus: "Gentlemen, I have always heard that he who despises his enemy is a fool; we are close to ours, and they are three to one. If they knew what we were about we should have plenty of work on our hands; for they have artillery and we none; besides that they are the flower of the Pope's army. I should advise that the Bastard du Fay, my guidon, who understands these things, should give them an alarm

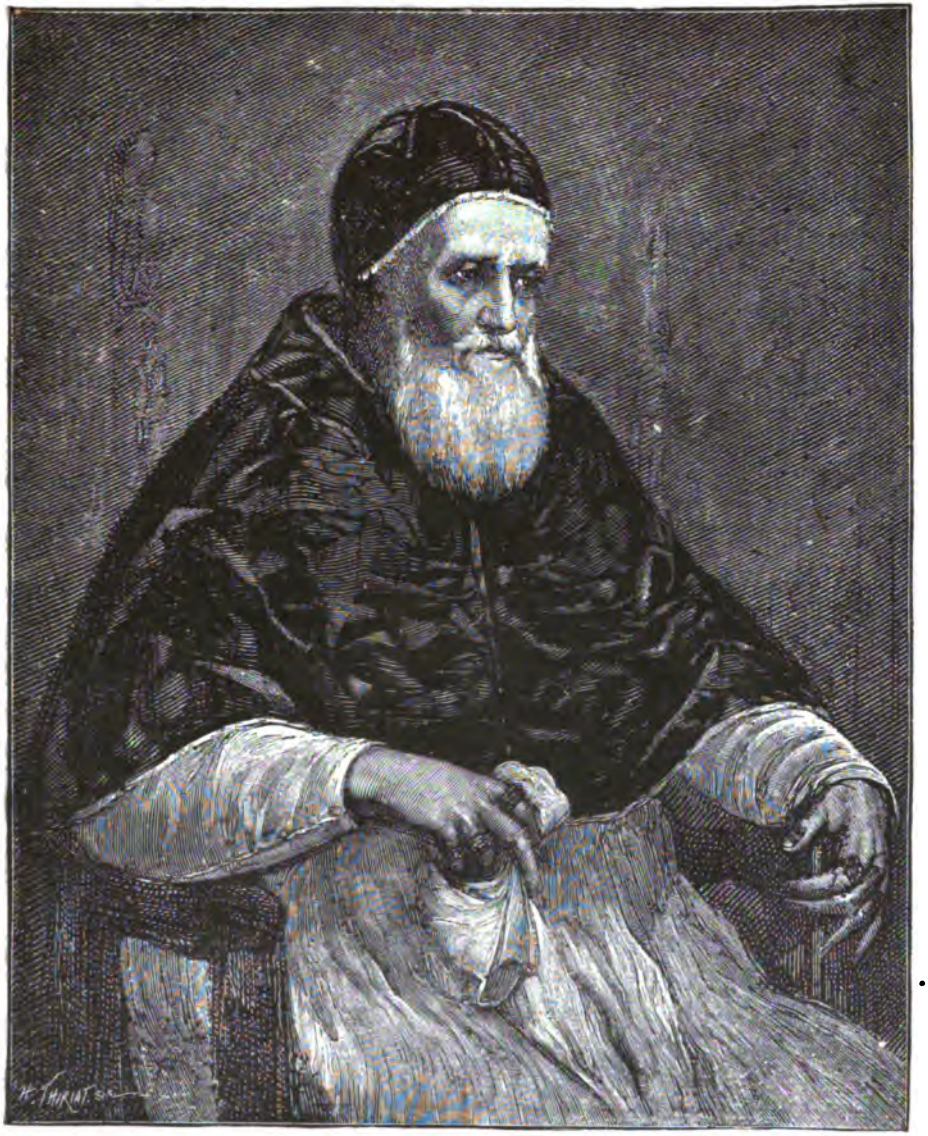
with some fifteen or twenty horse from the quarter whence the enemy came; and that he should be supported at the distance of a bow-shot by Captain Pierrepoint with a hundred men-at-arms and Captain Jacob with his Swiss. You, my lord, and the Lord de Montoison, my comrades and myself will go direct to their position. We shall thus inclose them; and they will be so surprised they will not know what to do, for they will think us three times more numerous than we are; and to confirm them in this notion let all our trumpets sound when we attack them."

Now the good Knight was a true chronicle of battles, wherefore from his great experience every one respected his opinion. His plan was immediately put in execution. The Bastard du Fay suddenly surprised the camp with a warm alarm. The enemy began to arm and mount to repel him; but when they had driven him back two hundred paces, they were encountered by Captain Pierrepoint, who charged them fiercely and gave them a severe check. Their infantry began to form, and had they accomplished doing so, it had been from their great numbers a deadly and dangerous combat for the Ferrarese; but the Swiss attacked them when about five or six thousand had formed. The Swiss were severely repulsed; and would have been broken, had not the men-at-arms succored them by charging the enemy in flank. Meanwhile arrived the Duke, the Lords de Montoison, de Lude, and de Fontrailles, and the good Knight, with their cavalry and two thousand foot, who attacked them in the rear and threw them into confusion. Fontrailles and the good Knight perceiving a body of three or four hundred horse attempting to rally, collected their men, and crying *France! France! the Duke! the Duke!* charged them so furiously that most were borne to the earth.

The enemy fought for a good hour; but at last lost the field, and took to flight. The Duke and the French made a great

slaughter of them; for there were slain between four and five thousand foot, and above sixty men-at-arms; and more than three hundred horses were taken, together with all their baggage and artillery; so that every one had difficulty in carrying off his booty. I know not how chroniclers and historians have elsewhere spoken of this battle of La Bastide, but there had not for a hundred years been one better fought nor at so great hazard. However, the risk must needs have been incurred, or the Duke and the French were lost. They returned in triumph to the town and were received with great applause; particularly by the good Duchess, who was a pearl among ladies; and gave them daily banquets and entertainments in the Italian style. One may venture to say that there was not a princess of her time more beautiful, good, sweet and courteous. She spoke Spanish, Greek, Italian, and French, and very tolerable Latin, and composed in all these languages; and it is certain that, bold and wise a prince as her husband was, he was indebted to his lady's graciousness for many great services that were rendered him.

When the Pope heard of the defeat of his troops at La Bastide, he swore to be revenged, and would have forthwith besieged Ferrara, but was dissuaded by his captains and particularly the Duke d'Urbino, who would willingly have had him friends with the King of France. They represented to him the difficulty and danger of such an enterprise, and could scarcely prevail with him; for he repeated a hundred times a day, "*Ferrara! Ferrara! I will have thee, by the body of Christ!*" Failing in his attempts to carry on a correspondence with his partisans in the town, and six or seven of his spies having by the vigilance of the Duke and the good Knight been seized and hanged, he bethought him of an atrocious scheme. This was to make overtures to the Duke, promising to give one of his nieces in marriage to the Duke's eldest son, to forego all



Pope Julius II., after Raphael.

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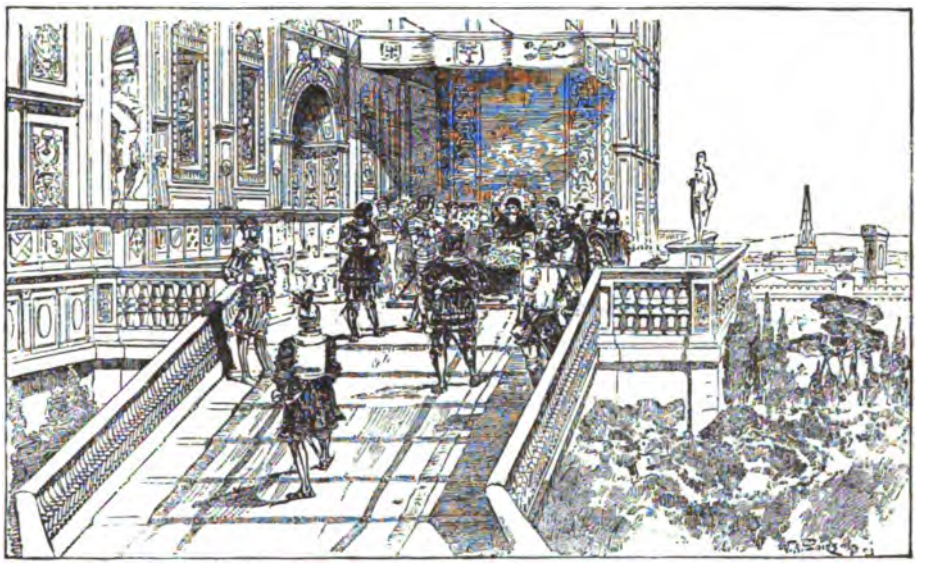
his claims, and moreover to make him the sacred standard bearer and captain general of the Church, provided he would send away the French troops. He thought that if this were done, the French on leaving Ferrara would be at his mercy; and vowed that not one of them should escape. He employed as his messenger to the Duke one Master Augustin Guerlo, a great adept in intrigue and treachery, but who suffered for it at last, for the Lord d'Aubigny



The Pope receives the news of his Defeat.

some time afterwards had him beheaded at Brescia where he was practicing his treason against him.

The Duke listened to his proposals and affected to enter into the Pope's views, though he had too noble and gentle a heart, and had rather have been torn in pieces by four horses, than even have thought of consenting to such cowardly treachery. Having ordered refreshments for Master Augustin and locked him up in a room of the palace, he went attended by a single gentleman to the quarters of the good Knight, and related the whole matter to him.

The good Knight crossed himself frequently, and would with difficulty believe that the Pope could entertain so wicked a design.

After consulting together they agreed that the Duke should return to Master Augustin, and endeavor to win him over from the interests of the Pope to their own party. The vile avaricious villain was soon gained over by the Duke's representations and promises, and a bargain was struck, that the Duke should give him two thousand ducats down and an annuity of five hundred.

The Duke then left the room, and returned to the good Knight, who was amusing himself on the ramparts in making them clear an embrasure. Seeing the Duke approach he went to meet him, and taking him by the hand, they walked aside on the ramparts, while the Duke informed him that the Pope's wicked intentions towards the French would recoil on himself, for that he had gained over his emissary, who had assured him that within eight days at furthest the Pope would not be alive. The good Knight, who had no idea of his meaning, replied, "How so, my lord; has he spoken with God?" "Never mind," said the Duke, "but so it will be;" and from one thing to another he proceeded to intimate that Master Augustin had promised him to poison the Pope. At these words the good Knight crossed himself repeatedly, and said, "Oh! my lord, I never will believe that so gentle a prince as you would consent to such treachery; and did I know it, I swear by my soul I would inform the Pope before night; for I believe that God would never pardon so horrible a crime."—"Why," said the Duke, "he wanted to do as much to you and me; and you know we have already hung seven or eight spies."—"That troubles me not," replied the good Knight;" "he is the vicegerent of God upon earth; and to cause his death in this manner, I never will consent." The Duke shrugged his shoulders, and spitting on the ground, said: "S'death! my Lord de Bayard, I would have destroyed all mine enemies

thus: but since you disapprove, the matter shall rest where it is; but, unless God mend it, we shall suffer for it."—"Let us suffer for it," replied the good Knight, "if such be God's will; but I pray you, my lord, hand me over the fellow who would do this deed; and if I do not hang him within an hour, may I hang in his place."—"No, my Lord de Bayard," answered the Duke, "I have promised to send him away in safety." This he did on his return to the palace; and the Pope, very wroth at being unable to succeed in his schemes, retired soon after to Bologna and quartered his troops in the neighborhood of Modena. Within two years after, his army sustained a signal defeat at Bologna from a French army commanded by Lord Jean Jacques; who declared that under God, the victory was due to the good Knight.

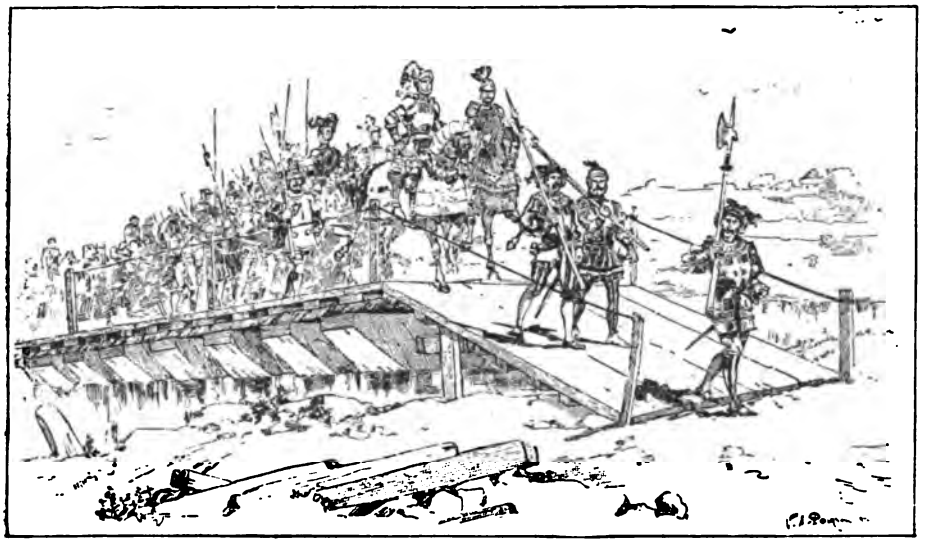
CHAPTER XVIII.

Of many things which happened in Italy in the course of two years; and how two Spaniards fought a duel á l'outrance in the town of Ferrara.

SINCE this book professes to be a history only of the virtues and achievements of the good Knight, I must pass over many things not necessary to be detailed; as the death by fever, soon after the battle of La Bastide, of the Lord de Montoison, who was a great loss to France, and much lamented by the Duke and Duchess of Ferrara, as well as by the good Knight and all the French gentlemen. But death is a matter for which there is no remedy. Nor can I detail the expedition of the Duke of Lorraine and the good Knight, to whom the King of France had given the command of a hundred men-at-arms, to retake Goritz and Gradisca, on the confines of Sclavonia, from the Venetians, and restore them to the Emperor. Nor the unfortunate expedition into Fryol of the Lord de La Palisse, whom the King of France had sent with twelve hundred men-at-arms and eight thousand foot to the Emperor's assistance, in which they lost, from want of bread and wine, and other necessaries, and through the misconduct of the Emperor's people,

more than four thousand infantry and a hundred men-at-arms.

About this time died the good Lord de Chaumont, that gentle knight who had so long been the King of France's lieutenant-general in Lombardy, and had so well kept it for his master. He had been previously succeeded in his command by the noble Duke de Nemours, Gaston de Foix, who went to visit the Duke and Duchess of Ferrara, by whom he was received with great joy



The Expedition of the Duke of Lorraine.

and much feted after the manner of the country; for the gentle Duchess understood well the manner of it.

The very day of his arrival the Baron de Bearn informed him that if he would, he might enjoy the pastime of seeing a mortal combat between two Spaniards, of whom the one was called the Captain Saint Croix, and had been a colonel in the Pope's infantry; and the other the Lord Azevedo, who had also had a command in the same corps. The occasion of their fighting was, that

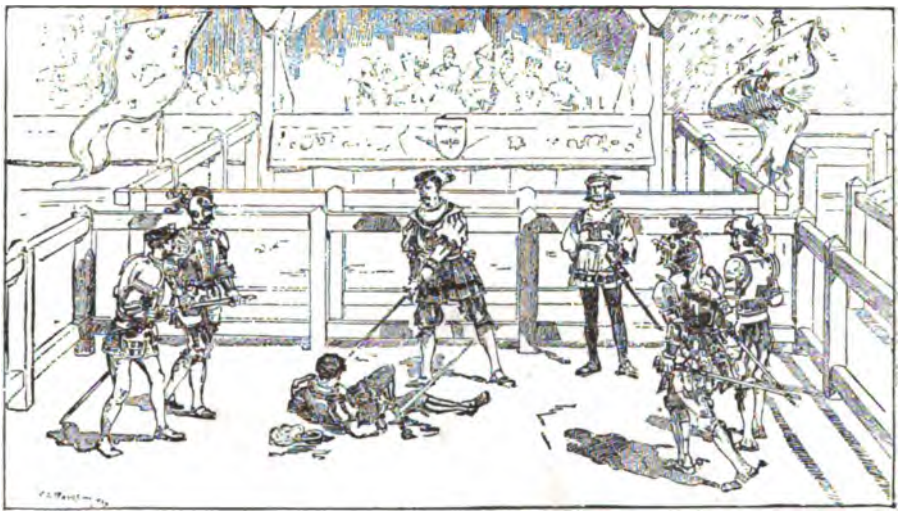
Azevedo alleged that the Captain Saint Croix had intended to assassinate him wickedly and treacherously; and he challenged him upon it; the other replied that he lied, and accepted the challenge. Wherefore Azevedo came to Ferrara to present himself to the Duke de Nemours, and request he would give him a field of combat, which he did when the Baron de Bearn had introduced him. When Azevedo was assured of his field, he forthwith sent to his enemy Saint Croix, who did not tarry long. Meanwhile the field of combat was prepared before the palace. Saint Croix arrived well accompanied, for he had with him full one hundred horse, whose chief, whom he had chosen for his sponsor, was Don Pedro de Coignes, Knight of Rhodes and Prior of Messina. There were with him also Don Francis de Beaumont, who shortly before had left the service of the King of France, and others. Two days after his arrival he demanded to bring the matter to issue in a trial of arms.

They entered the field one Tuesday about an hour after midday. First appeared the challenger, Azevedo, with the Lord Frederic de Bazolo, whom he had chosen for his sponsor. As he did not yet know how or with what arms his enemy chose to fight, he was provided, like a well-advised man, with every thing necessary for a man-at-arms, whether on horseback or on foot, in every possible way in which fighting could be imagined. Shortly after his entrance the Prior of Messina came towards him, carrying two secrettes, two very sharp rapiers, and two daggers, which he presented to the Lord Azevedo to choose from; who took what suited him.

Afterwards Saint Croix entered the field. Both knelt down and made their orisons to God. They were then felt over by the sponsors to ascertain that they had no armor under their garments. This done, every one voided the field except the two combatants,

the two sponsors, and the good Knight; who, to honor him the more, and because no one was better acquainted with such matters, was appointed by the Duke of Ferrara master and keeper of the field.

The herald then proclaimed, as usual in such cases, that no one should make any sign, by spitting, coughing, or otherwise, by which any intimation might be conveyed to either of the combatants. They then advanced towards each other. Azevedo held his rapier in his right hand, and his dagger in his left; but Saint



"Yield thee, Saint Croix, or I will slay thee."

Croix sheathed his dagger, and held only his rapier. You may suppose it was a very mortal combat, for they had no armor to protect them. They delivered many wary blows; for each had a firm foot and good eye; and much these were needed. At length Saint Croix dealt a dangerous blow straight at the face, which Azevedo skillfully parried with his rapier; and his own weapon in its descent cut his adversary's thigh to the bone, and the blood incontinently burst forth in great quantity. Saint Croix attempted to advance to avenge himself, but fell; upon which Azevedo

exultingly approached him, saying in his language, "Yield thee, Saint Croix, or I will slay thee." But the other, sitting up and holding his sword in his hand, exclaimed that he would rather die than yield. Azevedo thereupon said, "Rise then, Saint Croix; I will not strike thee thus." And in truth it was dangerous, as having to do with a desperate man. With the stout heart he had, Saint Croix raised himself and made two steps in advance, thinking to run his adversary through; who retreated a step, beating down his thrust.

Saint Croix fell a second time, forward on his face; and Azevedo had his sword raised to strike off his head, which he might well have done if he chose, but he retired his blow. Notwithstanding all this, Saint Croix would not yield. The Duchess of Ferrara, who was with the gentle Duke de Nemours, besought him with clasped hands to separate them. He replied, "Madam, I would readily do so for love of you, but in honor I neither can nor ought to ask any thing of the conqueror against reason." Saint Croix was fast bleeding to death, when the Prior of Messina, his sponsor, advanced to Azevedo, saying, "Lord Azevedo, I know well the heart of Captain Saint Croix, that he would die rather than yield; but seeing his state admits of no alternative, I yield myself for him." Thus Azevedo remained victor, and kneeling down, very humbly returned thanks to our Lord. A surgeon forthwith came and stanched Saint Croix's wound; and his people, lifting him up, carried him out of the field with his arms, which Azevedo sent to demand; but they would not give them up. He came to complain to the Duke of Ferrara; and the good Knight was charged to go and tell Saint Croix that if he would not yield his arms as conquered, the Duke would have him carried back to the field, where his wound should be re-opened, and would put him in the same state in which his enemy had left him when his sponsor had

yielded for him. When he saw himself compelled, he gave up his arms to the good Knight, who, as right required, delivered them to the Lord Azevedo, who with trumpets and clarions was conducted to the quarters of the Duke de Nemours. Great honor was shown him; but he requited it ill to the French, which was a great disgrace to him.

Shortly before this another combat had taken place at Parma between two other Spaniards, who fought on horseback, with rapier and dagger, and three darts in their hands, and a target; when the snow was so deep that it was piled up for a barrier. But of this I cannot speak more particularly.

Soon after these events the noble Duke de Nemours, learning that the Spaniards were threatening to besiege Bologna, assembled his troops at Fynal near Ferrara, and himself with the greater part of his captains, especially those whom he most loved and trusted, spent two days at a little town called Carpia. Here they supped with the lord of the place Count Albert Mirandula, and in their conversation mention was made of an astrologer, who displayed a marvelous knowledge both of past and future events. Nothing is more certain than that all true Christians should hold that God alone knows the future; but this astrologer of Carpia foretold so many things to so many sorts of people, which afterwards came to pass, that he set all the world a musing.

The gentle Duke de Nemours, with the appetite which young people have for what is new and marvelous, prayed the Count to send for him, which he immediately did. He proved to be about sixty years of age, spare of form and of an average height. The Duke showed him his hand and asked him what it portended; and he made a fair reply. Among other things the Duke asked him if the Viceroy of Naples and the Spaniards would stay and give battle. He answered that they would, and that the battle would

take place either on Good Friday or Easter Day, and would be very severe. He was asked who would be victorious; his answer was in these words: "The French will remain masters of the field, and the Spaniards will suffer the heaviest loss they have experienced these hundred years; but the French will gain but little, for they will lose so many good and honorable men as will be to their great damage." He spoke marvels. The Lord de La Palisse asked him if he should fall at this battle. He answered, no; that he would live at least a dozen years longer, but that he would die in another battle. He said much the same to the Lord d'Hymbercourt, and told the Captain Richebourg that he would be in great danger of being killed by lightning. In short there was scarcely one of the company who did not inquire his destiny.

The good Knight treated the matter as a jest, but the gentle Duke de Nemours prayed him to ask what would befall him. He replied, "I ought not, for I am sure it will be no great matter; but if you desire it, I will;" and he asked the astrologer if he should ever be a great and rich man. He answered: "You will be rich in honor and virtue, as ever was captain in France; but fortune's favors you will not enjoy, nor do you seek them. You will serve another King of France after him you now serve, who will love and esteem you much; but envious men will prevent his conferring on you great favors, or the honors you deserve; but be always assured that the fault will not be his." "And shall I escape from this battle, which you say will be so fatal?" "Yes, but you will die in war, within a dozen years at furthest; and will be killed by fire arms, for otherwise you would not so end your days; for you are too much beloved by those under your command for them not to sacrifice their lives rather than leave you in peril."

Observing that the Duke de Nemours made much of the Lord de La Palisse and the good Knight, he drew them both aside, and

said to them in Italian: "Gentlemen, I plainly see that you love this gentle Prince, your chief; and he well deserves it. Look to him on the day of battle, for his destiny threatens that he shall fall in it. If he escapes, he will be one of the greatest and most exalted personages that ever came out of France; but it will scarcely be that he will escape. And look well to it, for may I lose my head if ever man were in such hazard of death as he will be." Alas! cursed be the hour in which he spoke so truly! The Duke asked them smiling what he was saying to them, but the good Knight made a jesting reply and avoided answering his question.

CHAPTER XIX.

How Master Andrea Gritti, providador general of the Signory of Venice got possession of the town of Brescia; and how it was again recaptured by the Duke de Nemours; and how the good Knight was wounded almost to death.

NOT long after this the Duke set out from Fynal and marched to the relief of Bologna, though it was in the middle of winter and the roads nearly impassable, and compelled the Spaniards to raise the siege.

Meanwhile the Venetians were trying every means to regain possession of the town of Brescia, which is one of the strongest and finest cities in Europe, and supplied with all manner of provisions requisite to sustain nature. Within it spring so many beautiful fountains that it is a real earthly paradise. Three valleys running between the mountains unite there; of which one comes from Germany, and the two others from between Fryol and Venice; and by one of these three the town can always be succored. It was garrisoned by the King of France's people, the Lord de Lude being governor, and a gentleman named Herigois captain of the castle.

It was not without reason that the Venetians were anxious to retake it, for thence they could starve those in Verona, and keep in check any party sallying from Milan to its relief. But they could not succeed without having an understanding with some great person in the town; and although the inhabitants were true to St. Mark, no one dared encounter the risk, because the late Lord de Conty and the good Knight had before beheaded one of the greatest note and family in the place, the Count John Maria de Martinango, who had been chief in a plot to surprise them; and many of the others were imprisoned in France.

However, the devil, the enemy of all human peace, used his skill to sow a dissension in the town between the two great houses of Gambre and Advogadre; the former of which was most favored by the French.

One day a quarrel arose between two of the children of the Count de Gambre and the Count Louis Advogadre, in which the son of the latter was seriously wounded. His father, unable to obtain just reparation from the French authorities, determined to be revenged; and under pretense of visiting an estate, came to Venice and proffered his services to the Duke and council, by whom we need not ask if they were joyfully accepted. He was feted for three or four days like a king, and was promised that Master Andrea Gritti should appear before the town with seven or eight thousand men-of-war, besides the peasants who would come down from the mountains; and meanwhile he was to gain over the townspeople and make his preparations.

Five or six days afterwards the Venetians arrived one morning at daybreak at one of the gates, which they found well supplied with men to defend it, for the Lord de Lude kept good watch. The alarm was sounded; but while they were keeping the French in play at the gate, a party of the enemy broke certain iron grat-

ings through which passed the drainage of the town, and entered crying, *Saint Mark! Saint Mark!* whereupon Advogadre and all who were of his faction rose, and the whole town was in arms. When the poor Lord de Lude saw himself betrayed, he sounded the retreat and retired as best he could to the castle; but he was forced to abandon all his horses, harness and accouterments. The Countess de Gambre, who was a French woman, and all who were of the King of France's party escaped thither also; and meanwhile Master Andrea Gritti was admitted into the town. All the French who were found there were cut to pieces without giving quarter to a single one, which was a grievous pity; but they repaid it afterwards, as you shall hear.

The first thing Advogadre did was to demolish the houses of the Gambre faction. Master Andrea Gritti, knowing that it was of little avail to have the town unless he had the castle also, sent a trumpet to summon it; but he lost his labor, for it was too well garrisoned with gallant chivalry. However, provisions would have failed the garrison, and the place was so furiously cannonaded that a large breach was made. Besides which Andrea Gritti had two engines like cranes made in an incredibly short space of time to approach the wall, each of which carried full a hundred men abreast; in short he did all that was possible to take the castle.

The Lord de Lude and Captain Herigois despatched a messenger to the Duke de Nemours to tell him of their mishap, and moreover that if they were not relieved within eight days, they were lost. Though all the passes were guarded, the messenger contrived to escape, and made such good speed that he arrived at Bologna the very day that the gentle Duke had raised the siege and relieved the town with men and provisions. The good Prince was much disconcerted at hearing the danger of Brescia; for next to the castle of Milan, it was the most important place the French

had in Italy. He assembled all his captains, and it was concluded to set out forthwith to the relief of the castle.

Advancing by forced marches the French encountered and defeated a Venetian captain who had been sent to intercept them, and succeeded in entering the castle of Brescia; and the Duke without delay called together the captains to determine what was to be done.

The town was defended by about eight thousand regular troops and twelve or fourteen thousand peasants; while the French did not amount to more than twelve thousand fighting men; for a considerable part of their force remained at Bologna. However, those who composed this small number were undeniably the very flower of chivalry, and ready to give their lives for the King their master and the gentle Duke de Nemours.

It was resolved to make the assault the next morning between eight and nine. And the orders were that the onset should be made by the Lord de Molart and his infantry, preceded by Captain Herigois and his skirmishers; that after him should march in one body the Captain Jacob, who had been in the Prince of Anhalt's band in the Emperor's service before Padua, with his two thousand lansquenets; the Captains Bonnet, Maugiron, the Bastard de Cleves and others, to the number of seven thousand men; that they should be supported by the Duke de Nemours and the gentlemen commanded by the grand seneschal of Normandy, with the greater part of the men-at-arms dismounted in helmet and cuirass; and that my Lord d'Alegre with three hundred mounted men-at-arms should be at the Saint John's gate, which was the only one the enemy had not walled up, to prevent any sally being made. The good Lord de La Palisse was not at the assault, having been wounded the preceding evening by a cannon shot fired from the town against the castle.

The good Knight suggested that as the enemy would certainly oppose the first assault with their best men and their hacquebuteers, and that in such cases there should if possible be no giving ground, a hundred and fifty men-at-arms should be ordered to support the Lord de Molart, as they would be better able to sustain the shock than infantry who were not so well armed. "You say right, my Lord de Bayard," said the Duke, "but who is the captain who will expose himself to their hacquebutes?"[1] "I will, if it please you," replied he; "and believe me the company I command will to-day do good service to the King and yourself." When he had spoken, the captains all looked at one another; for without question the service was a dangerous one. However, he asked for the duty, and it was assigned him.

A trumpet was now sent to summon the enemy to surrender the town, in which case their lives would be spared; but if not, and it were stormed they were all assured of death. Alas! the poor inhabitants would gladly have complied; but Master Andrea Gritti and his captains returned for answer that the town belonged to the Signory, and they would take care that no Frenchman ever set foot in it. When the answer was reported to the Duke, he said; "Now, gentlemen, we have only to do our duty, and show ourselves gentle companions; let us march in the name of God and Saint Denis." He had scarcely uttered these words, when drums, trumpets and clarions sounded the attack so impetuously that the cowards' hair stood on end, and the brave felt their hearts swell within their bosoms.

The enemy, hearing this noise, fired several cannon shot; and one of the balls came right into the middle of the Duke's troop without killing or wounding any one, which, considering their close order, was almost miraculous. The Lord de Molart and the Captain Herigois with their men then advanced, and close in their

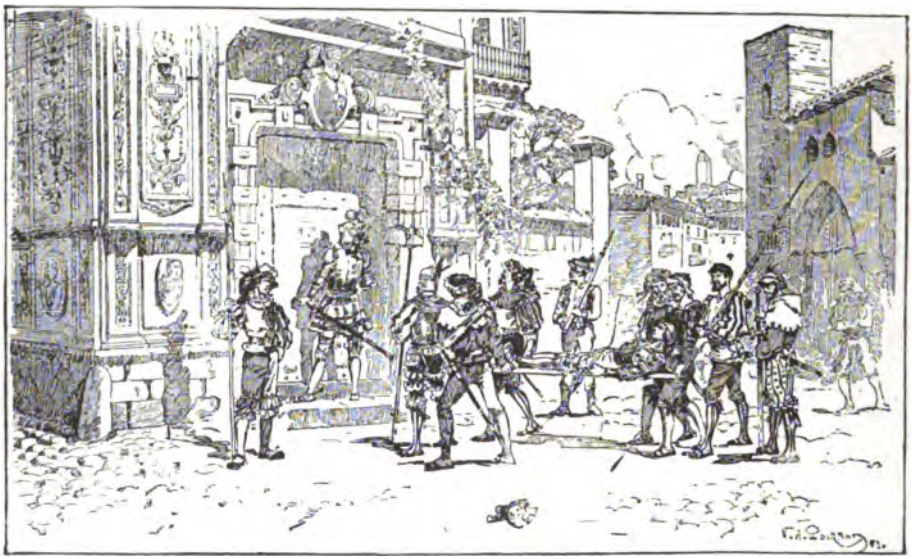
rear the good Knight and all his company, who were picked men, most of them having been captains, but who preferred serving in his company; so much was he beloved. One thing was in their favor; that there was no ditch of any consequence to impede them; though a good rampart had been thrown up, from behind which the enemy upon their approach poured their balls and bullets as thick as flies. It had rained a little, so that the descent from the castle to the town was slippery; whereupon the Duke,

Bayard Wounded.

who would not be last, took off his shoes and marched in his socks, and many followed his example.

The good Knight and the Lord de Molart fought furiously at this rampart, and it was marvelous well defended. The French shouted, *France! France!* those of the good Knight's company, *Bayard! Bayard!* and the enemy, *St. Mark! St. Mark!* and such was the noise that the hacquebutes could not be heard. Master Andrea Gritti exclaimed, "I think Bayards grow in France

like mushrooms; the cry in every battle is *Bayard!*" However, he gallantly cheered on his men, saying "Stand firm, my friends; the French will soon be tired; they are only good at the first onset, and if this Bayard were once repulsed the others would never come on." But he was much mistaken. The French were as earnestly bent on entering as he on preventing them, and made so vigorous an attack that the Venetians gave ground a little; which the good Knight perceiving, cried, "On! on! companions, they



Bayard carried by his Archers.

are ours; forward! they are broken." He was the first to pass the rampart and was followed by about a thousand men, so that they gained the first fort; but not without a severe struggle, and loss on both sides, though that of the French was not great.

The good Knight, however, received a wound in the upper part of the thigh from a pike, which entered so deep that it broke, and the iron head and part of the staff remained in the wound. He thought from the pain he felt that he was mortally wounded, and

called to the Lord de Molart, "Comrade, lead on your men, the town is gained; for me, I can go no further, for I am a dead man." The blood flowed from him copiously, and that he might not die without confession, he was forced to be carried out of the press by two of his archers, who stanched his wound as best they could with their shirts, which they tore up for the purpose.

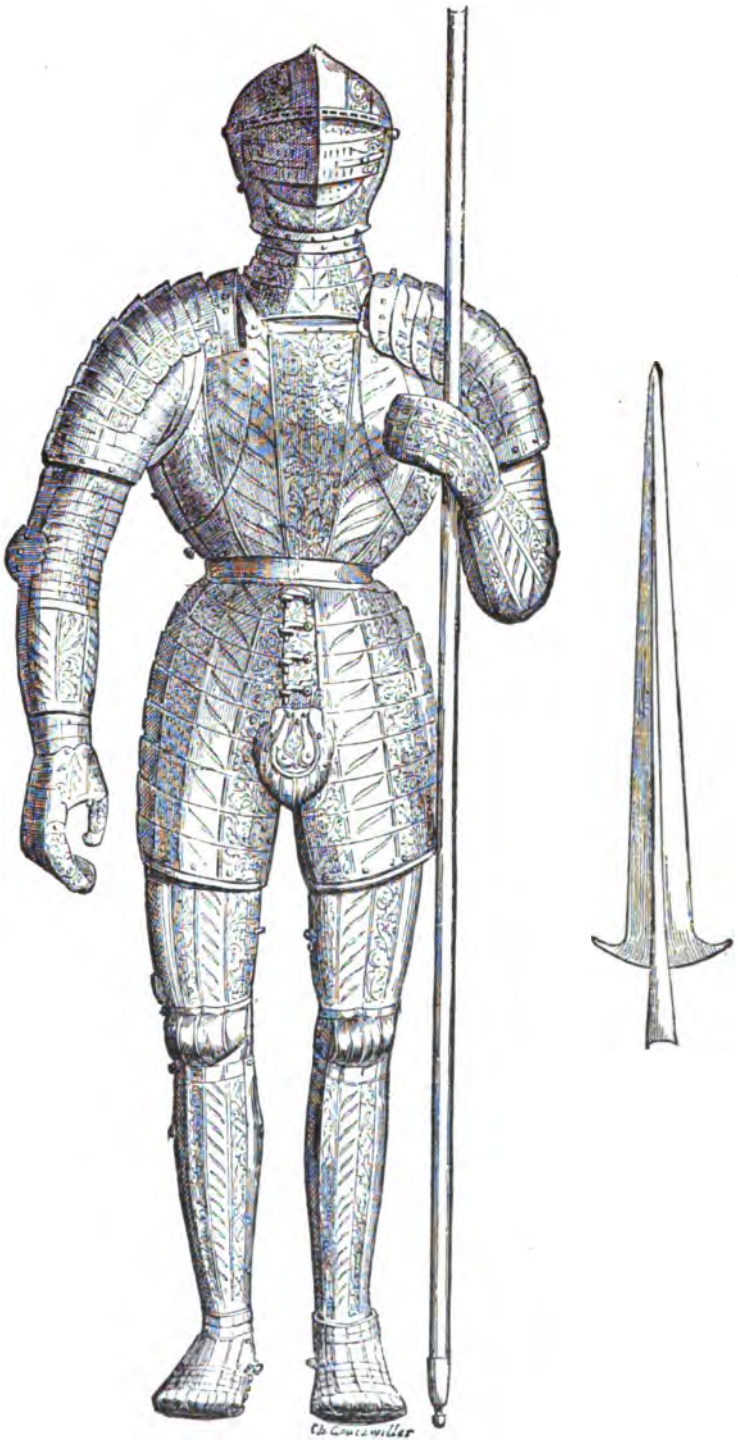
The Lord de Molart, who regretted bitterly the loss of his friend and countryman, (for they were both of the scarlet of gentility,) like a furious lion, bent on vengeance, pressed the enemy heavily, supported by the good Duke de Nemours and his band, who had heard in passing that the good Knight had gained the first fort and was mortally wounded, at which the Duke was as much grieved as if he had received the blow himself. The Venetians were forced to evacuate the citadel, and attempted to retire into the town and raise the drawbridge; but they were so hotly pursued that both parties entered pell mell into the great square, where was drawn up in order of battle the whole Venetian force of heavy and light horse and infantry.

Here the lansquenets and French adventurers showed themselves gallant companions. The combat raged for half an hour or more; the townsmen and women throwing down from the windows great blocks of stone and boiling water upon the French, and doing them more injury than the fighting men. At length the Venetians were defeated, and in that large square there slept, never to wake again, seven or eight thousand of them. The rest sought to escape from street to street, but were met and slaughtered like swine. Master Andrea Gritti and other captains were on horseback, and riding straight for the Saint John's gate, had the drawbridge lowered and attempted a sally, crying, *Saint Mark! Italy!* but it was a feeble shout of voices faint with fear. No sooner was the bridge lowered than the Lord d'Alegre, like a watchful leader,

rushed over it with his men-at-arms, and shouting *France! France!* charged the Venetians, most of whom were borne to earth. Master Andrea Gritti was taken prisoner, and not one escaped being either taken or killed. It was one of the most dreadful assaults ever seen, for there fell of the soldiers of the Signory and the townspeople, above twenty thousand, while the French had the good fortune to lose but fifty men. When they were weary of slaughter they fell to plundering and demolishing, and not even the monasteries escaped. The booty was estimated at three millions of crowns. It is certain that the taking of Brescia was the ruin of the French in Italy; for they got so much plunder that the greater part of them returned to France and quitted the war; and these would have done good service on the day of Ravenna, of which you will hear by and by.

But we must inquire what became of the good Knight after he had been so severely wounded. When they saw the citadel gained, his two archers unhinged the first door they found, and carried him on it as gently as they could to the most respectable looking house they saw near. It was the abode of a very rich gentleman, who had fled for refuge to a monastery; but his wife remained with no other protection than our Lord's, with two lovely daughters, who were concealed in a loft under some hay. When the archers knocked at the door, she opened it, resolved to trust in God's mercy, and saw the good Knight brought in wounded. He made them shut the door, and placed his two archers at it, charging them on their lives to suffer none to enter but his own people, and promising that they should lose nothing by not joining in the pillage.

The lady of the house conducted him into a handsome chamber, and throwing herself on her knees before him, besought him to save the honor and the lives of herself and her two young girls,



Bayard's Armor.

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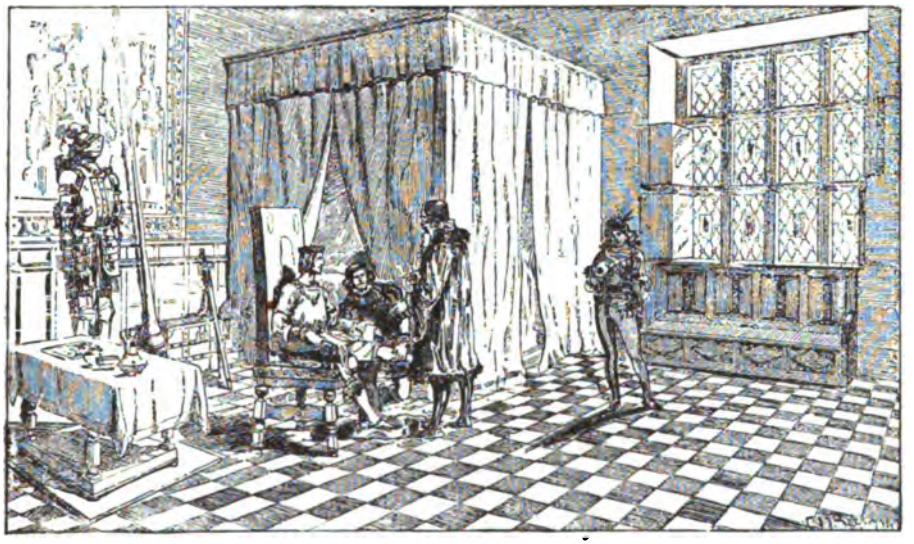
who were just of marriageable years. The good Knight, who never entertained a wicked thought, replied, "Madam, I know not whether I shall recover from my wound; but while I live, no insult shall be offered to you or your daughters; only keep them out of sight. And I assure you that you have here a gentleman who will not plunder you, but show you any courtesy in his power." He then prayed her to send for a surgeon quickly, to dress his wound. She went herself with one of the archers to seek him, for



Bayard attended by the Surgeon.

he lived but two doors off. When he came he examined the wound, which was deep and wide; and having extracted the iron, which was a most painful operation, he assured the good Knight that it was not dangerous. At the second dressing came the surgeon of the Duke de Nemours, who afterwards attended him, and treated him so skillfully that in less than a month he was ready to mount on horseback.

After the glorious taking of Brescia, and when the fury of the

storming was past, the victorious Duke de Nemours, who was the god Mars himself, took up his quarters there. He first cleared the monasteries and churches of the soldiers, and then made the ladies return to their houses with such of their husbands as were no longer prisoners, and by degrees reassured them. They were three whole days occupied in removing the dead, for fear of infection, and found upwards of two and twenty thousand of them.

During the week the gentle Duke was at Brescia he visited the good Knight at least once a day, and often desired him to make haste and recover, for that they would have to fight the Spaniards within a month, and would give all he was worth rather than he should not be there; such confidence had he in him. The good Knight answered, "My lord, if there is to be a battle, as well for the service of the King my master as for love of you, and for my own honor, I would be carried thither in a litter rather than not be present." The Duke made him many presents, and one day sent him five hundred crowns, which he gave to the two archers who had remained with him when he was wounded. He also had search made for the lady's husband, who was found and restored to his wife and daughters, to their great mutual joy.

Italian Light Horseman. (*From a 16th Century print.*)

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CHAPTER XX.

How the good Knight left Brescia to follow the Duke de Nemours and the French army; and of the great courtesy he showed his hostess at parting; and how the French were repulsed in repeated assaults on Ravenna on Good Friday.

WHEN Louis the Twelfth heard of the capture of Brescia, you may suppose he was right well pleased. At the same time, knowing that as long as the Spaniards were strutting over Lombardy he would never be secure in Milan, he wrote pressing letters to the noble Duke his nephew, urging him to carry the war out of Lombardy. The Duke therefore, leaving the good Knight in Brescia, led his army by forced marches to Bologna, where the Duke of Ferrara joined his camp, and was associated with the Lord de La Palisse in command of the vanguard. Thence he marched to a place called Castello Santo Pedro, about fifteen miles from Bologna, where he found the army of the King of Spain and the Pope. It was one of the finest and best appointed armies for its numbers that had ever been seen. Don Raymond de Cardonna, Viceroy of Naples, commanded it, and had with him some fourteen

hundred men-at-arms. They were covered with gold and azure, and were splendidly mounted on Spanish horses, of which eight hundred were barbed. There were only twelve thousand foot; namely, two thousand Italians under Captain Ramassot, and ten thousand Spaniards, Biscayans and Navarrese, under Count Pedro Navarro, who was captain-general of the infantry, and had formerly led his men into Barbary and gained two or three battles over the Moors. In short, they were all trained to war, and most expert in the use of their weapons.

As the Duke approached them they retired; always taking care to occupy a strong position on the hills, while the French were encamped on the plain; and on the day of Ravenna he was obliged to attack them in their position, as you shall hear. But we must first relate how the good Knight left Brescia to join the Duke de Nemours.

He had been confined to his bed upwards of a month, which chagrined him much, for every day news arrived from the French camp how they were approaching the Spaniards and expecting a battle from day to day. One morning he got up and walked about the room to see if he could support himself, and though he felt himself somewhat weak, he sent for the surgeon and asked him if there would be any danger in his traveling, for he felt himself nearly well, and thought the fret of remaining there would do him more harm than good. The surgeon, who knew how impatient he was to be at the battle, told him that though the wound was not closed, it was healed within; and if his barber would every morning and night apply a bandage with a plaster he would give him, there would be no danger, as the wound would not touch his saddle. The good Knight was overjoyed, and ordered his servants to have every thing ready for starting in two days.

The lady of the house, who always deemed herself, together with

her husband and daughters, his prisoners, and that all her movables were his, (for that had been the practice of the French in other houses, as she well knew), considered that if he were disposed to treat them with rigor, he might mulct them in ten or twelve thousand crowns. She therefore determined to make him some handsome present, persuaded, from her knowledge of his character and gentle heart, that he would be graciously content therewith.

The morning of the day of his departure she entered his room with one of her servants carrying a small steel casket, and found him reposing in a chair after having walked a good deal to exercise his leg. She threw herself on her knees, but he immediately raised her, and would not suffer her to speak a word till she was seated by him; and then she commenced thus: "My lord, God has been gracious to me in sending you to this house at the taking of the town, to preserve the lives of my husband, myself and my two daughters, together with their honor, which they hold more dear. And, moreover, from none of your people have I experienced the slightest insult, but on the contrary all courtesy. I know well that all of us in this house are your prisoners, to dispose of at your good pleasure, together with our goods; but knowing the nobleness of your heart, I am come to supplicate you most humbly to have pity on us, and treat us with your accustomed liberality. Here is a little present we hope you will be pleased to accept." She then took the box from the servant and opened it before the good Knight, who saw it was full of shining ducats. He, who never in his life cared for money, began to laugh, and asked her how many there were in the box. The poor woman, fearing he was angry at seeing so little, said, "My lord, there are but two thousand five hundr[illegible] ducats; but if you are not content we will find more." "By my faith, Madam," re-

plied he, "were you to give me a hundred thousand crowns, you would not confer on me what I should prize so much as the good cheer I have enjoyed here and the attentions you have shown me; and I assure you that wherever I may be, you will have, while God spares my life, a gentleman at your command. For your ducats, I thank you, but will none of them. I pray you keep them; and do not suppose you send me away one whit less satisfied with you, than if this town had been at your disposal, and you had given it me."

The good lady was much astonished to find herself refused. She again knelt, but the good Knight would not suffer it; and when he had raised her up she said: "My lord, I shall think myself the most unhappy woman in the world if you do not receive my little present, which is a very inadequate acknowledgment of the courtesy which of your great goodness you have shown, and are now showing me." When he saw her so resolute, he said: "Well, Madam, I accept it for love of you; but seek me your two daughters, for I must bid them adieu." The poor woman, who deemed herself in paradise at her present being accepted, went to find her daughters. They were handsome, good and well educated, and had much beguiled the tediousness of the good Knight's illness, as they could sing well, play the lute and spinet, and work cleverly with the needle. They were brought before the good Knight, who while they had been arranging their dress, had divided the ducats into three parts; in two a thousand each; and in the third, five hundred. When they arrived they fell on their knees, but he forthwith raised them, and the eldest said, "My lord, we two poor maidens, whom you have honored by protecting us from all injury, are come to take leave of you, humbly thanking you for the favor you have shown us, for which, having nothing else in our power, we shall never cease to pray God for you."

"We shall never cease to pray God for you."

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The good Knight, almost moved to tears at seeing so much sweetness and humility in these two lovely girls, replied: "Young ladies, you are doing what I ought to do; which is to thank you for your good company, for which I am much bounden to you. You know that soldiers do not carry about handsome presents for ladies, and it grieves me much not to be so provided. Your lady mother here has given me two thousand five hundred ducats which you see on this table. I present each of you with a thousand as a wedding present; and in return I only ask you to be pleased to pray God for me." He put the ducats in their aprons whether they would or no; and then addressing his hostess he said: "Madam, I will take these five hundred ducats for myself, to apportion them among the poor religious houses which have been pillaged; and request you to undertake the charge, as you will best know where the need is greatest. And so I take my leave of you."

He then took their hands in the Italian fashion, and they wept as if they were being led to execution. The lady said: "Incomparable flower of chivalry, may our blessed Saviour and Redeemer Jesus Christ, who suffered death and passion for all sinners, reward you in this world and in the next." They then retired to their rooms; and the good Knight sent for his steward and desired him to have all ready for getting on horseback at noon.

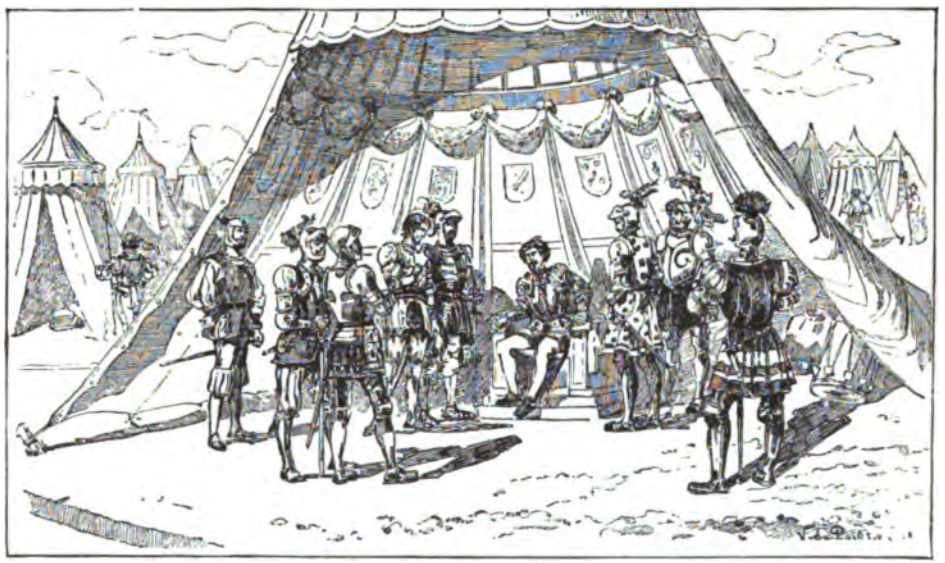
The master of the house, who had heard from his wife of the great courtesy of his host, came and kneeling gave him a profusion of thanks, placing his person and goods entirely at his disposal. The good Knight made him dine with him; and dinner was no sooner despatched than he called for his horses; for he was impatient to join his comrades, being very apprehensive that the battle would take place before his arrival.

As he came out of his room the two fair daughters of the house

descended, and each presented him with a keepsake which she had worked for him during his sickness. The one consisted of two pretty little bracelets of hair beautifully worked with gold and silver thread; the other was a purse of crimson satin curiously embroidered. He thanked them much, and said he would not take two thousand crowns for these presents coming from such fair hands; and fastening the bracelets on his arms and placing the purse in his sleeve, he assured them that while they lasted he would wear them for their love. So saying he mounted his horse, and was accompanied for two or three miles by his great friend and companion the Lord d'Aubigny, whom the Duke de Nemours had left to guard the town, and by many other gentlemen. They then took leave of each other; the one party to return to Brescia and the other to proceed to the French camp, where the good Knight arrived on the Wednesday evening of Holy week, being the seventh of April. We need not ask if he was well received by the Lord de Nemours and all the commanders; and the men-at-arms and adventurers displayed such joy, that it seemed as if his coming had re-enforced the army by ten thousand men. The camp was that evening before Ravenna, and the enemy at six miles distance; but the next day, which was Holy Thursday, they approached within two miles.

On his arrival before Ravenna the gentle Duke de Nemours assembled all his captains to know what was to be done; for the French camp was beginning to suffer from want of provisions, which they obtained with great difficulty. There was already a failure of bread and wine, for the Venetians had cut off their supplies on one side, and the army of the Spaniards held the whole coast of Romagna; so that the adventurers were forced to subsist on flesh and cheese. There was another great trouble, of which neither the Duke de Nemours nor any of the captains were aware. It was

that the Emperor had sent word to the captains of the lansquenets that on their lives they should retire at sight of his letter, and should by no means fight the Spaniards. This letter had fallen into the hands of the Captain Jacob, who had been occasionally to visit the King of France since he had been in his service, when some present had been made him, so that his heart was altogether French; and besides, this Duke de Nemours had so won men's hearts, that all who were with him would have died at his request.



The Duke de Nemours assembles his Captains.

Among all the French captains there was none whom the Captain Jacob loved as he did the good Knight; and this love commenced from the Emperor's first expedition to Padua in the year 1509. When he had seen the letter and knew of the good Knight's arrival, he went to see him at his quarters, with his interpreter only, for all he knew of French was, *bonjour*, *monseigneur*. They made one another good cheer; and the Captain Jacob informed the good Knight of the Emperor's orders, and that he had

the letters still about him, which no one else had seen; for he knew well that if the lansquenets were apprised of it, the greater part would not fight; but that for himself, he had given his oath to the King of France and received his pay; and were he to die a hundred thousand deaths, he would never be guilty of such baseness as not to fight; but that they must make haste; for it was impossible but that the Emperor would soon send other letters which might come to the knowledge of his comrades, and thus the French might receive great damage, for the said lansquenets were a third part of their force, there being about five thousand of them.

The good Knight, who well knew the gentle heart of the Captain Jacob, lauded him marvelously, and proposed they should both go to the Duke's quarters, who had summoned all the captains to council, and declare the matter to him apart.

The council sat long, and after many conflicting opinions had been delivered, the Duke de Nemours, who had already spoken with the good Knight and the Captain Jacob, and knew that they needs must fight, asked the former's opinion; who said: "My lord, you know that I arrived but yesterday; I know nothing of the condition of our enemies; my lords my companions have seen and skirmished with them daily, and know them better than I. I have heard some of them approve and others disapprove the battle; but since you are pleased to ask my opinion, saving the respect due to yourself and my lords here present, I will give it. That all battles are attended with risk is true, and true also that we should consider well before coming to that point; but, looking at the present positions of our enemies and ourselves, it seems to me difficult for us to avoid a battle; because you have already made your approaches before this town of Ravenna, which to-morrow you will cannonade and, the breach made, assault it. You

are already apprised that the Lord Mark Anthony Colonna, who has been in it these eight or ten days, entered on the promise and sworn faith of Don Raymond de Cardonna, Viceroy of Naples, chief of the enemy's army, of his uncle the Lord Fabrizio Colonna, and of the Count Pedro Novarra, that if he could hold out till to-morrow or at latest till Easter-day they would relieve him. They are already on the outskirts of our army. On the other hand, the longer you remain the worse plight we shall be in; for our men have no provisions, and our horses are fed on the buds the willows are now putting forth; and besides, you have the King our master daily writing to you to give battle, for that in your hands rests not only the safety of his duchy of Milan, but also his whole state of France, seeing the enemies he now has. Wherefore my advice is to fight, and that warily, for we have to do with good and cautious warriors. That it is not without danger I admit, but one thing comforts me; the Spaniards have been for a year in this Romagna fed like fish in a stew, and are fat and replete; our men have endured, and do still, great scarcity of food; wherefore they will have the longer wind, and we need nothing else, for the field will be theirs who shall fight longest." All laughed at this speech, for he had such a happy way of saying what he wished that every one took pleasure in hearing him. The Lords de Lautrec, de La Palisse, the grand seneschal of Normandy, and most of the captains agreed in opinion with the good Knight and it was resolved to give battle to the enemy.

Accordingly the next day the town of Ravenna was sharply cannonaded so that the cannon were plainly heard in the enemy's camp, and they determined to redeem their promise of succoring it before Easter-day had passed. During the cannonade two gallant French captains were wounded by hacquebute shots, the Lord d'Espy, master of the artillery, in the arm, and the Lord de Chat-

illon, Jaques de Coligny, provost of Paris, in the thigh ; of which wounds they afterwards died at Ferrara. When the breach was pronounced practicable the storming party advanced ; but though they made five or six attacks in succession, they were repulsed by the besieged commanded by Mark Anthony Colonna in person, and were at length compelled to retreat. And most providential it was, for had they taken the town they would never have collected together the adventurers ; and that would have occasioned the loss of the subsequent battle.

The next morning early the good Knight set out with a party to give the Spaniards an alarm in their camp ; but the Baron de Bearn had been beforehand with him, and had roused nearly their whole army, who were chasing him in his retreat ; and he would have been roughly handled had not the good Knight arrived most opportunely to his assistance, and compelled the Spaniards to make the best of their way back to the camp. He conducted this skirmish so boldly and so warily that the good Duke de Nemours said to him, " It is you and such as you, my Lord de Bayard, who should go on skirmishing parties ; for you manage both attack and retreat discreetly ;" and all who were there declared they never saw a man perform such feats of arms, nor who better understood the art of war.

The next day there was a much more severe and fatal conflict, and of which both French and Spaniards will ever curse the day.

CHAPTER XXI.

Of th cruel and furious battle of Ravenna, and the death of the gentle Duke de Nemours.

UPON the return of the good Knight from this hot skirmish, all the captains both of horse and foot were assembled after dinner at the quarters of the good Duke de Nemours, the nonpareil of all the brave who have existed these two thousand years; for one will not read in chronicle or history of emperor, king, prince or lord who in so short a time has performed such splendid actions as he. But cruel death carried him off at the age of four and twenty, which was an irreparable damage to all nobility.

It being resolved that the next day, which was Easter-day, they would go seek their enemies, they prepared a bridge of boats over a small canal which separated the two armies, in order to pass over the artillery and infantry, which last amounted to ten or twelve thousand men; for the cavalry could easily ford it; and they then arranged their plan for the engagement.

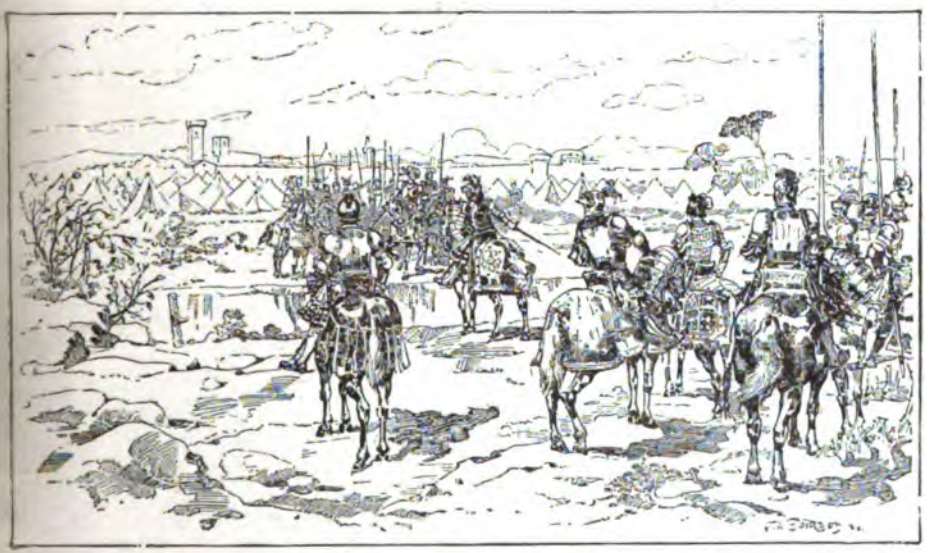
As soon as it was morning the lansquenets commenced the passage of the bridge; which the Lord de Molart seeing exclaimed to

his adventurers: "How! comrades, shall it be said to our reproach that the lansquenets crossed to the attack before us? For myself, I would rather have lost an eye." So saying, as the lansquenets occupied the bridge, he plunged with his men all shod and accoutered as he was, into the water, which reached to their waists; and so well did they bestir themselves that they crossed before the lansquenets. The artillery was then passed over and placed in front of the infantry, who immediately formed in order of battle; afterwards the vanguard of the cavalry, and then the battle passed over.

I must mention an incident that occurred while this was going on. The gentle Duke de Nemours left his quarters just at sunrise armed at all points except his helmet. He had on a very gorgeous but heavy furcoat embroidered with the arms of Navarre and Foix. On coming out from his tent, he observed to the company about him how red the sun was. A gentleman with whom he was very familiar, named Haubourdin, replied: "Do you know, my lord, what that portends? there will die to day some prince or great commander; it must be either you or the Viceroy of Naples." The Duke laughed at this, for he took in jest all Haubourdin's words, and went to the bridge to see his army passing. There he encountered the good Knight, who proposed to him to ride a little along the canal till all had crossed over. They had not gone far when the Duke observed: "My Lord de Bayard, we make an excellent mark here; if there were hacquebuteers concealed over yonder they might pick us off at their ease." As he said this, they perceived a troop of twenty or thirty Spanish gentlemen on horseback, among whom was the Captain Pedro de Pas, chief of their cavalry. The good Knight advanced a few paces and saluted them, saying: "Gentlemen, you are amusing yourselves as we are, waiting for the good game to begin; I pray you not to

allow hacquebutes to be fired from your side, and they shall fire none from ours."

The Captain Pedro de Pas inquired his name, and when he heard that it was the Captain Bayard who had been so renowned in the kingdom of Naples, he was overjoyed, and said in his own language: "By my faith, my Lord de Bayard, although I am assured we have gained nothing by your arrival, but on the contrary I deem your camp strengthened by two thousand men, yet I am



The Duke of Nemours meets Don Pedro de Pas.

very glad to see you; and would to God that there were peace between our masters, that we might pass some time together, for all my life I have loved you for your great prowess." The good Knight, than whom none was more courteous, returned him his compliments with interest.

The Captain Pedro de Pas, remarking the respect paid to the Duke de Nemours, asked who that distinguished lord was to whom all his people paid so much attention. The good Knight

replied, "It is our chief, the Duke de Nemours, nephew of our Prince and brother of your Queen." He had scarcely finished when the Captain Pedro de Pas and all who were with him dismounted, and addressing the noble Prince, said, "My lord, saving the honor and service of the King our master, we are and will ever remain your servants." The Duke de Nemours, full of courtesy as he was, thanked them, and said, "My lords, I see that it will not be decided this day without great effusion of blood, whether the field is yours or ours. If your Viceroy will settle our differences in single combat with me, I will endeavor to obtain the consent of all my friends and comrades. If I am conquered, they shall return to the duchy of Milan and leave you in peaceable possession of what is beyond; but if he is conquered, you shall all return to the kingdom of Naples." This proposal, however, was not approved by the Spaniards. "Well then, gentlemen," said the gentle Prince, "adieu; I am going to pass the water, and vow never to repass it till the field is either yours or ours." And so he quitted them.

As the Duke returned he saw the enemy, one mass of steel, ranging themselves in order of battle, and observed particularly their vanguard of cavalry, commanded by the Lord Fabrizio Colonna. The Lord d'Alegre and the good Knight remarked to him, "My lord, do you see that troop of cavalry? By my faith, two pieces of artillery brought to this point would do them marvelous damage." The advice was approved, and he himself went to order up a cannon and a long culverin. The Spaniards had already commenced firing from their camp, which was very strong; for they had a good ditch before them, behind which all their infantry were lying flat on the ground to avoid the fire of the French artillery. Before them were their own guns, numbering twenty pieces, including cannons and long culverins; and about two hundred hacquebutes with rests; and between every two hacquebutes there were little wheeled cars

with large blades of sharp steel in the form of roncies, to be rolled among the infantry when they attempted to force them. On their flank was their vanguard under the Lord Fabrizio Colonna, consisting of eight hundred men-at-arms ; a little further was their battle, in which were more than four hundred men-at-arms commanded by the Viceroy Don Raymond de Cardonna; and next him were the Italians, not more than two thousand in number, under Ramassot. As for the men-at-arms, one never heard speak of any better found or better mounted.

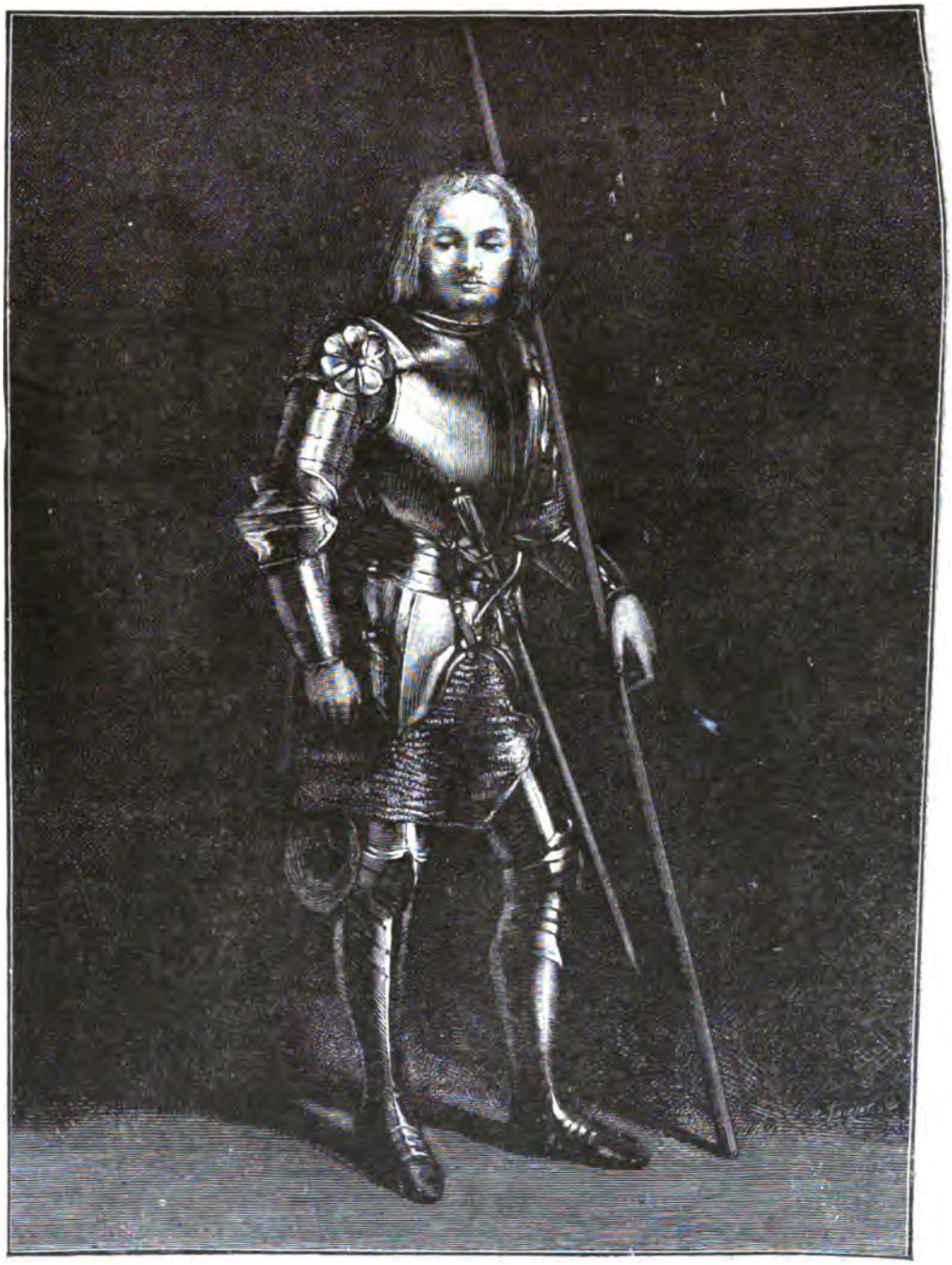
As soon as the Duke de Nemours had passed the river, he ordered the whole army to advance. The Spaniards fired upon the mass of French infantry and killed two thousand of them before they came to close quarters, as well as two noted men-at-arms. There also fell by one cannon shot those two valiant captains the Lord de Molart and Philip de Fribourg, which was a great loss to the French, for they were two distinguished and beloved captains, particularly the Lord de Molart, every one of whose men would have given his life for him. Notwithstanding the heavy fire of the Spaniards, the French continued to advance; and the two pieces which the Lord d'Alegre and the good Knight had brought up, kept a continuous fire upon the Lord Fabrizio's troop and did him incredible damage; for he lost three hundred men-at-arms, of whom thirty-three were carried off by one cannon-shot. They had been ordered not to quit the fort, but to allow the French to get into confusion by attacking them there. Finding themselves, however, slaughtered they knew not how, they exclaimed in their language, "*Coerpo di Dios!* we are destroyed from heaven! we have to combat spirits!" and the Lord Fabrizio could no longer restrain them from quitting the fort to fight in the open field.

They did not march straight at the French vanguard, but drew aside to their main battle, where was the brave Duke de Nemours

with a small body of men-at-arms. These, delighted at being first engaged, lowered their visors and boldly went straight at their enemies. The Spaniards came on furiously with a marvelous cry of *Spain! Spain! St. Iago! at the horses! at the horses!* and were as furiously received by the French, who shouted also, *France! France! at the horses! at the horses!* for the Spaniards aimed only at killing the horses, having a proverb, "*Moerto il cavallo, perdido l'hombre d'armez.*"

Since God created heaven and earth, there had never been seen so fierce and stubborn an encounter as this between the French and Spaniards. It lasted a good half hour, both sides pausing to take breath, and then charging with renewed fury, shouting impetuously, *France!* and *Spain!* But the Spaniards being half as many more than the French, the Lord d'Alegre galloped to the vanguard, and descrying the band of Robert de la Marche, whose device was black and white, he called out to them, "Advance, black and white, and you, archers of the guard!" The Duke of Ferrara and the Lord de La Palisse, well knowing that the Lord d'Alegre was not come to call them without great need, instantly moved forward, and giving the rein to their horses galloped to the succor of the Duke de Nemours and his band, who, in spite of their inferior numbers, were gradually forcing the Spaniards to give ground.

At the arrival of this fresh body there was a marvelous uproar. The archers of the guard had small axes suspended from the arcons of their saddles, with which they made their huts. These they called into play, and dealt such stout blows on the helmets of the Spaniards as staggered them, and they were at length compelled to abandon the field, on which there fell three or four hundred of their men-at-arms; and some Neapolitan princes were taken prisoners. The good Knight, seeing the brave Duke de



Duke of Nemours.

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Nemours covered with the blood and brains of one of his men-at-arms who had been killed by a cannon-shot, inquired if he were wounded. "No, thank God!" said he, "but I have wounded many." "Then God be praised, my honored prince, you have gained the battle. But do not advance; only remain here and collect your men; keep them from plundering, for it is not yet time. Captain Louis d'Ars and I will pursue these fugitives that they may not rally behind their infantry; and do not let any one persuade you to stir till one of us comes to seek you." He promised to follow his advice; and well had it been had he done so.

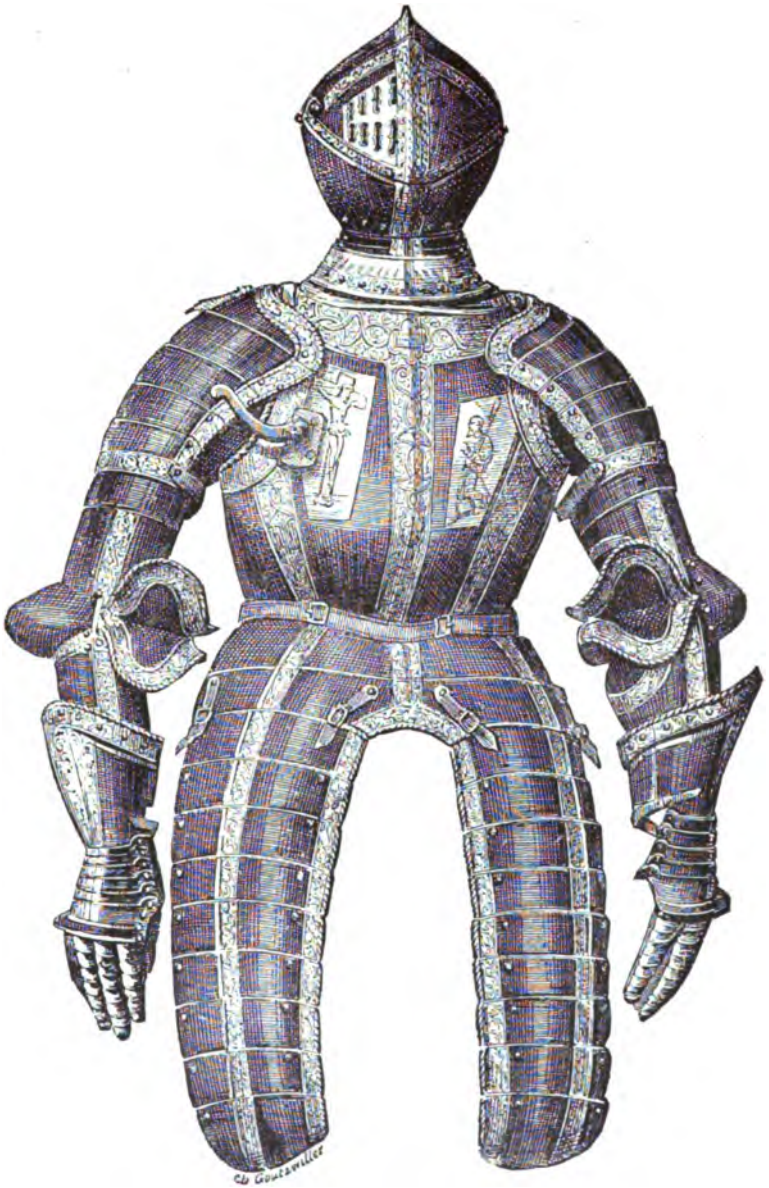
Meanwhile two thousand Gascons, under the Captain Odet and the Cadet de Duras, were ordered to fire a volley into the fort, where the Spanish infantry were lying on the ground, and a thousand Picardy pikemen commanded by the Lord de Moncaure were brought up to support them in case of a sally. Their fire effectually roused the Spaniards, who started up in good order of battle, while two banners of about twelve hundred men sallying out charged the Gascons and put them to the rout, killing the Lord de Moncaure, the knight Desbories, lieutenant of Captain Odet, the lieutenant of the Cadet de Duras, and many others.

Upon this the Spaniards raised a great shout as though they had gained the battle; but well knowing the contrary, these two banners which had routed the Gascons, instead of returning to the fort, determined to gain Ravenna, and marched along the causeway of the canal three or four abreast. The fort meanwhile was furiously defended by the Spaniards, under whose fire many fell; and among others the gentle Captain Jacob. He received a ball through his body, and calling to his comrades in German, "Gentlemen, let us serve the King of France to-day as well as he has treated us," he fell dead. The French at length forced the ditch, but not without terrible slaughter; for the Spaniards fought

so resolutely that when they had lost arms and legs they made use of their teeth; but the French cavalry charging them in flank, they were all cut to pieces, except the Count Pedro Navarro and some other captains, who were taken prisoners. Many French leaders fell in this assault, as the Baron de Grammont, the Captain Maugiron, who much distinguished himself, and the Lord de Bardassan. The Captain Bonnet was severely wounded.

When the two banners had routed the Gascons, several of the latter fled to the place where was the good Duke de Nemours, who advancing towards them inquired what was the matter, and was answered that the Spaniards had defeated them. The poor Prince, thinking that it was the great body of his infantry, was in despair, and without looking to see who followed him, threw himself on the causeway, by which these two banners with about fifteen men-at-arms were retreating. They immediately discharged their hacquebutes at the Duke and his little party, and then attacked them with their pikes. The gentle Duke and those who were with him had scarcely room to move; for the causeway was narrow, with the canal on one side and a deep ditch on the other. Most of his companions were soon pushed into the canal or fell into the ditch; and his stirrup leathers being cut, he dismounted sword in hand, and never did Roland at Roncesvalles perform such feats as he did there with his cousin the Lord de Lautrec; who, seeing the great danger he was in, called out to the Spaniards, "Do not slay him, he is our Viceroy and brother to your Queen." There, however, the poor Duke fell, with fourteen or fifteen wounds between his forehead and his chin; showing that the gentle Prince had never turned his back. In the canal was drowned the son of the Lord d'Alegre; and the Lord de Lautrec and many others were left for dead.

The two banners continued their retreat along the causeway,



Armor of a Captain of Lansquenets.

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which was more than ten miles long, and when they were about half way, encountered the good Knight returning from the pursuit with about thirty or forty men-at-arms, jaded and wearied beyond measure. He was, notwithstanding, about to charge them when one of their captains advanced and said to him, "Sir, what are you about to do? You know well you are not strong enough to defeat us; you have gained the battle and killed all our people; let the honor you have got suffice, and suffer us to pass, for by God's will we have escaped." The good Knight knew the Spaniard spoke the truth; nor had he a horse fit for work. However, he demanded their banners, which were given up, and they then opened a passage for him, and he let them depart. Alas! he knew not that the good Duke de Nemours was dead, nor that these were the men who had slain him, or he would have died ten thousand deaths but he would have avenged him.

While the battle was yet raging, Don Raymond de Cardonna, Viceroy of Naples, with about three hundred men-at-arms, and the Captain Ramassot, with his infantry, abandoned the field. The Viceroy was about to exchange his horse for a handsome fresh charger, but the good Knight followed him so close that he seized the horse he was about to mount, which he afterwards presented to my Lord of Lorraine: and the Viceroy fled precipitately.

The French returned from the pursuit about four in the afternoon, and the fight had commenced about eight in the morning. There have been many battles since God created heaven and earth, but there never was, for the numbers engaged, one so cruel, so furious, or better fought on all sides, than the battle of Ravenna.

The French camp was filled with lamentations for the death of that virtuous and noble prince the gentle Duke de Nemours, who was the nonpareil in prowess of his age. It was intended to have made him King of Naples had he lived; but it pleased God to take

him. I think the nine worthies must have made it their request, for had he lived he would have surpassed them all. The French

While the battle was yet raging.

lost many valiant captains, with three thousand infantry, and eighty men-at-arms of the ordonnance companies of the King of

France, with seven of his gentlemen and nine archers of his guard; and of the remainder the greater part was wounded. A hundred years will not repair the loss of the Spaniards, for they lost twenty captains of infantry, and ten thousand men, whose captain general, Count Pedro Navarro, was taken prisoner. Of their cavalry were killed upwards of thirty captains, and full eight hundred men-at-arms. Among a hundred great lords and captains who were taken prisoners was the Cardinal de Medicis, who was the Pope's legate in their camp. They lost all their artillery, hacquebutes, and baggage wagons: in short, of twenty thousand cavalry and infantry, not more than four thousand escaped being killed or made prisoners.

This victory was presently followed by the capture and pillage of the town of Ravenna; the Lord Mark Anthony Colonna retiring into the citadel, which was good and strong.

CHAPTER XXII.

How the French were driven out of Lombardy; and how the good Knight was wounded in the retreat from Pavia, and of his dangerous illness, and great courtesy. And of the unfortunate expedition against Pampeluna.

On the death of the Duke de Nemours the French returned to Milan, where his remains were interred with most splendid obsequies. There were present more than ten thousand persons in mourning, most of them on horseback; and forty standards taken from the enemy were trailed before the body, which was close followed by his banner and guidon, to indicate that these had lowered the pride of the former. And thus he was carried to his grave amid the tears and groans of the spectators.

The Pope with his wonted charity succeeded in finally detaching the Emperor from the French; and a numerous army of the Venetians, Swiss, and papal troops, coming down upon their enfeebled force, obliged them to retire to Pavia, from which place they also drove them after a short but fierce struggle, and compelled them to abandon Lombardy with the exception of the

castles of Milan and Cremona, Lugano, Lucarna, the town and castle of Brescia, and a few other places.

In the retreat from Pavia the good Knight was wounded between the neck and the shoulder by a ball which carried away the flesh and laid bare the bone. Those who saw it thought he was killed; but he who was never frightened at any thing, and knew that this was not the time to show fear, though he felt himself seriously wounded, assured his companions it was nothing. They stanched the wound as best they could with moss from the trees, and bound it with linen which the soldiers tore from their shirts, for they had no surgeon with them, by reason of the bad weather.

The French recrossed the mountains, and went into quarters; and the good Knight betook himself to Grenoble to visit his good uncle the Bishop, whom he had not seen for a long time. Here he was attacked by a violent fever; whether the effect of his great exertions of many years, or of the wound he received at the retreat from Pavia, I know not; so that his life was despaired of. The poor gentleman, enfeebled by disease, uttered such piteous complaints, that he must have had a hard heart who could have refrained from tears on hearing them. "Ah! Lord," he exclaimed, "since it was thy good pleasure to take me from this world thus early, why didst thou not suffer me to die with that gentle prince the Duke de Nemours and my other comrades on the day of Ravenna? or to fall at the storming of Brescia, where I was so severely wounded? Alas! I should then have met a happier death, for at least I should have died like my ancestors on the battle field. Lord, by thy favor I have escaped death so often in battles, assaults, and skirmishes; and now I must die like a maiden in my bed! Yet, though I would fain have it otherwise, thy will be done. I am a great sinner, but I hope in thine infinite mercy. Alas! my

Creator, I have greatly offended thee; but had I lived longer, I had good hope to have amended my evil ways."

Thus did the good Knight express his regret, and then because he was burning from the great fever which possessed him, he addressed himself to my Lord Saint Anthony, saying, "Ah! glorious confessor and true friend of God, Saint Anthony! All my life I have so loved and trusted in thee; and thou leavest me to burn in such extreme heat that I desire only speedy death. Alas! and dost thou not remember that during the war against the Pope, being at Rubera in one of thy houses, I preserved it from being burned, which it had been, had I not, in honor of thy holy name, taken up my quarters there, though it was without the fortress, and in danger of the enemy, who night and day might have paid me a visit without finding any thing to prevent them? And yet I preferred remaining a month in this fashion to thy house being destroyed. At least I beseech thee to allay this my great heat and entreat God for me that he will either soon take me from this miserable world, or restore me to health."

So piteously did the good Knight bewail himself that all the bystanders melted into tears, including his good uncle the Bishop, who was continually in prayer for him. And not he only, but all the nobles, citizens, merchants, monks and nuns were night and day offering up prayers and orisons for him. And it could not be but that among so many people there must have been some good person whose prayer the Lord would hear; as was sufficiently apparent; for by degrees the fever left him; he began to sleep and recover his appetite, and in a fortnight or three weeks was quite recovered, and as lusty as ever; taking his pleasure in visiting his friends and the ladies, and banqueting from house to house.

The good Knight you must understand was not a saint. Now there dwelt in the town a poor gentlewoman who had a very fair

daughter of fifteen years of age. Her poverty was so extreme that to procure subsistence she prevailed upon her daughter, partly by persuasion and partly by compulsion, to suffer herself to be secretly conducted one evening to his lodgings by a varlet of his. Returning late from a banquet in the town the good Knight found her in his apartment. She was lovely as an angel, but her eyes were swollen with weeping. Seeing her in this plight, he asked her what ailed her, and if she knew why she was come there. The poor girl threw herself on her knees, and said; "Alas: yes, my lord, my mother has insisted on it, nor would I have done so without compulsion; but my mother and I are so poor that we are dying of hunger; and would to God I were dead, so I might not be of the number of unhappy girls, and in dishonor all my life;" and so saying she wept so violently that there was no pacifying her.

When the good Knight perceived her noble courage, he said to her almost with tears: "Truly, my friend, I will not be so wicked as to seek to alter your virtuous resolution." And changing vice into virtue, he took her by the hand, wrapped her in a cloak, and making his varlet take a torch, he conducted her to a female relative of his who lived near, under whose charge he left her.

The next morning he sent for the mother, and asked her if she were not a miserable wretch to be willing to render her daughter vicious. The poor woman, ashamed and afraid, could only answer that they were in the extremity of poverty. "Well," said the good Knight, "never do so vile a thing as to sell your daughter, who is a gentlewoman. You should be severely punished. Tell me now has no one ever asked her in marriage?"—"Yes indeed," said she, "a neighbor of mine, an honorable man; but he requires six hundred florins, and I have not the half of them." "And if he had them, would he marry her?" said the good Knight. "Yes, assur-

edly," answered she. He then took his purse and handed her three hundred crowns, saying: "Here, my friend, are two hundred crowns, which are more than equivalent to six hundred florins of this country, to marry your daughter withal; and a hundred crowns for her wedding gear." He then presented the mother with another hundred crowns for herself, and desired his varlet not to lose sight of them till he had seen the daughter married; which she was three days after, and kept a very creditable house, taking her mother to live with her. I believe you have never read in chronicle or history a more courteous, liberal and honorable action than this of the good Knight.

He remained some time in Dauphiny making great cheer until he was despatched by the King his master with some pieces of heavy artllery to cross the Pyrenees and re-enforce the good Lord de La Palisse, who had been sent to recover the kingdom of Navarre; which the King of Arragon had usurped from him who had just title to it, on no other pretext than that he was in friendship with the King of France.

After taking some small fortresses they laid siege to Pampeluna; and while this was in progress, the good Knight was detached with a strong force to reduce a castle about four leagues off, the garrison of which gave great annoyance to the French. He sent forward a trumpet to intimate that they must place the castle in the hands of their sovereign the King of Navarre, and that he would then give them quarter and allow them to retire safe with their lives; but otherwise, should the place be taken by storm, they should all be cut to pieces. The garrison were men-of-war placed there by the Duke of Nagera and the Alcalde de los Donzelles, lieutenant of the King of Spain; and being all good and loyal servants of their master they made answer that they would not yield the place, and still less themselves. On hearing the re-

port of the trumpet the good Knight without delay planted four pieces of heavy artillery he had with him, and cannonaded the place briskly. Those within, who were not more than a hundred men, had plenty of hacquebutes on rests and two falconets with which they kept up a sharp fire upon their enemies; but they could not prevent their making in about a quarter of an hour a tolerably wide breach, but not very practicable from the steepness of the ascent. However, in such matters something more than wishing is requisite.

The good Knight ordered the assault to be sounded, and coming to the lansquenets, exhorted them to march to the breach. Their interpreter, speaking for them, said it was their privilege whenever a place was taken by storm to have double pay; and if they were promised it, they would go to the assault; otherwise not. The good Knight knew nothing of these privileges, but to have no longer tarrying, promised them that if they took the place they should have what they asked. He might promise as he pleased, but the devil a lansquenet ever mounted the breach. The adventurers went to it gallantly, but were heavily repulsed two or three times; and in truth the defenders showed themselves good soldiers.

The good Knight, seeing he could not take the place in this fashion, sounded the retreat, and causing ten or twelve more rounds of artillery to be fired as though he would widen the breach, he meanwhile desired a gentle companion, named little John de La Vergne, to take two or three ladders and some forty or fifty men, and endeavor, when he himself renewed the assault, to scale a large tower at one corner of the castle, assuring him he would find no one to defend it.

The assault was presently renewed more fiercely than before, and the whole garrison came to defend the breach, not dreaming

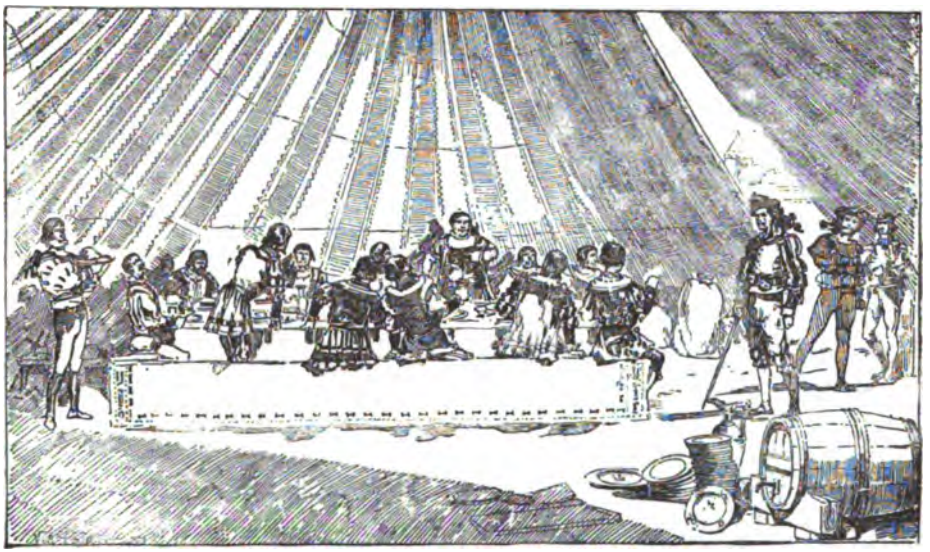
that the place could be entered any other way. But they were mistaken; for La Vergne conducted his charge so well that he and fifty men were in the place before they were perceived, and crying *France! France! Navarre! Navarre!* rushed on the rear of those who were defending the breach, who were much astonished at being thus surprised. However, they defended themselves well; but their prowess served them not; for the assailants forced their entrance and cut nearly all of them to pieces, and the place was ransacked and pillaged.

As the good Knight was preparing to return to the camp, two or three captains of the lansquenets came to him, and by their interpreter required him to keep his promise of giving them double pay if the place were taken. This angered him greatly, and he replied in wrath to the interpreter, "Tell your rascals of lansquenets that I would sooner give them each a halter to hang themselves. Cowards that they are, they would not go to the assault, and they ask double pay! I will speak of it to my Lord de La Palisse and my Lord of Suffolk, their captain-general; but it shall be to break them; for they are of no more worth than the vilest wenches." When the interpreter told them what he said, they immediately raised a marvelous uproar; but the good Knight sounded to the standard and assembled his men-at-arms and adventurers; so that had they made a show of any thing, he was prepared to cut them to pieces. They appeased themselves by degrees, and returned to the camp before Pampeluna in their ranks like the others.

That same evening the good Knight gave a supper to all the leaders, among whom was the Duke of Suffolk, called the White Rose,[1] captain-general of all the lansquenets in the camp, of whom there were six or seven thousand.

As they were finishing supper a lansquenet, who had well drunk,

entered, saying he was come to seek the Captain Bayard to kill him, because he would not give them money. He spoke a little bad French, and the Captain Pierrepont hearing him, said laughing to the good Knight, "My lord, here is a lansquenet seeking for you to kill you." The good Knight, who was the merriest creature possible, rose from table with his sword in his hand, and addressing the lansquenet said: "Is it you who desire to kill Captain Bayard? Here he is; defend yourself." The poor fellow,



"Is it you who desire to kill Captain Bayard."

drunk as he was, was terribly frightened, and replied that it was not he alone but all the lansquenets who wished to kill the Captain Bayard. "Ha! upon my soul," said the good Knight, who was bursting with laughter, "I am off; and have no mind singly to fight seven thousand lansquenets. An arbitration, comrade, for God's sake." All the company laughed heartily. The soldier was seated at table opposite the good Knight, who plied him so well in the fashion he had commenced in, that before he went away he

swore to defend the Captain Bayard before and against all; and that he was a proper man and had good wine.

The next day the artillery commenced battering Pampeluna, and the storming was attempted; but the place was so well defended by that gentle Spanish knight the Alcalde de los Donzelles that the French were obliged to retreat with heavy loss. It was an unfortunate expedition; for the French on entering Navarre, destroyed and wasted every thing, broke the windmills and did many such like things, which occasioned such a scarcity and famine that much people died; and the army was in such want of shoes that a wretched pair for a lackey cost a crown. In addition to these distresses, the Spaniards had arrived at Ponte da Reyna near Pampeluna with eight or ten thousand men; and the King of Navarre was advised by the Lord de La Palisse and all the captains to retire till another season. The siege was therefore raised in open day, and the artillery sent away; but the mountains over which it was to pass were too rugged, and after carrying it three days' march by dint of men and money, the French were constrained to leave it at the foot of a mountain, having first rendered it useless to the enemy.

The army suffered much from want of provisions in recrossing the mountains, and were constantly harassed by the enemy. One day the Duke of Suffolk, between whom and the good Knight there existed a great and perfect friendship, was so exhausted with fatigue, having neither eaten nor drunk the whole day, that late in the evening he came to the good Knight and said, "Captain Bayard, my friend, I am dying of hunger; I pray you give me some supper to day, for my people tell me there is nothing at my quarters." The good Knight, who was never out of spirits, replied, "Certainly, my lord, and you shall be well entertained." Then calling for his steward he said, "De Mylieu, go before and hasten

supper; and let us have every thing in the same style as in Paris." At which the Duke laughed for a quarter of an hour; for they had been already two days with nothing to eat but bread made of millet.

However, they made as handsome a retreat as ever soldiers made; and above all the good Knight acquired great honor, being always in the rear till danger was past, for they readily paid him the compliment of always placing him among the first in an advance, and among the last in a retreat. Right glad were the French to reach Bayonne, where they got a sufficiency of food and leisure to eat it: but many of the infantry, who were famished, ate so much that they died of it.

In this year died Pope Julius, that pretty friend to the French; and the Cardinal de Medicis was elected in his room by the title of Pope Leo.

There came also to the coast of Brittany an English army which did no great things. One day a large English ship called the *Regent*, and a vessel of the Queen of France, Duchess of Brittany, called the *Cordeliere* met, and fought. During the combat one of the ships was set on fire, and finally both were burned. The English suffered great loss; for on board the said *Regent* were a great number of gentlemen who perished without the possibility of escape.

CHAPTER XXIII.

How the King Henry of England made a descent on France and besieged Terouenne; and of the battle called the Battle of the Spurs, in which the good Knight performed great feats of arms.

EARLY in the year 1513 Henry the Eighth, King of England, having allied himself with the Emperor Maximilian, disembarked at Calais with a powerful army to invade Picardy; whereupon the King of France sent his lieutenant general the Lord de Pyennes, governor of the province, with a large force to oppose him.

The English lost no time in laying siege to the town of Terouenne, which was strongly fortified, and defended by two bold and gallant gentlemen, the Lord de Teligny, seneschal of Rouergue, and the Lord de Pontdormy, with their bands, some French adventurers, and some lansquenets under the command of Captain Brandec. They were all good soldiers and capable of holding out if they had had provisions; but the French seldom victual a place in time or in sufficient quantities. The besiegers were commanded by Master Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, and the Captain Talbot, the lieutenants of the King of England; who soon after

Henry VIII. (*After Holbein.*)

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joined them in person, having been suffered to pass under the very noses of the French army by the Lord de Pyennes, who had strict orders from his master to hazard nothing.

The good Knight, however, attacked his rear and captured a piece of artillery named the Saint John; being one of twelve which the King Henry had with him and called his twelve apostles. The King of England was received with great joy by his army, for he was a jovial and liberal prince; and three or four days after he was joined by the Emperor Maximilian, with a number of Hainaulters and Burgundians.

The French were ordered at whatever peril to throw provisions into Terouenne, which could not be done without great hazard, as it was closely invested. They determined upon making a feigned attack on the English camp with all their men-at-arms, while a detachment should throw provisions into the ditch, whence the garrison were to draw them into the town. On the appointed day the French captains and their men got to horse; but the King of England, who had been informed by his spies of their intention, had at daybreak posted on a hill ten or twelve thousand English archers and four or five thousand lansquenets, with about ten pieces of artillery, with orders when the French had passed to descend and cut off their retreat; and he had ordered out all his men-at-arms, English, Burgundians and Hainaulters, to attack them in front. It must be observed in justice to the French, who have been much blamed in this affair, that they had orders not to risk a battle, but if they were pressed, to retreat as expeditiously as they could.

The French advanced within a league of Terouenne, when a sharp and severe skirmish took place, in which they did their devoir well, until they perceived that large body of infantry descending from the hill in two divisions to inclose them. Upon this their

trumpets sounded the retreat; they retired at first at a walk, but being pressed, betook themselves to a trot, and finally to a gallop; and the foremost of them threw themselves so violently upon the Lord de La Palisse, who was in order of battle with the Duke de Longueville, that they put all into disorder. The pursuers, perceiving this, pressed them so hotly that they made all the French turn their backs in spite of the attempts of the Lord de La Palisse and others to rally them, and compelled them to take refuge in their camp, where they had left their artillery and infantry. In this rout the Duke de Longueville was taken prisoner, with many others; and the Lord de La Palisse narrowly escaped.

The good Knight retreated reluctantly; and with some fifteen men-at-arms who remained with him frequently turned upon the enemy, till he came to a little bridge where but two horsemen could pass abreast. Here he kept the Burgundians and Hainaulters in check, who finding they could make no impression, sent to hasten the English archers; but in the meanwhile more than two hundred of their cavalry, crossing a ford by the windmill, surrounded the good Knight and his party. Seeing this, he said to his comrades, "My lords, let us surrender to these gentlemen; our prowess will avail us no further, for our horses are exhausted, and they are ten to one; our people are three leagues off, and if we delay longer, the English archers will come up and cut us to pieces." As he said this the Burgundians and Hainaulters came up, and charged them with cries of *Burgundy! Burgundy!* and the French, having no longer the power of resisting, yielded themselves, one here and another there, to the most distinguished of their enemies.

While each was occupied in securing his prisoner, the good Knight perceived a well appointed gentleman sitting under some shrubs, so exhausted by the extreme heat and fatigue that he had

taken off his helmet and did not care to trouble himself about the prisoners. He spurred straight to him sword in hand, and putting the weapon to his throat said: "Yield, man-at-arms, or thou diest." The gentleman was astounded, but said, "Well, I yield me, since thou hast caught me thus; but who are you?" "I am the Captain Bayard and now yield myself to you, and present you my sword, praying you to take me with you; but one courtesy you shall do me; if we meet any English by the way who wish to kill us, you shall restore it me." This the gentleman promised to do, and kept his word; for on their way to the camp they were both obliged to use their blades against some English who, disregarding ransom, sought only to kill the prisoners.

When the good Knight had been entertained by this gentleman in his tent in the English camp for three or four days, he required to be conducted to the French camp, saying he was already tired of being where he was. His captor, not a little surprised, observed that nothing had yet been said about his ransom. "My ransom!" said the good Knight, "no, nor of yours; for you are my prisoner as well, having first yielded to me; and if you do not send me away, I shall some way or other effect my escape, and shall assuredly call you to account." The gentleman, who was a courteous knight enough, said that he was ready to do what was just, and would abide by the decision of the commanders.

It was soon known in the English camp that the good Knight was taken prisoner; and to hear them speak of it, you would think they had gained a battle. The Emperor sent for him to his quarters, and received him most graciously, saying: "Captain Bayard, my friend, I am overjoyed to see you. Would to God I had many such men as you; I think it would not be long before I should take my revenge for all the good turns the King your master and the French have done me heretofore." And he added, jestingly:

"We formerly were at the wars together, and I remember that it was then said that the Captain Bayard never fled." "Sire," replied he, "I was never in that school where I learned to flee. Had I fled, I should not be here."

During their conversation the King of England arrived, to whom the good Knight was made known, and paid reverence due to so great a prince. The King received him graciously, and speaking of the battle, said he had never seen men run away with such hearty good will and in such numbers as the French, who were only pursued by four or five hundred horse; and he and the Emperor spoke very slightingly of their conduct. The good Knight warmly defended them on the ground of the orders they had received from their commanders, and of their having had no infantry or artillery. "Truly, my Lord de Bayard," said the King of England, "if all resembled you, I should soon be compelled to raise the siege. But be that as it may, you are fortunately for me a prisoner." "Sire," answered the good Knight, "I do not admit it, and would refer it to the Emperor and you." And then, in presence of the gentleman to whom he had yielded, he recounted the whole matter. The Emperor declared it to be his opinion that the two gentlemen were quit with each other, and that the good Knight might depart whenever it pleased the King of England; who accorded with him, and said, that if he would give his parole not to bear arms for six weeks, he might afterwards return, and in the meantime might visit the towns of Flanders. The good Knight thanked them for their courtesies, and went to spend the appointed time in that country; during which the King of England tried every means to gain him over, but in vain; for his heart was altogether French; and when his term was expired he returned to France amid the regrets of all with whom he had spent the period of his captivity.

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A few days after the Battle of the Spurs, Terouenne surrendered for want of provisions; and was demolished by the English, who soon after took Tournay also, which the King of England strongly fortified. The winter being now far advanced, the camp was broken up, the King of England returning to his kingdom, and the Emperor to Germany. The French also broke up their camp and went into winter quarters in the frontier garrisons of Picardy.

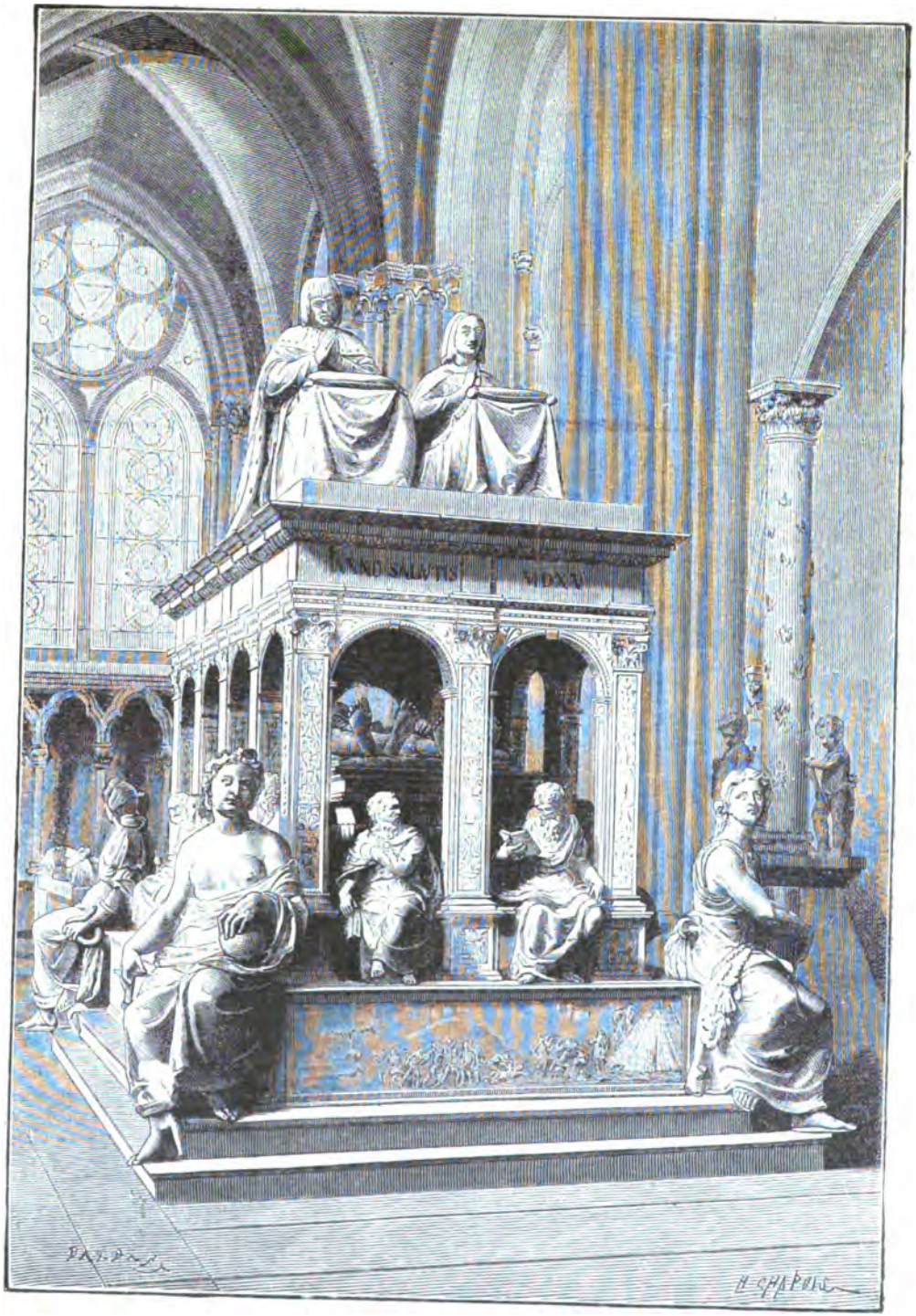
In this year of 1513 great reverses befell Louis the Twelfth as well as his allies; among whom was James the Fourth of Scotland, who, attempting to invade England, was defeated and slain at the battle of Flodden. However, the King of France was so beloved by his subjects that at their request God aided him; and although the greater part of the princes of Europe and even all his neighbors had sworn his ruin, he defended his realm well. From Picardy he returned by easy marches to his town of Blois, of which he was very fond because it was his birthplace; but he had scarcely arrived there when a great and irreparable misfortune befell him, as you shall hear

CHAPTER XXIV.

Of the death of the magnanimous and virtuous Princess Anne, Queen of France and Duchess of Brittany. Of the marriage of King Louis the Twelfth with Mary of England, and of his death. Of the battle of Francis King of France with the Swiss; and how he would be knighted at the hands of the good Knight without fear and without reproach.

In the following January the King's good companion and spouse Anne, Queen of France and Duchess of Brittany, fell grievously sick. and notwithstanding all the skill of her physicians, in less than a week she rendered her soul to God. The nobility of France and Brittany experienced an incalculable loss; for a more magnanimous, virtuous, wise, liberal and accomplished princess never wore the crown of France since there was such a title as queen. She left her husband two good and lovely princesses, Claude and Renee, the latter about three years old.

In the month of October in the same year the King, in order to spare his people the continued miseries of war, reluctantly espoused the Lady Mary, sister of the King of England; and his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fate resembled that of the pelican. For after that the Queen Mary had made her entry into Paris, which was in great state, and that many jousts and tourneys, which lasted six weeks, were over; the good King, who for his wife's sake had changed his whole manner of living, (for whereas he was wont to dine at eight o'clock, he was obliged to dine at midday; and whereas he was wont to go to bed at six in the evening, he now often did not retire till midnight,) fell sick; and dying the following January was buried at Saint Denis with his ancestors. He was lamented by all his subjects, and not without good reason; for he had maintained them in peace, and ruled them with justice; so that after his death and all his praises said, he was deservedly called the Father of the People. He was succeeded by Francis, first of that name, who was just twenty, the handsomest prince of his day and but lately married to the Lady Claude of France, eldest daughter of the late King, and Duchess of Brittany.

Soon after his coronation Francis made preparations for reconquering his duchy of Milan, and moved his army towards the Lyonnese and Dauphiny. The good Knight, as was always the case on an advance, was sent forward with a detachment, and rendered the King good service by surprising the Lord Prosper Colonna in the town of Villafranca, and making him and several captains prisoners, capturing an immense booty in money, horses, gold and silver vessels and other movables, which the Lord Prosper himself declared was a loss to him of fifty thousand crowns. The King of France received these good news as he descended the mountains; and it is certain that this capture did the French great service; for had not the Lord Prosper been taken he would have been at the subsequent battle, and by his means the Spaniards and the remainder of the Pope's army would have been there too, mustering together a thousand men-at-arms;

which would have given the French such troublesome work as they could well dispense with.

The Swiss, who had possessed themselves of the passes, when they heard of the capture of the Lord Prosper abandoned them, and as the French advanced, retreated to Milan. When the French had approached within fifteen miles of that city, proposals were made to arrange their differences in conference; but while this was pending the Cardinal of Syon, who had all his life been the mortal enemy of the French, so stirred up the Swiss by his preaching one Thursday evening, that they sallied from Milan like mad people, and made a sudden irruption on the French camp at Marignano.

The constable, the Duke de Bourbon, who commanded the vanguard, immediately formed his troops, and sent word to the King, who was just going to supper. He did not stay to taste it but went straight to the enemy, where the skirmishing had already commenced, which lasted some while before the great game began. The King endeavored to pass his lansquenets, of whom he had a considerable number, across a ditch in order to reach the Swiss, but whenever a few ranks had passed they were overwhelmed by the Swiss and pushed into the ditch; and had it not been for the Lord de Guise,[1] who was left for dead, the Duke de Bourbon, the gentle Count de St. Pol, the good Knight and some others who charged through this body of Swiss, there would have been much mischief done, for night was fast approaching, and night knows no shame.

The Swiss were at length broken by the cavalry of the vanguard; and a body of about two thousand of them passed opposite the King, who charged them gallantly. The fight was severe and his person was in great danger; for his grandebuffe[2] was pierced through and through by a pike. It was already so dark they

could scarcely see each other, and the two parties were forced to separate and repose as they could; the King of France sharing the fortune of the meanest of his soldiers, and remaining all night on horseback.

The good Knight had a narrow escape. In the last charge upon the Swiss in the dusk of the evening, he was mounted on a gallant steed, his second horse, for the first had been killed under him in the first charge. The pikes bristled so thick about him that his horse's bridle was torn off. When the animal felt himself without rein, he rushed in spite of the Swiss right through their ranks, and was carrying his rider straight into another body of them, when he was fortunately arrested by some vines festooned from tree to tree.

The good Knight, who did not lose his presence of mind, knew that he was dead past remedy if he fell into the hands of the enemy. He quickly dismounted, threw off his helmet and cuisses, and crawled along the ditches upon all fours to where he guessed the French camp to be, and heard the cry of *France!* By God's mercy he reached it in safety, and the first person he met was the Duke de Lorraine, who was much shocked to see him thus on foot. He forthwith made them bring him a gallant charger, called le Carman, which had been taken at the siege of Brescia, and presented to the Duke by the good Knight himself. The good Knight rode him at the battle of Ravenna and left him there for dead with two pike wounds in his flanks and more than twenty sword cuts on his head; but the next day he was found quietly grazing, and began to neigh; upon which he was taken to the good Knight's quarters, and his wounds tended. It appears incredible, but is nevertheless a fact, that he would allow them to lay him down and dress his wounds without stirring, like a human being; and whenever he afterwards saw a sword

he would rush at it and seize it with his teeth. A higher couraged horse was never seen; he was another Alexander's Bucephalus.

The good Knight was rejoiced to find himself escaped from such great danger, and so well remounted; but he was troubled at having no helmet, for in these affairs it is somewhat dangerous to go bareheaded. Perceiving a gentleman his friend, whose page was carrying his helmet, he begged him to lend it him for an hour or two, as he was afraid of catching cold after heating himself so much on foot; and he never parted with it till the battle was over.

At daybreak the Swiss recommenced with an attack upon the French artillery, with which they were well served. But they fought admirably for three or four good hours, till they were at length broken, leaving on the field ten or twelve thousand men. The remainder retreated in pretty good order to Milan, whither they were escorted by the swords of the French and of a re-enforcement of Venetians commanded by the captain-general of the signory, who had just arrived. The loss of the French was very great, for there fell the Lord Francis de Bourbon, the gentle Captain d'Hymbercourt, the Count de Sanxerre, and the Lord de Mouy; and the Prince de Talmont and the Lord de Bucy afterwards died of their wounds. It was determined not to pursue the Swiss, but to allow them to retire to their own country; and Milan soon after surrendered.

In the evening of the battle there was great joy in the French camp, and the King was minded at once to confer knighthood on those who had served him in this battle, and at the same time to do great honor to the good Knight, who had so well sustained his previous reputation. As by the rules of chivalry a knight only could confer knighthood, the King, before making the others, sent for the Lord de Bayard, and informed him that he desired to be knighted by him as the knight of greatest renown for his feats of

arms on foot and on horseback in divers battles, as Brescia, Padua and Ravenna. "Sire," answered the good Knight, "he who is crowned, consecrated and anointed with the oil sent from heaven and is king of so noble a kingdom, the eldest son of the Church, is a knight above all other knights." "Come, Bayard," said the King, "despatch. Allege me not laws and canons; but obey my will and command, if you would be of the number of my good servants and subjects." "Certes, Sire," replied he, "I will do it not once, but a hundred times at your command." He then took his sword and laying it on the King's shoulder said: "Sire, may you be as renowned as Roland or Oliver, Godfrey or Baldwin his brother; and God grant you may never turn your back in war." Then in merry manner he held up his sword and addressed it aloud:—"Most fortunate art thou to have this day conferred knighthood on so distinguished and puissant a king. Certes, my good sword, I shall keep thee as a sacred relic, honored above all others; and will never use thee but against Turks, Saracens or Moors;" and so he returned it to its scabbard.[3]

CHAPTER XXV.

Of many events which came to pass in France, Italy and Spain during two or three years; and how the good Knight defended the town of Maizieres against the Emperor's force, whereby he acquired great honor.

In the month of December the King of France went to visit the Pope at Bologna, who received him with great attentions. On his return he came to Milan; and having left there the Duke de Bourbon, Constable of France, as his lieutenant-general, he went straight to Provence where he met his good and loyal spouse, and Madame his mother whom, at his departure, he had left regent of his kingdom.

About this time died Ferdinand, King of Arragon, who in his lifetime had gained great victories. He was vigilant, cautious and subtle; and it is nowhere related that he was ever overreached; and thus he greatly augmented the wealth of his successor.

The Emperor Maximilian, displeased at the splendid victory which the King of France had gained over the Swiss, and at his having conquered his duchy of Milan, assembled a great number of lansquenets and some Swiss, and came in person into the said

duchy. The Constable retired into the town, where a few days after he was re-enforced by eight or ten thousand Swiss; seeing which, the Emperor, who was the most suspicious man in the world, retreated to his own country. He gained little honor by his enterprise, but the Constable great renown. The good Knight made many incursions on the Germans and took many prisoners, but he got nothing from them but their pikes and daggers.

The following year died John, King of Navarre, who had been despoiled by Ferdinand, King of Arragon.

About the month of October in the same year the pardon of the crusade was given in France by Pope Leo, whence sprang many scandals and jests by reason of the preachers, who said much more than the bull warranted.

The last day of February, 1517, the good, discreet and very perfect Queen of France, Claude, was delivered of her first son Francis, Dauphin of Viennois, in the town of Amboise. There were great rejoicings throughout the Kingdom of France; and among others the town of Orleans did wonders; for during a whole day two fountains poured forth red and white wine; and from a small pipe there ran hypocras, to which many stuck when they had once tasted it.

In the year 1519 died the Emperor Maximilian; and his grandson Charles, King of Spain, was elected Emperor in his stead.

Robert de La Marche, Lord of Sedan, having made some incursions into his territories, the new Emperor assembled an army of forty thousand men under the Count de Nassau and the Lord Francisco, and took several of his towns; and then, without any warning, suddenly besieged and took Mozon which belonged to the King of France with whom he was at peace, and threatened the town of Maizieres in Champagne.

The King of France despatched the good Knight to defend it

until he had collected his army, declaring that there was no man in his kingdom in whom he had greater confidence. The good Knight, who only desired to serve his master and acquire honor, forthwith threw himself into Maizieres with the young Lord Anne de Montmorency, and some other young gentlemen who volunteered to accompany him, with a number of infantry commanded by the Captain Boncal and the Lord de Montmoreau. They found the town in very poor plight for standing a siege, but the good Knight set every one, horse and foot, to work to repair the ramparts; and himself set them the example, and inspired them with such courage that they thought themselves in the strongest place in the world.

Two days after their arrival Maizieres was besieged from two points; on one side of the river by the Lord Francisco with about fifteen thousand men, and on the other by the Count de Nassau with more than twenty thousand.

They sent a herald to the good Knight to represent to him that he must needs surrender the town, which was not tenable against their force; that in consideration of his chivalrous renown they would be grieved that it should be taken by storm, for it would much detract from his honor, and might cost him his life; and that it only needed one misfortune to befall a man to throw into oblivion all the glorious acts of his life; and that if he would listen to reason, they would give him such terms as would content him.

When the good Knight had heard the herald's message, he smiled; and without asking any man's advice, at once answered: "My friend herald, I am overwhelmed at the honor done me by the Count de Nassau and the Lord Francisco, who, knowing so little of me, are so anxious for my safety. Return, and tell them that the King my master has in his kingdom many more capable than myself to defend this frontier town; but that since he has

Charles V. (*After Titian.*)

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done me the honor to confide it to me, I hope by the help of our Lord to hold it so long that your masters will be much more weary of the siege than I shall; and that I am no longer a child to be scared with words." The herald was then well feasted, and sent away, and on his return to the camp reported the answer, which was far from agreeable to the two lords.

There was present the captain called great John of Picardy, who had spent great part of his life in the service of the Kings of France in Italy, who said aloud: "My lords, do not expect to enter Maizieres so long as my Lord de Bayard lives. I know him, and he has often led me in battle. Had he the greatest cowards in the world in his company he would make them bold; and believe me, all who are with him will die in the breach and himself at their head, before we set foot in the town; and for myself, I had rather there were two thousand men more in the town, provided he were away."

The count replied, "Captain, the Lord de Bayard is not made of iron or steel more than another. If he be a gallant companion let him show it; for before four days are over I shall have given him such a cannonading that he will not know which way to turn." "Well, we shall see," said the captain, "but you will be mistaken."

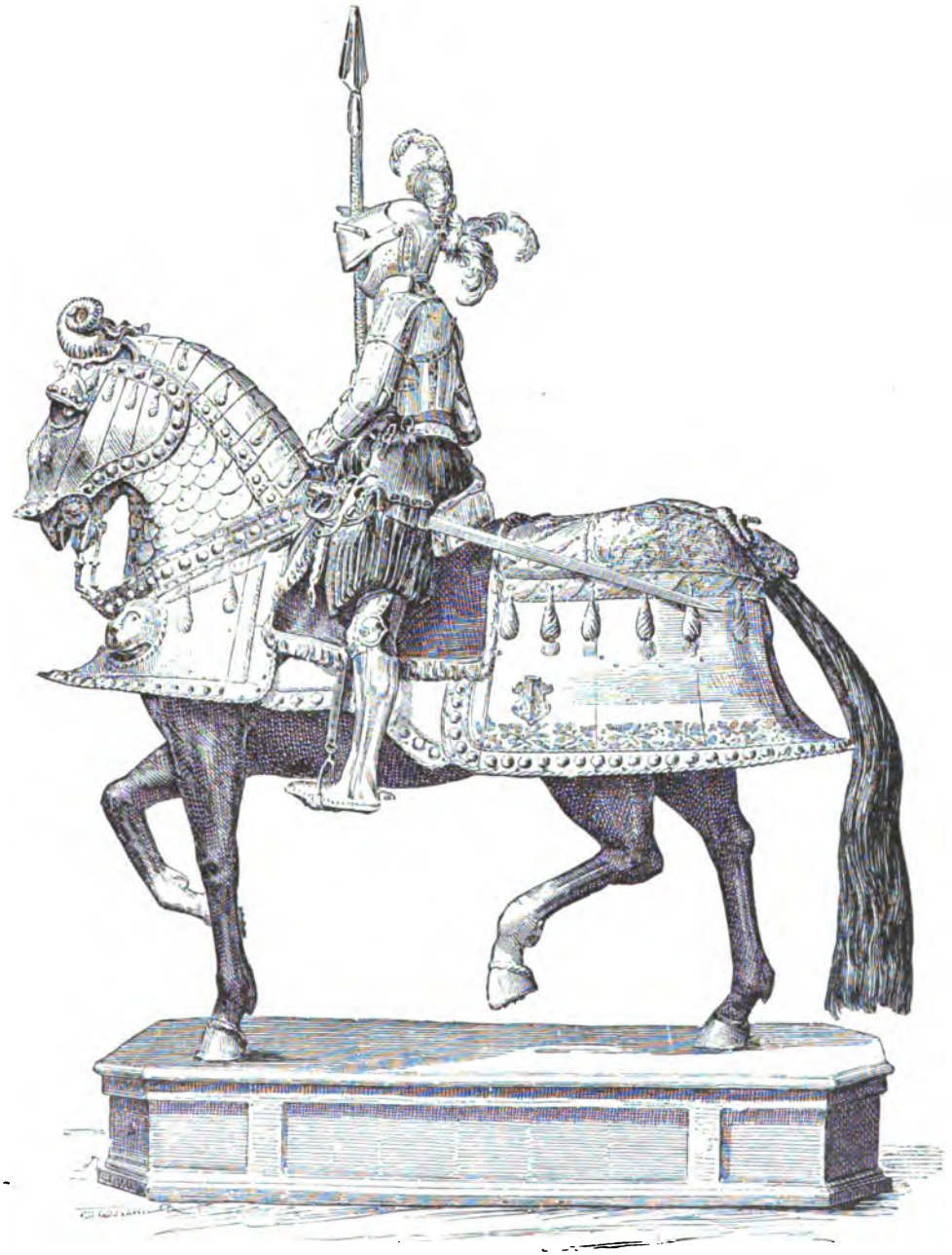
The batteries now began to play, and in less than four days fired more than five thousand rounds into the town; which the besieged answered to the best of their ability; the camp of the Lord Francisco doing much more mischief than the other, from its being stationed on a height.

Although the good Knight was deemed one of the bravest men in the world, he possessed another quality equally deserving of praise; for he was one of the most vigilant and subtle warriors to be found. Having considered how he might induce the Lord Francisco, whose camp did him so much mischief, to repass

the water, he adopted this plan. He caused a letter to be written to Master Robert de La Marche, who was then at Sedan, inviting him to bring over to the King's party the Lord Francisco, who was not, he understood, indisposed to it; but he urged him to do it that very day, telling him as a great secret that twelve thousand Swiss and eight hundred men-at-arms had arrived within three leagues, and were to attack the Lord Francisco's camp at daybreak next morning while he himself made a sally from the town; and that he would be very clever if he escaped being cut to pieces with his whole army.

The letter was despatched by a peasant, who had scarcely got two bow-shots from the town when he was seized, as the good Knight had anticipated, and carried before the Lord Francisco; who had no sooner read the letter than he concluded that the Count de Nassau, between whom and himself there was some jealousy, had posted himself on the other side of the river on purpose to expose him to destruction. In great anger he caused his drums and trumpets to sound to the standard, loaded his baggage wagons, and breaking up his camp, prepared to recross the water.

The Count de Nassau, hearing the noise, sent to know what was the matter, and received for answer a message from the Lord Francisco, that he would cross the river and not stay to be butchered for his pleasure; and that if he were not allowed to encamp his troops with the others, the combat should soon decide to whom the field belonged. Never man was more astounded than the Count de Nassau; however, to guard against surprise, he got his men in battle array; and meanwhile the Lord Francisco's troops crossed and also formed in order of battle. They seemed on the point of coming to blows, and the drums sounded impetuously.



Armor of Charles V.

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The poor fellow who had carried the letter contrived to escape to Maizieres, and went to make his excuses to the good Knight, who laughed heartily at the success of his scheme. Proceeding to the ramparts with some gentlemen, and seeing these two camps arrayed against each other, he sent half a dozen cannon balls among them, while messengers were passing from one to the other, who at length succeeded in appeasing them, and getting them to quarters. The next day they trussed their points and raised the siege, without ever daring to attempt the assault, and all from fear of the good Knight; who hereby gained fresh laurels, having kept them at bay for three weeks, while the King of France levied an army powerful enough to cope with the enemy. The King came in person to his camp, whither the good Knight went to pay him his respects, retaking the town of Mozon on his route.

The King gave him a most gracious reception, and was never weary of publishing his praises. He made him a knight of his order,[1] and gave him a command of a hundred men-at-arms. They then pursued and drove the enemy into Valenciennes, but not before the Germans had laid waste great part of Picardy with fire; for which the French repaid them with interest in Hainault.

CHAPTER XXVI.

How the good Knight, in a retreat which took place in Italy, was killed by an artillery shot; and of the great mourning which was made for his death.

MANY reasons oblige me to pass over several matters which took place in Italy, and proceed to relate the death of the good Knight without fear and without reproach. Irreparable the loss, and sad the day for the whole nobility of France!

At the commencement of the year 1524 the King of France had a large army encamped at Byagras in Italy under the command of his Admiral the Lord de Bonnivet. One day the Admiral sent for the good Knight and desired him to take post with two hundred men-at-arms and some infantry in the village of Rebec near Milan, the better to observe the Spaniards who were in that city.

Though the good Knight was never in the habit of murmuring at any charge committed to him, he remonstrated strongly with the Admiral, telling him that it would take half his army to defend Rebec, and that with a small force he would be certain to meet with some disgrace. The Admiral assured him that he need

be under no apprehension; that not a mouse should stir from Milan without his having notice of it; and said so much of one kind or other, that the good Knight very reluctantly set out for Rebec. He took, however, but two chargers with him, sending his mules and baggage to Novara, as though he foresaw that all he retained with him would be lost.

There were no means of fortifying the village but barricading the entrances of the streets; for it was assailable on all sides. The good Knight wrote frequently to the Admiral representing the danger they were in, and requiring re-enforcements; but he received no answer. The Spaniards, who were some fifteen thousand strong in Milan, learning from their spies that he was in Rebec with so small a party, determined one night to surprise him; and with this intent took the field at midnight to the number of six or seven thousand infantry and four or five hundred men-at-arms, guided by people who were acquainted with the village and the quarters of the chief officers; and each having a shirt over his armor that they might distinguish one another in the darkness.

The good Knight, always distrustful of some mishap, kept watch and ward every night with half his men; so that as much from melancholy as from cold, he felt more seriously ill than he cared to let appear. However, he was obliged that day to keep his room. When evening came he charged his officers to keep watch as usual, and look out well on all sides against a surprise. They went, or pretended to go; but because it came on to rain a little, all left their posts but three or four poor archers. When the Spaniards approached within a bow-shot of the village they were much astonished at finding no one, and thought that the good Knight had been warned of their enterprise, and had retired to Byagras. However they had not advanced a hundred paces further when they encountered the few archers who remained on

guard; and without raising any cry, they charged them. The poor fellows made no resistance, but fled, crying, Alarm! Alarm! but they were so sharply pursued that the enemy were at the barriers as soon as they.

The good Knight, who in such danger never slept but in his clothes armed with his vambraces[1] and cuisses, and with his cuirass near him, started up, had the bridle put on his already saddled charger, and hurried to the barrier with five or six of his own men-at-arms; whither he was presently followed by the Captain Lorges with some foot soldiers who behaved right well.

The enemy were surrounding the village, seeking the quarters of the good Knight; for had they taken him, there would have remained little for them to do: but they had not got him yet.

While the fight was going on at the barrier he heard the drums of their infantry beating to the attack most lustily, and desired the Captain Lorges to retire his men, in as compact a body as he could, straight to Byagras, while he himself and the cavalry protected their rear; for that they must needs abandon their baggage to the enemy, and endeavor to save their lives if possible. This was done; and the French made so gallant a retreat that they lost but ten men.

The Spaniards sought on all sides for the good Knight; but he was already at Byagras, where on his arrival he had high words with the Admiral, which I will not repeat; and had they both lived, the matter might have gone further. The good Knight had nearly died of vexation at his mishap, though it was no fault of his; but in war there is more hap and mishap than in any thing else.

A short time after this affair the Admiral, perceiving his camp diminishing daily from sickness and want of provisions, called a council of war, in which it was determined to withdraw the army.

He arranged his order of march; and, as was always the case in retreats, the good Knight remained with the rear guard. The Spaniards followed them from day to day in good battle array, and had frequent skirmishes with them; but whenever they came to charge, they were bearded by the good Knight and his men-at-arms, who showed so bold a front as made them quite shy, and ever and anon he drove them back on their main body. The Spaniards threw out on each side of the road a large body of hacquebuteers and harquebuzeers, whose pieces carry as large stones as a hacquebute on rest; by one of which the gentle Lord de Vendenesse was wounded, and died some time after; a great loss to France. The young Lord de Vaudemont, who was new to the profession of arms, bore himself right gallantly, and made such splendid charges that he seemed never to have practiced any thing else.

Meanwhile the good Knight, as calm under this fire as though he were in his own house, steadily retired his men-at-arms, constantly facing the enemy; and, sword in hand, occasioned them more fear than a hundred others. But, (so it pleased God to permit), a stone from a harquebuze struck him on the loins and broke the great bone of the spine. When he felt the blow he cried "Jesus!" and then exclaimed: "Alas! my God, I am a dead man!" He kissed the hilt of his sword in sign of the cross, and saying aloud: "*Miserere mei Deus secundum magnam misericordiam tuam*," he became suddenly pale and faint, and nearly fell from his horse; but he had still strength to seize the arcon of his saddle and support himself, till a young gentleman, the steward of his household, helped him to dismount and laid him under a tree.

When the news spread through the two armies that the good Knight was mortally wounded, there were great lamentations even among the Spaniards; for he had always been very kind to his

prisoners, and liberal in respect of their ransom, and they knew that by his death nobility itself was impaired; for, without disparaging others, he was the most perfect knight in this world. One of their principal captains, the Marquis of Pescara, who came to see him before he died, spoke thus highly in his praise: "Would to God, gentle Lord de Bayard, that it had cost me the fourth of my blood, short of death, and I were to fast from flesh for two years, so I could have you my prisoner and in health; for by the

Bayard Mortally Wounded.

treatment I should give you, you would know how highly I esteem your prowess. The first praise my countrymen gave you when they said *Mouchos grisones y pocos Bayardos*,[2] was not given you undeservedly; for since I have wielded arms, I have never seen or heard of knight who approached you in all virtuous qualities. And though I ought to be well pleased to see you thus, being assured that the Emperor my master in his wars has never had a more formidable enemy, yet when I consider the loss that all chivalry suf-

fers this day, may God never aid me, if I would not have given half of my substance to have had it otherwise. But since death has no remedy, I pray Him who has created us all in His own image to receive your soul to Himself."

Such piteous and tearful regrets did the gentle Marquis of Pescara and many other captains utter over the body of the good Knight without fear and without reproach; and believe me, there were not half a dozen in the whole Spanish army who did not come to see him one after another.

And if the enemy thus lamented his death, judge what was the sorrow of the French army; by every man of which he had made himself beloved. You would have said there was not one who had not lost a father or a mother. The poor gentlemen of his company made inconceivable lamentation. "Alas!" cried they, addressing Death, "disloyal fury! what offense had this so perfect and virtuous Knight given thee? Thou hast avenged thyself not on him only, but hast plunged us all into grief till such time as thou shalt finish thy work on us as on him. Under what shepherd shall we now go forth to the fields? What guide can God henceforth give us, with whom we can be in such safety as we were with him? For there was no one who in his presence felt not as confident as in the strongest place in the world. Where shall we henceforth find a captain who will ransom us when prisoners, remount us when dismounted, and cherish us as he did? It is impossible. Oh! cruel Death! it is ever thy way, that the more perfect a man is, the greater delight thou takest in undoing and destroying him! But though thou hast taken him from this world, thou canst not prevent, that in spite of thee, his renown and glory shall remain immortal so long as that world shall endure; for his life has been so virtuous, that it will leave its memory with all the noble and virtuous knights who shall come after him."

So piteously did the poor gentlemen bewail themselves, that had the hardest heart in the world been present, they would have constrained it to partake their sorrow. His domestic servants were paralyzed with grief, and his poor steward never quitted him, and the good Knight confessed himself to him for lack of a priest. The poor gentleman melted into tears, but the good Knight tenderly sought to comfort him, saying, that it was God's will to take him from the world, by whose grace he had so long remained in it, and had received more favors and honors than he had deserved; that his only regret in dying was that he had not discharged his duty as he ought; but that he prayed his Creator of his infinite mercy to have pity on his soul, and of his great and incomprehensible goodness not to deal with him in rigorous justice.

The Lord d'Alegre, Provost of Paris, came to him and received his instructions regarding his will and testament; and he was followed by a Swiss captain, named Jean Dyesbac, who came with half a dozen men to bear him off on their pikes. But the good Knight besought them to regard their own safety, and leave him where he was; for that when he moved he felt all the agony possible short of death, which would soon seize him. He commended his soul to their prayers, and desired them to salute the King his master from him, and say how grieved he was he could no longer serve him; and thus, as the Spaniards approached, with many tears they left him.

The Constable de Bourbon, who had been engaged in a conspiracy against the King of France, and had fled the kingdom, was at that time in command of the Spanish army. He came to console Bayard, telling him how distressed he was at his accident; but exhorting him to be of good cheer, for he would send for the best surgeons in the country, and by God's help he would be cured. When the good Knight recognized him, he answered,

"My lord, I have no longer need of physicians for the body but of those of the soul. I am not to be pitied who die with my honor unsullied; but you, who are in arms against your prince, your country and your oath."

He continued to live for two or three hours; the enemy having stretched a handsome tent over him, and laid him on a camp-bed. A priest was brought, to whom he devoutly confessed himself in these very words: "My God, I am well assured that

Death of Bayard.

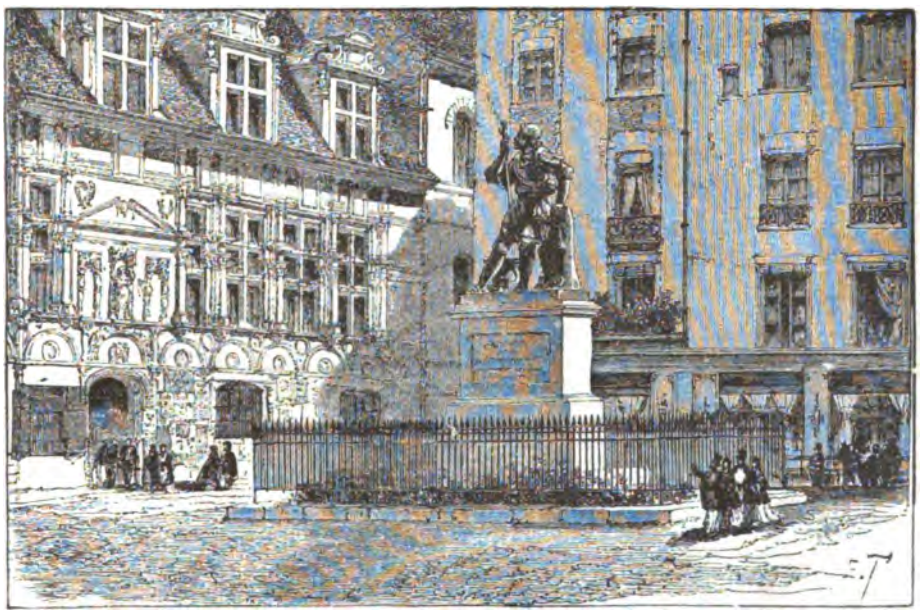
Thou art always ready to have mercy and to forgive him who turns to Thee with all his heart, however great may have been his sins Alas! my God, Creator and Redeemer, I have grievously offended Thee during my life, for which I am heartily sorry. I know well that a thousand years of penance in the desert on bread and water were insufficient to gain me entrance into Thy kingdom of Paradise, unless Thou wert pleased of Thy great and infinite goodness to receive me; for no creature in this world can merit such high

favor. My Father and Saviour! I beseech Thee not to look upon the faults I have committed, and that I may experience Thy great mercy rather than the rigor of Thy justice." And with these words, he yielded his soul to God.

The Spanish chiefs appointed some gentlemen to carry him to a church, where solemn service was chanted over him for two days. His followers then carried the body into Dauphiny, of which province he was the King's lieutenant, passing through the territories of the Duke of Savoy, where the same honors were paid it as though he had been his brother. In Dauphiny the mourning which took place at the announcement of his death passes all description; and I believe there has not died these thousand years a gentleman so lamented by all ranks.

As the funeral procession descended the mountains, it was escorted by a large concourse of people from church to church with great honors; and about half a league from Grenoble was met by my lords of the parliament of Dauphiny, my lords the counts, nearly all the nobles of the country, and the greater part of the citizens, whether sojourners or inhabitants, who accompanied the body to the Church of our Lady in that city, where it lay for a day and a night while solemn service was performed over it. The next day it was conducted with the same honors to a Monastery of Mynims, half a league from the town, founded by his good uncle the Bishop of Grenoble, where it was interred amid the tears of the whole population, more especially of the poor, the widows and the orphans, to whom he was wont secretly to distribute alms. One would have said that for a month the people of Dauphiny expected only impending ruin, for they did nothing but weep and lament; and all fetes, dances, banquets and other pastimes ceased. Alas! they had good reason, for a heavier loss could not have happened to that country.

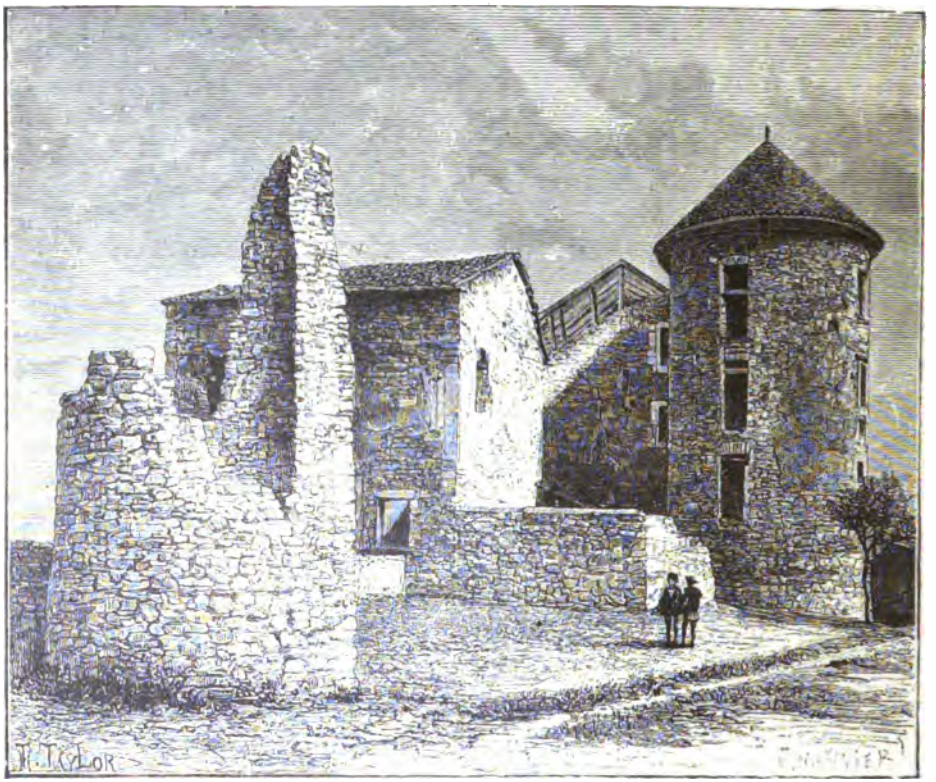
To enumerate the virtues of the good Knight were superfluous. All things pass away but the love of God. Suffice it then to say that he loved and feared God above all things; he never swore or blasphemed; and in all his affairs and necessities he ever had recourse to Him; being fully persuaded that by Him and His infinite goodness all things are ordered, nor did he ever leave his chamber without recommending himself to Him in prayer. He



Statue of Bayard at Grenoble.

loved his neighbor as himself, and never possessed a crown but it was at the service of the first who needed it. He was a great alms-giver, and gave his alms in secret; he succored widows in distress, and during his life had given in marriage a hundred poor orphan girls, gentlefolk and others. If a gentleman under his command was dismounted he remounted him, and in a manner not to offend his delicacy, often exchanging a Spanish charger worth two or three hundred crowns for a nag worth but six, and giving the

gentleman to understand that the latter was just the horse to suit himself. So graciously did he confer his gifts. He was a sorry flatterer; and never swerved from speaking truth were it to the greatest of princes. He looked with contempt upon this world's wealth, and was at his death no richer than at his birth. In war



Towers of the Chateau de Bayard, near Grenoble.

none excelled him. In conduct he was a Fabius Maximus; in enterprise, a Coriolanus; and in courage and magnanimity, a second Hector. Dreadful to the enemy; gentle and courteous to his friends. Three qualities marked him for a perfect soldier: He was a greyhound in attack, a wild boar in defense, and a wolf in

retreat. In short it would take a good orator his life to recount all his virtues; I who am unskilled in learning cannot pretend to it. But I humbly pray all readers of this history to be indulgent to what I have written, for I have done my best; though far short of what was due to the praise of so perfect and virtuous a person as the good Knight without fear and without reproach, the gentle Lord de Bayard; whose soul may God of his grace receive into Paradise. AMEN.

Here endeth the very joyous, pleasant, and refreshing history of the feats, exploits, triumphs, and achievements of the good Knight without fear and without reproach, the gentle Lord de Bayard.

NOTES.

PAGE 9.—*The country of Dauphiny, which now forms part of the fair realm of France.*

The cession of Dauphiny took place under Philip de Valois. Humbert II., the last Prince of the house of Tour le Pin, having lost his only son, gave this Province to the King of France by a treaty concluded in 1343, and carried into execution in 1349. He afterwards assumed the Dominican habit, and died in 1355.

P. 10.—*His father.*

Aymond du Terrail was the father of Pierre du Terrail, called the Chevalier Bayard. Aymond was remarkable for his great stature and strength. He was severely wounded at the battle of Guignegaste, in Picardy, fought between Louis XI. and the Archduke of Austria in command of the Flemings in 1479; in which battle the king was defeated. Pierre was born in 1476 in the Chateau Bayard in the valley of Graisivaudan, a few leagues from Grenoble. Pierre du Terrail, the grandfather of the good Knight, and whom, we are told, he so much resembled, was renowned for his feats of arms, which acquired him the surname of *l'épee Terrail.* He was killed at the battle of Montlhéry, fought between Louis XI. and the Count of Charolois, afterwards Charles the Bold of Burgundy, in 1465.

The arms of Terrail, given at the back of our title page, were, according to Paillot, *d' azur, au chef d' argent charge d'un lion issant de gueules, au filet en bande d'or brochant sur le tout.* The legend, as well as that at the end of the History, is taken from engravings on the blade of Bayard's sword, in the possession of Sir John P. Boileau, Bart.

P. 26.—*Hung up his Shields.*

Sir Samuel Meyrick says: "Shields were divided into shields of war and shields of peace. Both were hung up at tournaments, and the tenants (or challengers) were obliged to combat with sharp or blunt spears or weapons, according as the squires of the comers touched either the one or the other. Upon the shields of war were depicted the arms of the owner; on the shields of peace, his device. The shield of war, for example, of Edward the Black Prince, bore quarterly old France and England; while that of peace was sable, three ostrich feathers argent, penned and scrolled or."

P. 40.—*Of the ordonnance companies of the King of France.*

The *compagnies d' ordonnance* were instituted by Charles VII., who formed fifteen of them as a force to be perpetually kept on foot, for the preservation of peace and security within his realm, as well as for purposes of foreign warfare; and the country gladly consented to be at the expense of their support, in return for the protection they afforded. Each company consisted of 100 lances or men-at-arms, who were all gentlemen, as appears also by Bayard's reply to the Emperor's proposal that they should accompany his lansquenets to storm the breach at Padua, p. 119. To each lance were attached three archers, a contillier or squire, and a page. In the time of Francis I. the rule as to the men-at-arms being all gentlemen began to be relaxed. V. le pere Daniel, *Hist. de la Milice Françoise.*

P. 42.—*The great gardebras.*

The gardebras was a separate piece which overlaid and protected the junctures of the armor at the shoulder and elbow. The great gardebras being that which protected the shoulder. See Skelton's illustrations of the Goodrich Court Armory.

P. 49.—*The good and gentle Prince, who had the heart of a lion.*

Philip de Comines, gives the following graphic description of Charles VIII. at the battle of Fournoue:

"Le Lundi matin environ sept heures 6e Juillet 1495 monta le noble Roy à

cheval, et me fit appeler par plusieurs fois. Je vins à lui et le trouvai armè de toutes pieces et montè fur le plus beau cheval que j'ai vu de mon temps appelè Savoye ; plusieurs disoient qu'il etoit cheval de Bresse ; le duc Charles de Savoye le lui avoit donnè, et estoit noir, et n'avoit qu'un œil, et estoit moyen cheval de bonne grandeur pour celui qui estoit monté dessus. Et sembloit que ce jeune homme fut tout autre que sa nature ne portoit, ne sa taille, ne sa complexion ; car il estoit fort craintif à parler, et est encores aujourd'hui. Aussi avoit il etè nourri en grande crainte et avec petites personnes ; et ce cheval le montroit grand, et avoit le visage bon et bonne couleur, et la parole audacieuse et sage ; Et sembloit bien, (et, m'en souvient), que frère Hieronyme m'avoit dit vrai, quand il me dit que Dieu la condusoit par la main, et qu'il auroit bien affaire du chemin, mais que l'honneur lui en demeureroit."

P. 53.—*The good Knight dealt him such a blow on the upper part of his grandebuffe, etc.*

In the original it is thus : " Mais le bon chevalier luy bailla si grant coup fur le hault de sa grant buffe, qu'il l'en dèsarma, la perça à jour, et fist voller sa lance en cinq on six pieces. Ledit Seigneur de Rovastre reprit sa grant buffe, et courut la seconde lance, dont il fist trèsbien son devoir, car il la rompit aussi bien ou mieulx que la premiere."

Mr. Way informs me that this word grantbuffe is very uncommon ; he believes it to be the same with grandguard, the precise meaning of which latter word has not, he says, been satisfactorily ascertained. He has sent me the following interesting note upon this passage :

" The grande-buffe was a kind of bevor, the part of the armor for the head which served to protect the lower part of the face ; the visor being properly the defense of the upper ; but the terms are frequently confounded. The ordinary *buffe* was part and parcel of the headpiece itself ; but this, distinguished as the grande-buffe, was a separate piece of more than ordinary defense, usually fastened by means of screws and nuts to the breast-plate on the left shoulder, so that it stood before the face like a screen, as may be seen in several of the earlier plates in Skelton's illustrations of the Goodrich Court Armory. Sir Samuel Meyrick calls it the *mentonière.* It may easily be understood how the violent blow '*sur le haut*' of a piece so adjusted might, by the strain upon the screws whereby it was fastened at the lower side, break them or the nuts screwed upon them, and cause

this little chin-shield to fall ('*l'en desarma*'), at the same time piercing the plate of which it was formed. Such defenses were usually employed only in the tournament,—the armor for war being divested of all extra pieces in order to lighten it and make it more commodious, or rather, less inconvenient. It is curious therefore to find it used at the battle of Marignano by Francis I., who was not accustomed to take any unusual precautions. (See page 222).

"Buffe is a term of Italian derivation, but unnoticed by writers on ancient armor. Florio, in his Italian Dictionary, gives 'buffa, the buffie, or breathing hole of a casque or headpiece.' Howell, another lexicographer of the same age renders the visor of a helmet, *la buffa, baviera, la ventaglia.* It was in this part of the armor that a little door was contrived, or else a number of perforations, to give air when desired by the warrior therein inclosed. The word buffe doubtless was brought from Milan, which supplied the most costly and highly esteemed armor."

P. 56.—*Lansquenets.*

The lansquenet was the common German foot soldier. The word is derived either from *lanz*, lance, or from *land*, land; and *knechte*, knave.

P. 68.—*He bribed an Albanian of the garrison.*

We find that the custom of engaging mercenary troops had at this time become prevalent; which was the first indication of the inefficiency and of the decline of the feudal system in matters of warfare. We find both Swiss and Albanians in the service of opposing parties, the mischievous effects of which are noticed by the "loyal Serviteur," p. 60, and alluded to again in relating the Emperor's retreat from Milan, p. 227. For an account of these Albanians, see note p. 133.

P. 74.—*When they were armed in gorget and secrette.*

Mr. Way says "secrette was *occasionally* used to denote a coat of armor worn under the usual dress, and thereby concealed; 'a privy coat of fence,' v. Jamieson's Scottish Dictionary. These were made of silk or velvet externally, concealing an interior defense of mail, or small overlapping plates, which were usually quilted into the garment.

"But the *proper* meaning of the word is a concealed cap or skeleton defense for the head, often worn in the hat, and a sufficient protection against a very sharp blow. V. Cotgrave, Fr. and Engl. Dict.

"There are various secrettes in the Tower and other Armories. The term is most probably Italian, as well as the first use of such defense against assassination. There were made sometimes in the fashion of a skeleton frame of steel bars hinged together, and folding up so as to be carried about the person, and put into the cap in a few seconds, when required; a curious evidence of the character of the times."

The secrette in this passage, and indeed throughout this history, means certainly the steel cap. For, in the duel described in the 18th chapter, between Azevedo and St. Croix, it is expressly stated that they wore the secrette, but had no armor whatever to protect their bodies, which were felt over by the sponsors to ascertain that they wore no concealed armor. But in this duel between Bayard and Don Alonzo, the combatants fought in full armor, except that their faces were exposed; and this by express desire of Don Alonzo, who, in a most unknightly spirit, thus endeavored to take advantage of Bayard's weakness, induced by his attack of fever. This appears from the following very interesting and corroborative account of this duel given by Jean d'Auton, Hist. du Roy Louys XII:

"Le Seigneur Alonse de Sotomajor, Espaignol, manda à Pierre de Bayard, François, qu'il vouloit que la querelle dont entre eux deux estoit question fut mise à chef. Et avec ce, pria par lettres celui Dom Alonse ledit Bayard qu'il voulut bien sur ce estre demandeur et souffrir que lui fut defendeur, supposè que cette querelle eut reveillée et mise sus. Et ce faisoit il pour avoir loi de choisir et ordonner la maniere du combat, et bailler les glaives. Ce que doit faire tout defendeur en querelle d'outrance. Quoi que soit, celui Pierre de Bayard, voyant ce que par l'Espaignol mandé lui estoit, octroya tout; disant, sur bonne querelle ne me chault d'estre defendeur ou demandeur; et ainsi fut content d'estre le demandeur. Parquoi le dit Espaignol, sachant celui François estre à cheval l'un des plus adroits qu'on sçeut, ne le voulut, combattre autrement que à pied, *armè de toutes armes, reservè d'armet et de baviere, à visaige decouvert,* avec l'estoc et le poignart, dont lui envoya deux estocs et deux poignards pour choisir et prendre les meilleurs . . . . . Quand le jour fut venu pour devoir combattre les champions, se trouverent sur le lieu, armès et accoutrès, le glaive au poing. Le parrain de Pierre de Bayard estoit Pierre de Poquiers, Seigneur de Bellabre. Le Seigneur de la Palisse se tint près de là afin de garder que par les Espaignols ne fut au champ fait quelque force au champion François.

Apres les sermens et autres ceremonies à gaige de bataille appartenants faits, Pierre de Bayard demandeur comme j'ai dit, entra en la lice tout allegrement, sans muër couleur, ne contenance changer, armé de toutes pieces, le visaige seulement decouvert, l'estoc tout nud en la main dextre et le poignard en l'autre. Dom Alonse entra apres armè en la façon de l'autre, l'estoc à la main et le poignard à la ceinture. Ce fait, le dit Espaignol s'addressa au François en lui disant en langaige Espaignol, Señor Petre de Bayard que me quieres? Auquel fit cette reponse; Dom Alonse de Sotomajor, je quiers defendre contre toi mon honneur, dont faussement et mauvaisement m'as accusè. Et ce dit approcherent l'un de l'autre, et à grands estocs se cherchoient partout; et plusieurs sois faillirent l'un et l'autre à eux rencontrer au visaige qu'ils avoient tout à nud. L'Espaignol, qui moult puissant et alegre estoit toujours, avoit l'œil au guet pour cuider assenner son homme à droit et le vouloir saisir; Et à cette cause tenoit la main senestre au delivre; mais à tout ses efforts lui estoient ses coups par le François rabbatus, et lui souvent tastè de bien pres. Comme deux lions echauffès s'entrebatoient ces deux champions, lesquels ecumoient comme sanglier aux abois. Que fut ce, long temps combatoient sans pouvoir sçavoir qui des deux avoit le meilleur. Et n'y avoit celui d'iceulx qui en mortel danger ne fut. Les François qui là etoient avoient grande doubte de leur homme, qui encores n'estoit bien gueri des fievres, mais pour ce ne perdoit coup à ruer. Les Espaignols aussi n'etoient si assurès de leur champion qu'il n'y avoit celui de ses amis qui ne l'eut voulu pour son profit en Saragosse. Chacun d'eux cotoyoit son ennemi, et approchoit de la longueur du glaive pour le cuider trouver au decouvert et donner dedans. Et à l'une des fois Pierre de Bayard au rabattre un des coups de l'Espagnol l'approcha de tant, que en lui cuidant donner de toute puissance de l'estoc au travers du visaige, comme celui Espagnol flanchit la tete en arriere, le coup fut assennè en sa gorgerette de telle force que au travers des mailles lui entra en la gorge plus de quatre doigts; tant que au tirer l'estoc grande abondance de sang commença à ruisseler par dessus le harnois jusques à terre. Dont celui Espaignol comme forçené de cette outraige à toute force se voulut revenger; Et pour ce faire s'approcha tant de son homme que chacun pensoit qu'il le voulut saisir au collet. Et là s'essaya souvent et menu de lui rendre autant qu'il lui avoit baillé; mais tant perdoit de sang que la terre ou ils estoient en estoit toute enrougie, et de moult s'affoiblissoit. Toutesfois pour cela ne demarchait un seul pas, mais plus que devant se serroit contre le François. Et tant que à la parfin se joignit à lui. Et ainsi à belle pointe d'estoc se taterent longuement l'un l'autre. Et comme si pres l'un de l'autre fussent que de la main au

visaige se puissent toucher, Pierre de Bayard, François, advisant son coup, lui roua soudainement le poignard qu'il tenoit à senestre main de toute sa force contre le visaige, et entre l'œil senestre et le bout du nez lui mit jusques à la poignée ; tant que dedans le cerveau lui entra. Dont, pour l'angoisse de la mort dont estoit celui Espaignol attaint, tomba à la renverse et le dit Pierre de Bayard le dessus sans lui tirer le glaive de la tete. Et voyant que assez en avoit, ne lui voulut donner autre coup. Mais mit les genoils bas et alla baiser la terre, en louant Dieu de la victoire que par son aide avoit obtenu. Ce fait les François s'en retournerent joyeusement et les Espaignols bien courroucès."

P. 78.—*Aiming not at the men, but at the horses.*

The conduct of the Spaniards, both on this occasion and in the duel between Bayard and Don Alonzo, reflects little credit on their knightly character. To strike the adversary's horse at a tourney, was considered by the English, at least, and, as here appears, by the French also, as very disgraceful. In the "ordinances, statutes, and rules made and enacted by John, Earl of Worcester, Constable of England, by the King's (Henry VIII.) commandment at Windsor, the 14th May, in the 6th year of his noble reign, to be observed and kept in all manner of justes of peace royall within the realm of England &c.," occurs the following :

Item. "If any man strike a horse with his speare he shall be put out of the tourney without any favour incontinent ; and if any slay a horse, he shall pay to the owner of the said horse 100 crowns in recompense ; also it is not to be thought that any man will strike a horse willingly ; for if he do, it shall be to his great dishonor."

P. 81.—*Under escort of some lancers.*

Genetaires, light horsemen, whose lances were of a peculiar form.

P. 91.—*Guidon.*

A triangular flag of a troop ; a pennon. Also the person who carried it.

P. 92.—*The Pope Julius.*

Julius II. Cardinal Rovera ; the friend and patron of Michael Angelo and Raphael. His portrait by the latter is in the National Gallery. Champier informs

us that after the return from the Garillan, Pope Julius wished to make Bayard "Capitaine de l'Eglise;" but that he would never accept it. His answer to the Pope's proposal is remarkable. He said, "qu'il remerçioit beaucoup le Pape de son bon vouloir grandement; mais qu'il avoit un Seigneur au ciel et un autre en terre; c'estoit Dieu au ciel et le roi de France en terre; Et que autre ne serviroit en ce monde. Dont feust tres desplaisant Pape Jules. Et dict que c'estoit la coutume des François de ainsi aimer leur Prince naturel." Alas! how is the good custom changed!

P. 95.—*Where he was entertained at a most magnificent banquet by the Lord Jean Jacques Trivulce.*

In the account given of this entertainment by Jean d'Auton, we find that the banquet was followed by a ball, and among the dancers were two cardinals. "Apres le souper les dames vindrent en place, où le Roy mesme voulut danser, qui trêsbien sçavoit s'en aider. Toutesfois il ne dansa gueres; et, comme il fut dict, il dansa avec la marquise de Mantoue, belle dame à merveilles; et puis fit danser les princes et seigneurs qui là etoient, voire les cardinaulx de Narbonne et de Saint-Severin, et aulcuns aultres qui s'en acquiterent comme il sçeurent."

We shall find afterwards two cardinals commanding divisions of the army at the siege of Padua, and the Pope himself conducting that of the castle of Mirandola.

P. 97.—*Who were made to try whether their necks were strong enough to carry away a battlement.*

It is curious to contrast the indifference and levity with which the slaughter, in cold blood, of the unfortunate peasants and common soldiers is spoken of, with the lamentations made on the death of any of gentle birth. When a battle was gained the common soldiers were slaughtered without mercy, but the men-at-arms who were of gentle blood and could pay a ransom were spared.

It is still more curious that the English custom in this respect was precisely the reverse of the French. The former spared the common men and slew the leaders, as we learn from the following passage of Philip de Comines.

"Leur coutume d'Angleterre est que quand ils sont au dessus de la bataille, ils ne tuent riens, et par especial, du peuple, car ils connoissent que chacun quiert

leur complaire parce que ils font les plus forts, et si ne mettent nuls à finance . . . Mais encores m'a conté le Roy Edouard qu'en toutes les batailles qu'il avoit gaignèes, que des qu'il venoit au dessus, il montait à cheval, et crioit qu'on sauvast le peuple et qu'on tuast les seigneurs; car de ceux n'echappoit nul, ou bien peu." See also p. 213.

P. 99.—*Armed with ronçies and javelins.*

The ronçie, ronçon, or ranseur, resembled the partisan, from which it differed only in having a sharper pointed blade with projecting curved ears at the sides. V. Skelton's illustrations of the Goodrich Court Armory.

P. 101.—*The Prince of Anhalt.*

This was Rodolph, Prince of Anhalt, one of the ancestors of the celebrated Empress of Russia, Catherine II.

P. 102. (1)—*The palace of the Queen of Cyprus.*

This palace belonged to Carlotta Cornaro, Queen of Cyprus, who had abdicated in favor of the Republic, and had received in exchange the title of "daughter of St. Mark."

P. 102. (2)—*Where they were joined by the Lord de Meillaut, a young French gentleman, ... with some twelve hundred adventurers.*

The adventurers were a sort of irregular volunteers, collected by some gentleman who had no regular command, and who dubbed himself their captain. They consisted for the most part of all the idle dissolute vagabonds and ragamuffins that could be found. They received no pay, but lived by plunder. Brantome gives a curious account of them; he says that they were dressed God knows how; more in the fashion of gallows rogues than of honest men; some with so little clothing as to expose their hairy bosoms; others going bare legged, carrying their hose at their girdles. We may imagine the horrors of war in which such a rabble were let loose upon a country.

P. 123.—*They cut off their heads, which they stuck on the points of their estradiot lances, and said they were not Christians.*

" Puis leur couperent les testes qu'ilz picquoient au bout de leurs estradiotes."

The Estradiots or Stradiots were, in the first instance, Greek mercenary troops (Στρατωτης). In later times light armed cavalry, equipped in the fashion of such Greek troops, were called Stradiots. They carried long lances of ash, 18 or 20 feet long, and pointed with iron at each end, holding them by the middle of the shaft. These were their proper weapons, and were often called *launcezagayes*, zagayes or arzegayes.

They were armed also with cimeters, which Philip de Comines calls *terribles épées*. Instead of vambraces and guantlets, like the other light cavalry, they wore sleeves and gloves of linked mail; and carried a mace at their saddle-bow. Their surcoats were short and without sleeves; and for their rallying ensign they carried a banderole attached to the end of a lance. On their heads they wore the salade, or steel cap, used by the archers. V. le Pere Daniel, *Hist. de la milice Françoise*.

Mr. Albert Way observes: " In the case in the text, the troops are stated to have been Albanians; and the term Estradiotes certainly means their peculiar lances, which were unlike any weapon then used in the other countries of Europe; and here denotes the lance which was the chief characteristic of these horsemen; much in the same way as weapons devised at Pistoia were called *Pistolesi*; or the armor of the foot soldiers termed Brigantes was known by the name of *Brigandines*."

Philip de Comines gives the following interesting account of the Estradiots, and of the origin of their custom of cutting off the heads of their enemies. He is describing a repulse which the Mareschal de Gié, who commanded the vanguard of Charles VIII.'s army received previous to the battle of Fournoue from a body of these troops, who appear to have been then new to the French.

" Encores jusqu'ici n'est point commençèe la guerre de notre coté, mais le Mareschal de Giè manda au Roi comme il avoit passè ces montagnes et comme il envoyoit quarante chevaux courir devant l'ost des ennemis pour sçavoir des nouvelles, lesquels furent bien recueillis des Estradiots; et tuerent un gentil homme appellé le Bœuf et lui couperent la teste qu'ils pendirent à la banerolle d'une lance et la porterent, à leur providateur pour en avoir un ducat. Estradiots sont gens comme genetaires (see note p. 81) vestus à pied et a cheval comme les Turcs, sauf la tete où ils ne portent cette toille qu'on appelle Tolliban; et sont durs gens et couchent dehors tout l'an, et leurs chevaux. Ils etoient tous Grecs venus des places que les Venitiens y ont; les uns de Naples, de Romanie en la

Morée, autres d'Albanie devers Duras ; et sont leurs chevaulx bons et tous de Turquie. Les Venitiens s'en servent fort et si fient. Je les avois tous vus descendre à Venise et faire leurs monstres en une isle où est l'Abbaye de Sainct Nicolas ; et estoient bien quinze cens ; et sont vaillans hommes et qui fort travaillent un ost quand ils f'y mettent.

" Les Estradiots chasserent comme j'ai dit jusqu'au logis du dit Mareschal où estoient logès les Allemans, et en tuerent trois ou quatres et emporterent les testes ; et telle estoit leur coutume, car ayant les Venitiens guerre contre le Turc, pere de cestui cy appellé Mahomet Otthoman, il ne vouloit point que ses gens prinsent nuls prisonniers et leurs donnoit un ducat par teste, et les Venitiens faisoient le semblable. Et crois bien qu'ils vouloient epouvanter la compagnie, comme ils firent ; mais les dits Estradiots se trouverent bien epouvantés aussi de l'artillerie ; car un faulcon tira un coup qui tua un de leurs chevaulx, qui incontinent les fit retirer, car ils ne l'avoient point accoutumè."

P. 160.—*But who is the captain who will expose himself to their hacquebutes.*

This would be a singular question for a modern commander to put to his officers. But in the early days of fire-arms, it appears to have been considered no disgrace for a knight to avoid facing the enemy's bullets. The hacquebute and hacquebouze, or arquebuss, were the first fire-arms with bent stocks ; the latter appear to have been of the larger caliber. The *hacquebute à croc* was fired from a rest which was attached to the barrel by an iron ring.

P. 204.—*The Duke of Suffolk called the White Rose.*

He was of the family of de la Pole, and, being banished from England, served in the armies of the King of France. Henry VIII. conferred the title on Charles Brandon, who afterwards married his master's sister Mary, widow of Louis XII.

P. 222. (1)—*The Lord de Guise.*

Claude de Lorraine, father of the Guises, who fomented such troubles in subsequent reigns.

P. 222. (2)—*Grandebuffe.*

See note, p. 53.

P. 225.—I have here inserted in the text, Champiers' account of the knighting of Francis I.; the "Loyal Serviteur," merely mentioning the fact.

P. 235.—*Made him a Knight of his order.*

This was the order of St. Michael.

P. 238.—*Armed with his vambraces.*

The vambrace, or avant-bras, was the armor for that part of the arm between the elbow and the wrist; sometimes called the *canon.* The rerebrace, of arriere-bras, was the armor for that part between the shoulder and the elbow.

P. 240.—*Mouchos grisones y pocos Bayardos.*

"There are plenty of grays, but few bays;" a complimentary pun upon Bayard's name, which in Spanish signifies bay, or a bay horse.